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THE CABINET OF CURIOUS THINGS

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Designed and engraved expressly for Woodworth's Cabinet.

"I remember every little incident connected with the transplanting of that tree." Page 10.

ROCHESTER

Puzzle 98.

Mason & Dixon's Line, p. 284

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WOODWORTH'S CABINET OF CURIOUS THINGS.

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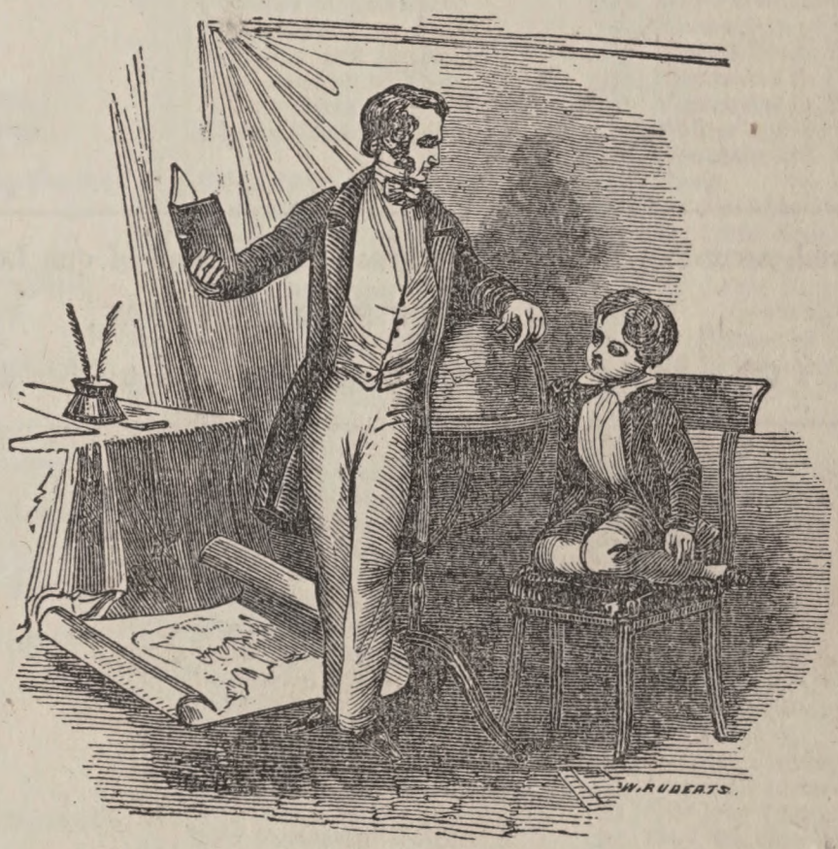

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS," "STORIES ABOUT BIRDS," "UNCLE FRANK'S HOME STORIES," "UNCLE FRANK'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY," ETC. ETC.

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BY ERASTUS DARROW,
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	PAGE.
Adjective in English,	245
Adventures of a Half Dollar,	334
A Farmer's Care for his Son,	269
An Hour with the Deaf and Dumb,	253
A Laughable Mistake,	58
A Musical Ghost,	171
Ancient Books	212
Ancient Egyptian Deities,	79
Anecdote of a Snow Bird,	116
Anecdote of a Tiger,	52
April Showers and May Flowers,	103
Artesian Wells,	125
A Sensible Retort,	58
A Touching Scene,	94
Augustine's Visit to England,	50
Aunt Betsey, the Gossip,	179
Address to a Butterfly,	366
A Poor, but Honest Mother,	372
An Ingenious Dog,	380
Be Contented with Little,	257
Biography of our Dog Banquo,	277
Blind Boy's Return,	18
Boiling Ponds in New Zealand,	191
Bonito and Flying Fish,	141
Botany, Conversations on, 135, 185 213, 248, 300,	329
Bread Fruit,	315
Brother's Farewell—Poetry,	187
Butterfly's Advice,	110
Butterfly,	127
Canadian at the Forge,	311
Canary Bird,	255
Careless Girl,	11
Caroline's Story and Dream, 145,	169
Causes of Toothache,	47
Children and the Robin,	235
Children's Sports,	313
Chinese Junk,	278
Clove Tree,	123
Conversations on Botany, 135, 185 213, 248, 300,	339
Conversations on Electricity, 82,	119
Convention of Animals,	118
Cook, Captain,	266
Crab, Land,	42
Curiosity of a Spider's Web,	57
Curious Shells,	234
Daughter's Love,	309
Day Dreams of Youth,	43
Death Bed—Poetry,	62
Desolation of Judea	383
Discontented Bittern,	194
Disobedient Boy,	318
Dogs, Stories about, 15, 60,	78
Don't be Frightened at Bugbears,	379
Dying Child's Vision of Heaven,	305
Eastern Mode of Writing,	308
Echoes, Remarkable,	90
Editorial Table Talk, 31, 65, 95, 129 162, 195, 226, 258, 289, 322,	355
Editor's Dark Pigeon Hole,	200
Edward VI.	215
Egyptian Deities, Ancient,	79
Egyptian Deities,	287
Elephant, Wild and Tame,	239
Emblem of Salvation,	283
Emigrant's Dog,	126
Emperor and Judge,	308
Employment of Time,	205
Evil Company,	349
Exaggerated Expressions,	107
Fable of the Foolish Calf,	140
Facts to be Remembered,	338
Fable of the Wave and Sea Shell,	117
Fairy Land,	106
Family at Prayer,	110
Farmer and his Son,	122
Farewell to my Mother,	14
Fatal Blow,	86
First Blue Bird,	174
Fishing, Thoughts on,	231
Flower Pots,	110
Flying Fish and Bonito,	147
Foolish Calf—a Fable,	140
Frogs and Toads,	377
Fruit Woman of Normandy,	172
Gambling, Rail-road to,	268
Garden Flowers,	161
Goldsmith, the Poet,	263
Goshawk, Natural History of,	64
Grammatical Lessons,	112
Grassy Sea,	76
Harvesting Apples,	319
Holyrood Palace and Abbey,	30
How to Manage Neighbors,	282
Humming Bird, Story of,	295
Hunting,	157
Hymn for Sunday School,	160
I Don't Want To,	144
Importance of Culinary Knowledge,	178
Invocation to Evening,	321
Irish Peasant,	142
Jewish Maiden,	312
Journey in a Balloon,	270
Key of the Coffin,	142
Land Crab,	41
Lena, the River,	245
Leopold de Meyer,	12, 49
Lesson in Tenderness,	20
Life in the Southwest,	218, 251
Life in Prairie Land,	115
Life on the Prairie,	148
Little Orphan Children,	39
Little Prisoner,	233
Living to do Good,	62
Look before you Leap,	207
Lord Erskine,	201
Luther, Martin, Anecdote of,	139
Letters to the Little Folks,	374
Manhood Judged by Youth,	354
Mason and Dixon's Line,	284
May Flowers and April Showers,	113
Messengers of Mercy,	150
Miser's Death Bed,	152
Monument to Dr. Watts,	83
Monument to Walter Scott,	56
Mother and her Sailor Boy,	59
Mountain and Plain,	153
Music, 38, 102, 166, 230, 294,	358
My First Hunting Excursion,	199
My Little Brother,	321
My Little Sister,	354
My Little Playmate and her Grandfather,	327
My Mother in her Closet,	276
My Sister—Music,	120
My Soul, hope thou in God,	58
My Wife's Gold Ring,	303
Names of the Days of the Week,	288
Natural Gas Lights,	354
Nicolo Poussin, the Painter,	306
Nunnery of the Hotel Dieu,	158
Oak and Insect,	225
Oh, Dear,	209
Offering of the Heart—Poetry,	81
Old Jack, the favorite Horse,	167
Oriental Jewelry,	29
Orphan Boy,	336
Orphan Children,	39
Orphan's Lament,	42
Our Dog Prince and his Enemy,	206
Owl, the Great Horned,	75
Peaches and Moral Philosophy,	329
Phylacteries,	238
Picture on the Battle Field,	78
Pilgrims and their Pitchers,	138
Plea of the Father,	121
Poor Irish Peasants,	142
Power of Imagination,	314
Praying Little Girl,	182
Precious Gem,	186
Pride Must Have a Fall,	176
Prompt Girl,	90
Putnam, General Israel,	274
Quaker and Little Thief,	275
Quarrelsome Children,	113
Raft on the Ottawa River,	77
Rail-road to Gambling,	268
Recollections of Home Sickness	71
Red and White Roses,	241
Remarkable Echoes,	90
Remarkable Reanimation	307
Robin and Children,	235
Remedy for War,	156
Ruined Castles,	316
Russian Exiles,	280
Russian Lady,	93
Russian Peasant,	91

	PAGE.
Scotland,	192
Second Hand Sermons	383
Ships, Building and Launching,	345
Singular Fashion,	299
Singular Mode of Counting Time,	310
Sister's Grave,	105
Snakes in Australia,	348
Snow Birds, Anecdote of,	116
Snow Thoughts,	88
Song for the Season,	352
Song of the Zephyrs—Music,	166
Split Snake,	320
Spring—Poetry,	141
Stories about Dogs, 15, 60, 78, 206,	193, 277
Storming a Wasp's Nest,	317
Story of a Lion and Dog,	193
Story for Little Children,	172
Story of a New England Dog,	60
Taking a Hint,	136
Taylor, General,	246
Temptation Resisted,	369
Testy Schoolmaster,	183
The Avaricious Miller,	366
The Brook and the Bubbles,	188
The Child and Dew Drops,	155
The Cormorant,	224
The Curassow,	208
Theft of an Editor's Pen,	27
The Drummond Light,	382
The Discontented Pendulum,	384
The Early Dead,	381
The Hen and her Chickens,	86
The Hero—Music,	102
The Hunter's Story,	222
The Life and times of old Tabby,	360
The Motto,	210
The Preacher and the Robbers,	350
The Reward of Kindness,	359
The Seasons,	202
The Spider and the Honey Bee,	21
The Squirrel,	257
The Star and the Child,	265
The Tame Panther,	365
The Transplanted Tree,	9
The Vine—Poetry,	40
The Walk,	155
The Wolf,	189
The Toll Man's Family,	29
The Young Prussian,	368
Thou Shalt not Steal,	363
Thoughts about Mining,	203
Thoughts for Little Folks,	124
Thoughts of the Little Star-gazer,	181
To Lavinia in Heaven,	171
Toothache, Causes of,	47
Touching Temperance Story,	287
Traveling in Labrador,	104
Treasures of Earth—Poetry,	349
Try,	105
Two Schoolmates,	351
Tyndal, Anecdote of,	333
Uncle Barnabas, 220,	256
United States Hotel, Boston,	63
Unlocking of the Outside Door,	7
Untidy Girl,	61
Vacation, Last Summer's,	72
Van Ryn, Rembrandt,	322
Verbal Suffixes,	53
Visit to my Native Place,	54
Voice of Nature,	177
Washington, Anecdote of,	244
Way to be Happy,	121
We are all Brethren,	328
Witchcraft at home and abroad, 285,	297, 343
Wisdom learned from a Horse,	352
Wood Gathering,	281
Wonders of Central America,	216
Working on the Sabbath,	384
Writing, Eastern mode of,	308
Young Fisherman,	25
Young Man and Swallow,	288
Young Street Sweepers,	88
Youthful Virtue,	80
Zanaida Dove, Story of,	137

EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Vignette—title page,	1
2. Sketch in letter-press title page,	3
3. Theodore with his Quail Trap,	9
4. The Partridge playing a trick,	9
5. De Meyer playing before the King of France,	13
6. Newfoundland Dog,	15
7. Shepherd's Dog Feeding a Lost Child,	17
8. The Bee outside the Web,	21
9. The Bee inside the Web,	23
10. The Gold Pen,	28
11. Oriental Jewelry,	29
12. Holyrood Palace and Abbey,	30
13. The Orphans at Prayer,	39
14. The Emigrating of the Land Crabs,	41
15. De Meyer playing before the Sultan,	48
16. The Tiger,	52
17. Walter Scott's Monument,	57
18. Exploit of a New England dog,	60
19. The Goshawk,	64
20. Captain Perry's Bee Hives,	65
21. The Homesick Boy,	71
22. The Great Horned Owl,	75
23. Ancient Egyptian Deities,	79
24. The Ibis—an Egyptian Deity,	80
25. Monument to Dr. Watts,	84
26. The Hen, with her Chickens,	87
27. The Russian Peasant,	91
28. The Russian Lady,	93
29. The Dance of the Fairies,	106
30. The Family at Prayer,	110
31. The Quarrelsome Children,	113
32. The Convention of Animals,	118
33. The Clove Tree,	123
34. Varieties of the Butterfly,	128
35. The Zanaida Dove,	137
36. The Foolish Calf,	140
37. The Poor Irish Peasant,	143
38. The Flying Fish,	147
39. The Bonito,	147
40. The Misers' Death Bed,	152
41. A Hunting Scene,	157
42. The Petunia,	161
43. Parting with old Jack,	168
44. The Fruit Woman of Normandy,	173
45. The Shepherd in Repose,	177
46. The Testy Schoolmaster,	183
47. The Wolf,	190
48. The Discontented Bittern,	194
49. Theodore's First Shot,	199
50. Statue to Lord Erskine,	201
51. Inside of a Mine,	204
52. The Crested Curassow,	208
53. The Razor-billed Curassow,	209
54. Ancient Books,	212
55. Portrait of Edward VI.	215
56. Ancient Idol in Central America,	217
57. Uncle Barnabas walking out,	221
58. The Cormorant,	224
59. The Fisherman,	231
60. Curious Shells,	234
61. Phylacteries,	238
62. The Elephant,	239
63. Portrait of General Washington,	244
64. Portrait of General Taylor,	246
65. The Oriental Plane Tree,	249
66. Uncle Barnabas working in the garden,	256
67. Earthen Pot from Pompeii,	258
68. Ancient British Vase,	258
69. Portrait of Oliver Goldsmith,	263
70. Portrait of Captain Cook,	266
71. A Balloon Ascent,	270
72. Portrait of General Putnam,	274
73. Sketch of my Mother in her Closet,	276
74. The Chinese Junk,	278
75. Egyptian Water Pedlers,	287
76. The Humming Bird among the Flowers,	296
77. Horns, for a Head Ornament,	299
78. The Pine of Aleppo,	301
79. Portrait of Poussin, the Painter,	306
80. Eastern mode of Writing,	308
81. A Daughter's Love,	309
82. The Blacksmith at the Forge,	311
83. The Bread Fruit,	315
84. Virginia and her Grandfather Reading the Bible,	327
85. Portrait of Rembrandt Van Ryn,	332
86. The Lign Aloe,	340
87. Branch of the Olive Tree,	341
88. A Ship in the process of Building,	345
89. A Ship just after Launching,	347
90. The Good Girl taking care of the Wounded Man.	359
91. The Tame Panther,	366
92. Temptation Resisted,	369
93. The End,	386

THE

CABINET.

The Unlocking of the Outside Door.

BY THE MAN WITH THE MAGNET.

APPREHEND, my dear reader, that the task of beginning a book—the grouping together of some of the first letters and words—is not so easy as most people imagine. It is a little like starting a ship on a long voyage. There is often a good deal of labor necessary—some tugging at the oars, it may be—after the anchor is weighed, to get her out to sea. For my part, I sometimes find it hard to begin a single article, and much more, a volume of some hundred pages. Still, every book must have a beginning—else it would be difficult to make an end to it; and a book without an end would be a curiosity, to say the very least of it.

This point settled, then, that the YOUTH'S CABINET must have a beginning, the next thing is to begin it. But which of the members of the alphabetical family, all of whom are a worthy set of fellows, shall take the lead in this matter? That is the question; and I have been leaning over my portfolio, I know not how long, canvassing the merits of the whole brotherhood, and thinking which I would summon to my aid.

I confess I could hardly help saying, MY DEAR READER—the idea conveyed by these words being uppermost in my mind—though it occurs to me that such a phrase would be rather inappropriate, and perhaps slightly ludicrous, in case I should not happen to have any reader to my introduction. I have some suspicions that boys and girls generally are not very deeply in love with introductions and prefaces to books. Besides, it has become a proverb, almost, that nobody reads such things. I believe the proverb, however, like many others which have found their way into the world, is not strictly true; and I cherish some hope that my young patrons will do nothing in the present instance to weaken this belief.

The truth is, an introduction, of some sort, to a book, is about as necessary as a door to your dwelling. You cannot well get into your house without a door. No more can you get into a book, decently, without an introduction. I admit that you can, as

it were, force your way into a book—I hope I shall be pardoned for any little quarrels which my metaphors may happen to indulge in, for I find it quite impossible to keep peace between them—you can force your way into a book, as you might into a house, through a window, or scuttle,. or even down the chimney, if you feel disposed to go in that way. But neither of these modes of ingress is the most convenient and comfortable that could be imagined, to say nothing about the decorum of the thing. The proper way to enter the dining-room, or library, or cabinet, of a book, is through the door—the outside door—and the portico, too, if there happens to be one.

Still, I do not like long introductions, and think it quite probable that most people dislike them. I have had my patience sadly tried before now, with some documents of this sort, that I have read. I belabored the knocker of one lately, for a good round half hour. I could mention the name of the book, if I chose; but perhaps the author would not thank me for that. A huge door it had—a door made of iron, and strong enough for any bank door in Wall street. It was generously provided, too, with bolts, and bars, and locks. A precious entertainment there must be in that castle, thought I, if one should be so fortunate as to effect an entrance. But I never was more mistaken in my life. The edifice proved to be a miserable shell of a thing, empty and desolate, and I was vexed with myself for trying to get in at all. It really seems to me like a breach of hospitality to keep a person waiting out of doors, perhaps in a snow-storm, for the greater part of an hour, especially if there is any thing for him inside worth mentioning.

I think, then, that I can count upon two of the best reasons in the world for not making my introductory chapter a long one: first, I do not like long introductions and prefaces, and secondly, nobody else does.

It follows, you see, that the second volume of the YOUTH'S CABINET must not only have an introduction, which is quite a necessary, or at least a convenient mode of getting into the book, but that its introduction should be so brief as not to tire any body. So that the little folks who are expecting entertainment at our table, need not fear that they will be kept long waiting at the outside door.

In fact, masters and misses, as a sort of premium for your patience in reading introductions, and this introduction in particular, I am going to push the bolt aside at once, and let you in without further ceremony. So please to walk in, and make yourselves at home among the curiosities of the YOUTH'S CABINET. I wish you a happy new year with all my heart. May you be as happy as you are welcome, and may your happiness, too, be eternal.

The Transplanted Tree.*

BY THEODORE THINKER.

I DOUBT if it be well to live a great deal in the past—perhaps it is a waste of time to do so—yet I confess I sometimes find my mind disposed to play truant, and to go back with electrical speed to some bright spot in my history far behind. Nor is it always content with a single scene or a single epoch of history. What a curious chain there is in the mind—the chain of association! How, when the current of thought touches it sometimes, will the memory traverse thousands of links in that chain! The sight of a single tree or flower, with which I was familiar when a little child, will often suggest the scenes once connected with them, and picture them so vividly on the canvass of the mind, as to overwhelm me with emotion.

"Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace,
As in a map the voyager his course,
The windings of my way through many years."

It was thus with me the other day, when I strolled away from the busy city, and visited the old mansion which was my home when a child. A thousand recollections, many of which had slumbered for years, were called up one by one, as I gazed on each well remembered object. Among these objects, none perhaps was dearer to me than a tree near the garden gate. Let me tell you something about that tree.

Near my father's house was a beautiful meadow, and a little beyond, divided by a stream of water, which ran laughingly along over its bed of bright pebbles, was a forest. There I used to set my trap for the quails, that

THEODORE WITH HIS QUAIL-TRAP.

sung "more wheat," when my father thought they had stolen already more than he well knew how to spare. Poor fellows! I never could forgive myself for the havoc I made among them. They were great rogues, though. That thought is some little consolation to me.

THE PARTRIDGE, PLAYING A TRICK.

There, too, I have been outwitted a dozen times by the cunning partridge. When she has a nest, and sees a boy coming, she will cover up the nest carefully with leaves, and, without making the least noise, walk away several rods. Then she will make a

* See the engraved title-page.

great ado around that spot, as if her treasures were concealed there. I never yet had the wit to discover a partridge's nest, though I have spent hours in looking for them in those woods.

My mother—a dear, devoted mother, now in heaven—used, while the flowers were in bloom, to walk with me and my brother in the meadow, and sometimes, if the water was not too deep in the brook, we would cross over into the woods. My mother took great pleasure in the works of nature, and loved to tell her children about them. She taught us a great deal in these rambles. Children are always delighted with flowers, I believe. At any rate, this love is very natural, and is easily fostered; and I am sure I cannot remember the time when I was not charmed by a group of flowers. My mother, taking advantage of this, used often to lead our minds from the beautiful things which God had made, up to God himself.

One day we were walking in the woods, in the spring of the year. The flowers had just begun to bloom, and the forest trees were just starting into new life. We sat down under the

THE ACORN.

shade of an old oak. My mother took up an acorn, and told us that the great tree, whose branches were so high above our heads, was once a little acorn, like the one in her hand, and that God made it grow so large. She talked to us a good while about it; and I do not know that I was ever more deeply impressed with the wisdom and goodness of God than when I was listening to those familiar illustrations.

Not far from where we sat, was a young oak, scarcely taller than my head, which, with our mother's help, we dug up carefully and carried home. This little tree we planted in the yard, and I need scarcely say that this was the one which interested me so much, when, after an absence of years, I visited the spot again. I remember every little incident connected with the transplanting of that tree, so deep was the impression made upon my mind. I remember how merry the birds were; and I was as merry as they, and so was my brother, the sharer of all my pleasures. My dear mother, with her needle-work, was sitting under one of the fruit trees in the yard—it was a favorite spot of hers, when the earth was clothed in its summer robes—a little sister was chasing the butterflies from flower to flower, and filling her apron the while with dandelions. My mother seemed happy, too—how intimately was her happiness connected with her children—but a worm was then secretly preying upon her heart, which soon brought her to the grave. I have often wondered if she had not at the time received some warning that her end was near. While we were planting the tree, with her face all lighted up with smiles of love, she said, "If this tree should live, children, it will remind you of your dear mother, will it not? I may go where my heavenly

Father is, and leave you by and by; but when you see this oak stretching its arms up toward heaven, you will think of me. You will think of me, when its leaves tremble in the summer breeze, and when the blast of winter mourns over its leafless branches. I know you will remember your dear mother then; you will remember the lessons I have taught you, and try to be good and love the Savior."

Were these words prophetic? She never sat in her favorite bower again! Her disease soon assumed an alarming form—her sun went down while it was yet day—she died—died, commending her children to the God who sustained her in that trying hour.

That tree—that transplanted tree—was green and flourishing, when I visited the old homestead. I sat beneath its shadow, and listened to the robin that sang his plantive air upon its branches. As I sat there, a deluge of thoughts connected with that dear departed one, rushed into my mind. My mother had a deep hold of my young affections, and she bore them with her to her heavenly abode. Every object with which she used to be familiar is consecrated, almost, in my heart. That humble, old-fashioned cottage, now tottering with age, I love it because it was once her home. It seems too sacred even for the fingers of time to touch. Oh! she was a fond and tender mother. How perfectly is her image impressed on my memory. Though long years have rolled away, I seem, as I linger here, where she dwelt, I seem to hear the music of her sweet voice again, and to commune with her as I was wont to do ere her spirit departed.

"I loved her much; but now I love her more;
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
Her flight *my mother* took, her upward flight,
If ever soul ascended."

Dear reader, have you a mother—a kind, affectionate mother? If so, you have one of the richest blessings ever bestowed on a child. Love and cherish her, then. Listen to her counsels and advice. Take care you do not grieve her by your thoughtlessness. Learn to acquiesce in all she says; and whether or not she bows with you at the mercy-seat, as my mother was wont to do with her children, learn to place your confidence in Him who loves you with a tenderness which even a mother's heart never felt.

The Careless Girl.

From "A Gift for my Daughter," an unpublished work, by the Author of the "Young Lady's Guide."

THE careless girl is always unfortunate. If she goes into the kitchen, to assist about the work, she splashes the water on the wall; drops oil on the floor; spills fat in the fire; scorches her clothes; burns her cakes; breaks the crockery; or cuts her fingers with the carving-knife. If directed to sweep the keeping-room, she oversets a lamp, or brushes off a table-cover, and sends Bibles and hymn books sprawling on the floor. Or, if passing through the parlor, she swings her dress against the centre-table and brushes off the costly books, bruising their fancy

binding, and soiling their gilt edges. Every where she goes, something is found in ruins. The trouble is, she does not *think*—she does not *observe*—or else her thoughts and observation are on something besides what is before her. She does not mind what she is doing—she does not look to see what she steps on, nor whether her hands have firm hold on the article she takes up. If she passes through a door, she does not mind whether it was open or shut; and most likely, if she finds it open in a warm summer's day, she will close it; but if she finds it carefully shut on a freezing day in mid-winter, she will leave it wide open.

By indulging such habits as these, an amiable girl, who might otherwise be beloved, becomes the dread of all her acquaintances.

Leopold de Meyer.

We have been to hear the world-renowned pianist, Leopold de Meyer. We are no great proficient either in the science or art of music. We have a pretty generous share of love for the "concord of sweet sounds," and some grains of "music in the soul." That is about all we can claim. We are no musical critic. We cannot talk very scientifically about *adagios* and *smorzandos*. But we must tell our friends—or try to tell them, at least—how this remarkable man entertained us.

The concert was held in the Broadway Tabernacle. He had a very popular and select company of musicians to assist him. Burke was there, with the violin, from which he draws out such charming strains. He is a musical wonder, by the way. Then there was a large and excellent orchestra besides, and some five solo singers. But every note, vocal and instrumental, that was not made by De Meyer's fingers, seemed only a foil to exhibit this artist's astonishing feats to greater advantage. We call these performances astonishing. Astonishment, we think, is the prevailing impression which every one feels who listens to his strains, especially for the first time.

The hour of eight was the time at which the concert was to commence. But before seven, so great and so general was the anxiety to hear the man, that a large proportion of the seats in that immense edifice were filled. Several pieces were performed by the orchestra before the lion pianist appeared. When he took his seat at the piano, the audience greeted him with the most enthusiastic applause. He commenced. At first, his notes were like the warbling of birds, or the distant murmurs of a waterfall. Still there was nothing charming, nothing soothing or melting, in the music. We can only account for this by the fact, that there was another feeling—that of wonder and astonishment—so strong in the mind, that it absorbed every other. As he proceeded, and his performance became more rapid and earnest, it seemed as if a whole Niagara of music was pouring from his instrument. The effect of his effort, upon our mind—we speak for no one else—was still the same, as his fingers fluttered, like the wings of the humming-bird, over the keys of the instrument, every moment accomplishing

LEOPOLD DE MEYER PERFORMING BEFORE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

new feats and conquering new difficulties—attempting deeds of daring never dreamed of before, and succeeding only to attempt another more difficult and dangerous,—the sympathy of the mind with the performer was even painful. One felt as he would, if he beheld a madman attempting to balance himself on a chain, stretched across a deep and frightful gulf. We were actually glad when the artist had finished his first piece, and rose from the piano. We felt relieved when we saw him out of danger.

But when he returned to the instrument again, there was still a trembling anxiety, which we did not overcome during the whole evening. There was still the fear, that though he had escaped a great many perils, his rashness would yet be his ruin. But the most wonderful thing in this whole exhibition of wonders, was, that the performer seemed perfectly unaware that he was attempting any extraordinary exploit. While engaged in executing some of his most brilliant passages, he would withdraw his eyes, and apparently his thoughts, from the piano-board, and look round upon the audience, to tell them by his smile how much he valued their approbation. When he rose from the piano, at the end of each performance, he was greeted with a profusion of bouquets and wreaths of flowers.

In his department of musical genius, we suppose Leopold de Meyer is the wonder of the age. At any rate, we never dreamed before we heard him, that it was possible to accomplish such feats on the piano. But we are making a long article, and must reserve the remainder of our remarks for another time.

Farewell to my Mother.

From "Alderbrook," by FANNY FORRESTER.

GIVE me my old seat, Mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee:
Oh! let me look into thine eyes—
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, Mother;
Few suns have rose and set
Since last the tear-drop on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met:
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems;
Though every night I came to thee,
Dear Mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, Mother,
By the child thou lov'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 'twas their holy spell
Which made that path so dearly bright,
Which strewed the roses there,—
Which gave the light and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, Mother—
A happier never beat;
And, even now, new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.
Oh, Mother! life may be a dream;
But if such *dreams* are given
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the *truths* of Heaven!

I bear a happy heart, Mother;
Yet, when fond eyes I see,
And hear soft tones and winning words,
I ever think of thee:
And then, the tear my spirit weeps
Unbidden fills my eye,
And, like a homeless dove, I long
Unto thy breast to fly.

Then I am very sad, Mother;
I'm very sad and lone;
Oh! there's no heart whose inmost fold
Opes to me like thine own!
Though sunny smiles wreathe blooming lips
While love-tones meet my ear;
My Mother, one fond glance of thine
Were thousand times more dear

Stories about Dogs.

WHEN we began, in the last volume of the Cabinet, to tell our readers some anecdotes which we had picked up about dogs, we had no idea that we should spin out so long a yarn on the subject. But our readers, we found, were delighted with these stories, and so we determined to go on telling them. We do not wonder much, that the little folks are so fond of hearing about the dog. He is one of the noblest and most intelligent of the brute creation. Besides, he is affectionate, and confiding, and faithful. He possesses a great many traits of character—if we may talk about character in connection with any of the lower animals—which every body loves. No wonder he is so much admired—no wonder the history of his race is so unusually interesting. Now, we love to please our readers. Nothing delights us so much, especially if we can do them good and please them at the same time, as we think we can do by making them acquainted with the wonderful achievements of the dog. This being the case, we have a great mind to hunt up a few more stories. The book from which we have quoted so freely, is not quite exhausted, we believe; and if it should fail, we have a pretty respectable budget of stories about dogs in our own country, which would be worth telling.

By the way, have you heard what a dog accomplished at the time the steamer Rhode Island went ashore in a storm? Somebody ought to take that fellow's portrait, and have it put up in our cabinet of curiosities. We have not heard him described very particularly; but think that the cun-

ning-looking personage at the head of this article, is not a bad likeness. Last autumn—we must tell this story, though some of our young friends may have read it in the newspapers at the time the facts took place—last autumn, the mail steamer Rhode Island went ashore on Long Island, in a gale. She was on her way from Providence to this city. The waves were very high, and dashed over the steamer with great fury. The captain wanted to communicate with the men on the shore, but the sea was so high, that it was dangerous to trust a small boat, and he could not make the people hear, the waves made such a noise. So the captain wrote a letter to the men on the shore, and another to be sent by land to New York. These letters he placed in a bottle, which he threw overboard, hoping it would drift ashore. But the experiment was unsuccessful. Then he put two more letters, like the first, into another bottle, and tied the bottle to an empty barrel. These he threw overboard. Instead of going ashore, however, they floated some distance westward. The people followed along on the beach; and one man, who owned a pretty shrewd and obliging dog, sent him out after the floating letters. The dog reached the barrel, and caught hold of the cord. Poor fellow! he tried hard to bring both the barrel and the bottle ashore; but failing in this, he gnawed off the string, and brought the bottle, which, of course, contained the letters.

After all, the Shepherd's dog, so called, seems to be about as sagacious as any of his race; and there is a capital anecdote in our favorite book, about a dog of this kind in Scotland. Here is the story, with a fine picture engraved on purpose for it.

The valleys, or glens, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampians, a ridge of rocky and precipitous mountains in the northern part of Scotland, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. As the pastures over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction, the shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when it is collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily visits to the different extremities of his pastures in succession, and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbors.

In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance to have a more extended view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for his child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amidst these mountains, as, in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day into night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he

unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither, he at length came to the verge of the mist, and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was now within a short distance of his

A SHEPHERD'S DOG, FEEDING A LOST CHILD.

cottage. To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return home, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years.

Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out again to seek his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still, on returning in the evening disappointed to his cottage, he found that the dog had been there, and, on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the waterfall almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that abrupt appear-

ance which so often astonishes and appals the traveller amidst the Grampian mountains, and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared in a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by, eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence.

From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

"If you wish to be happy, keep busy; idleness is harder work than plowing, a good deal. There is more fun in sweating an hour, than there is in yawning a century."

The Blind Boy's Return.

I took him at first for a young man just returned from sea; and, under pretence of breathing my horse, I stopped at the foot of the hill, to witness his reception, after, as I supposed, his long absence. He had just darted away from the old man's side, who seemed to be calling his attention to some domestic animals thronging around the cottage gate, as if he was essaying to temper the sudden ecstasy that was palpitating in the full heart of the boy, by introducing, for a share in his affection, those minor objects of interest. But it would not do; the old house dog, that once crouched down by his cradle, now fawned upon him in vain for a kind, recognizing expression of his eye; he heard nothing—saw nothing, save a fair-haired girl, whose glossy ringlets swam back on the breeze as she darted down the green bank, and threw her arms about his neck, and bathed his cheek with her tears.

In the back-ground of the scene—in the door of their little cabin, stood his infirm old mother, while big, renovated drops of joy, trickled through the check apron which she held to her streaming eyes. My heart smote me for looking in upon a private scene of joy with a stranger's eye: although unobserved by that little group, whose hearts were melting and mingling in that reciprocal flood of affection, that gushed up from the deep, treasuring fountains of the soul. It was after the first long embrace of son and brother—after the first wild, trembling thrill of joy had flitted across the swelling heart, that I observed the youth standing in the middle of the

group, holding in one hand the shrivelled fingers of his aged mother, and in the other, the little white hand of his beautiful sister; while his father—his old gray-headed father, with his breast full and overfraught with the swelling current of joy, rested his head upon the shoulder of his son. There was a moment, when the humid eye alone was eloquent; and while that of the boy was passing from the lovely form and features of his blooming sister, to the care-worn countenance of his mother, I thought I could discern a change come over his face. As he looked upon the lovely girl who was standing before him with tears glistening in her eyes, an effable expression of pride beamed in his countenance. But that she had increased in stature and loveliness, she was the same as when years agone, she made his companion throughout the livelong day; the same as when once they fostered the flowers of their garden in the freshness of the morning, or sported by the streamlet at noon, or sauntered out into the fields at evening to drive the heifer home, or climbed the green hills, to see the big red sun go down in the west. No blighting mildew or searing frost had fallen upon her, to canker or bleach the rose of her cheek, and chill the wild, warm pulse of childhood. She was his, and the same garden, the same brook, the field and the grove were theirs, where they might retrace the steps of former years. He was satisfied; and he turned to his mother to see if the hand of time had dealt as lightly with her; but there he could perceive a gloomy change, and his countenance fell. The burden of years of anxiety, sorrow, and affliction, had bowed her down, and there were indices in her hollow cheek and eye, which convinced him, that she had made many steps towards her long home during his absence. While he was regarding her with a troubled eye, I fancied he was inquiring within himself, if some of the furrows in her sallow cheek, had not been deepened by his long absence; if maternal anxiety had not roughened her forehead with the premature wrinkles of age; if fearful solicitude for his welfare, lest he should sicken and die in a stranger's land; if sleepless unremitted fears, lest her only son should be swallowed up by the surging billows of the ocean, had not dimmed her eye, and multiplied the number of her gray hairs.

Standing in my eye in the character of an adventurous sailor, I thought he would fain inquire, if at times she had not wrestled with her God with uncommon fervor for his safety; if often, when, in the blackening night-storm, the blearing lightnings of heaven had well nigh smitten him into the abyss, from his hold upon the rotten rope; if, when the formless, mountain surge broke down upon their frail bark, and swept his quaking comrades from his side,—if then she had not gone out, and called upon "Him who holdeth the winds in his fist, and the lightnings in the hollow of his hand," to spare her boy.

But what made me take him for a sailor? He wore no tarpaulin, nor was his face burned by a torrid sun, or browned by a constant exposure to the winds. No, he had never seen the mighty ocean, or heard its roar; he had not seen any material object for ten long years. During that period, he had never seen the face of his mother, though

he often felt her tears on his cheek, as she smoothed his pillow, and taught him to say his prayers at evening. The voice of his father fell daily upon his ear, whether he heard it in the morning devotions, or listened to it among the reapers at harvest; yet, he had not seen his face, or known when it was lighted up with a smile of pleasure, or clouded by care. He had lived through a long, long, starless night. The sun arose and set, but he had no perception of its presence, save when warmed by its summer rays. True, he was apprised of the morning's dawn, by the voice of his sister, who would lead him out into their little garden; yet, though the flowers she culled for him, were the fairest and sweetest, their carmine and lily tints were hidden from his sight, nor could he see the hand that put them in his, nor the eye that always was moistened with a tear, as it looked upon a blind and only brother.

But now the blackness of darkness, which had so long veiled the great sun, the "silver moon," the beauty of the fields, and the glories of the sky, and all the objects once pleasant and dear to his eyes, had broken away, and the magnificence of the universe, and the sight of friends were all ushered into one sudden, comprehensive and blissful vision. He had just returned from one of our large cities, where, by a delicate and successful operation, an experienced oculist had removed from his eyes a darker veil than that of common night; and, in the inexpressible rapture of a being just resuming a long-suspended existence, the boy had come back, to gladden that little way-side cottage with his presence, and to feast his eyes upon the faces and forms of those who, in the long, Egyptian night of his blindness, had hung over him from morning till evening, like invisible ministering spirits from another world.—*Elihu Burritt.*

A Lesson in Tenderness.

I ONCE asked John W. Edmonds, one of the inspectors of Sing Sing Prison, how it was that a Wall-street lawyer, brought into sharp collision with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart. "My mother was a Quakeress," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me when I was four or five years old, has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys who were worrying a kitten. We finally killed her. When I came into the house I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap and talked to me in such moving style about my cruelty to the poor, helpless, little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterwards, if I was tempted to do any thing unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the poor little kitten. I never forgot that circumstance. For a long time after, I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, that when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings, without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now the ghost of that kitten and the recollection of my dear mother's gentle lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing Sing, and forever admonish me to be humane and forbearing."—*Mrs. Child.*

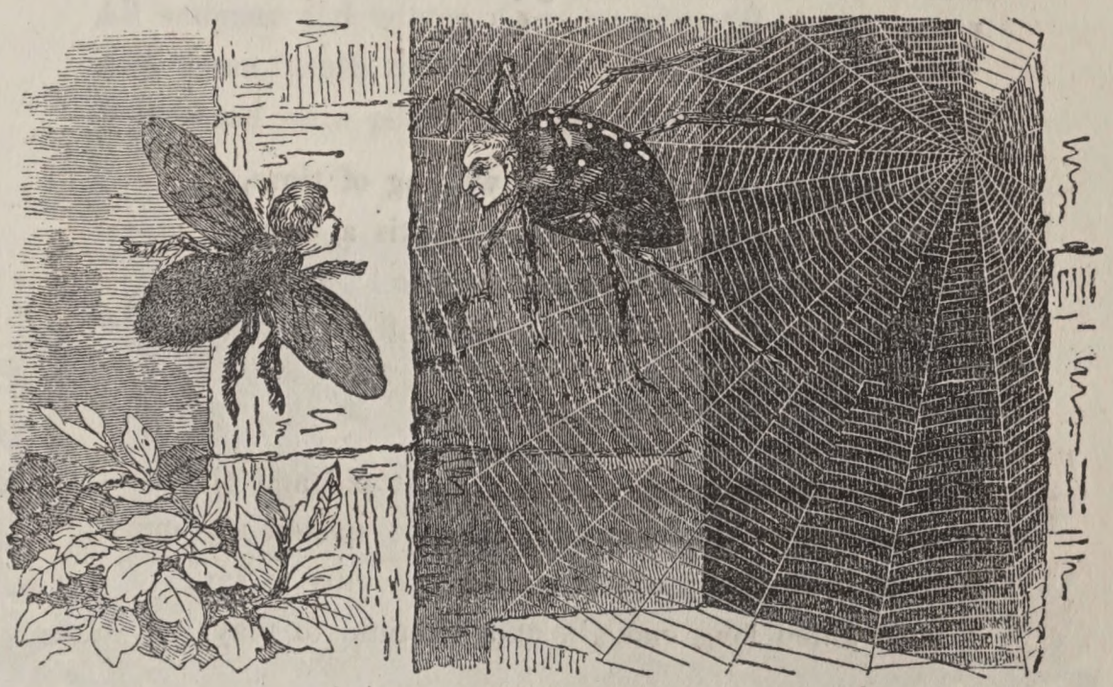
The Spider and the Honey-Bee:

A FABLE FOR MANY IN GENERAL, AND SOME IN PARTICULAR.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

I.

A Bee who had chased after pleasure all day,
And homeward was lazily wending his way,
Fell in with a Spider, who called to the Bee:
"Good evening! I trust you are well," said he.



THE BEE OUTSIDE THE WEB.

II.

The Bee was quite happy to stop awhile there—
For Indolence always has moments to spare—
"Good evening!" he said, with a very low bow,
"My health, sir, alas! 'tis quite delicate now.

III.

From spring until autumn, from morning till night,
I'm obliged to be toiling with all my might.—
My labors are wearing me out, and you know,
I might as well starve, as to kill myself so."

IV.

The Spider pretended to pity the Bee—
For a cunning old hypocrite Spider was he—
"I am sorry to see you so ill," he said;
And he whispered his wife, "He will have to be bled."

V.

"Some people—perhaps they are wiser than I—
Some people are in a great hurry to die;
Excuse me, but candor compels me to say,
'Tis wrong to be throwing one's life away.

VI.

Your industry, sir, it may do very well
For the beaver's rude hut, or the honey-bee's cell;
But it never would suit a gay fellow like me;
I love to be idle—I love to be free.

VII.

This hoarding of riches—this wasting of time,
In robbing the gardens and fields—'tis a crime!
And then to be guilty of suicide, too!
I tremble to think what a miser will do."

VIII.

'Tis strange the poor Bee was so stupid and blind.—
'Mister Spider," said he, "you have spoken my mind;
There's something within me, that seems to say,
I have toiled long enough, and 'tis time to play.

IX.

But how in the world shall I manage to live?
I might beg all my life, and nobody would give.
'Tis easy enough to be merry and sing,
But living on air is a different thing."

X.

The Spider was silent, and looked very grave—
'Twas a habit he had—the scheming old knave
No Spider, intent on his labor of love,
Had more of the serpent, or less of the dove.

XI.

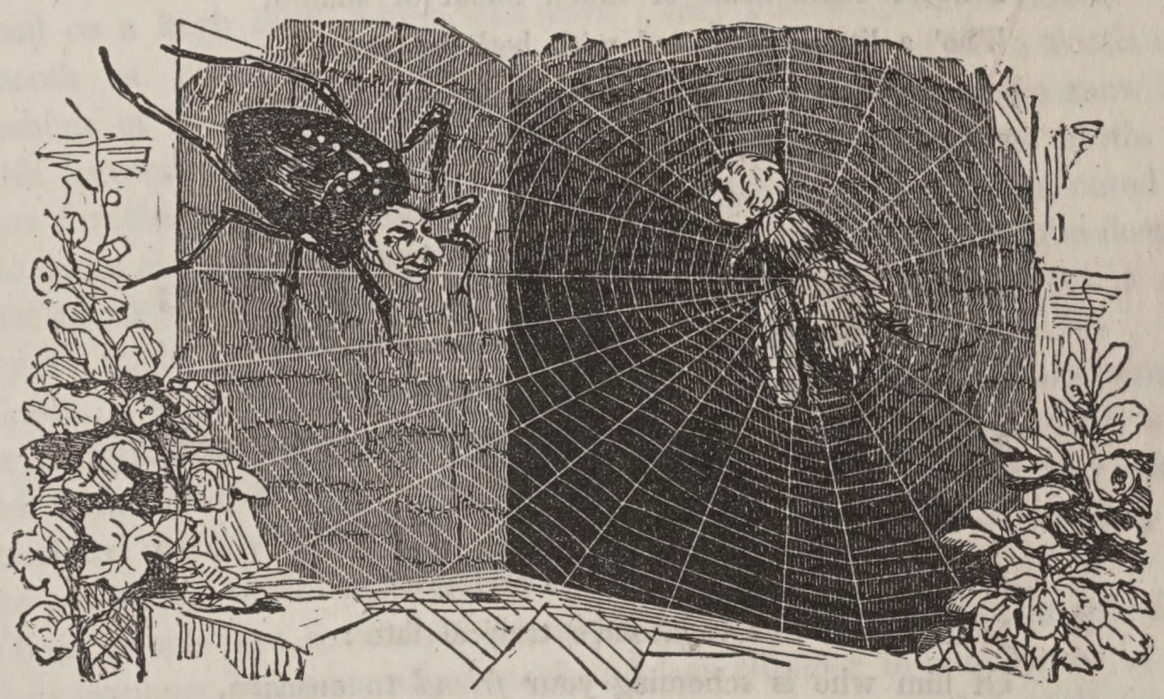
"To serve you would give me great pleasure," said he;
Come into my palace, and tarry with me;
The Spider knows nothing of labor and care.—
Come, you shall be welcome our bounty to share.

XII.

I live like a king, and my wife like a queen,
In meadows where flowers are blooming and green;
'Tis sweet on the violet's bosom to lie,
And list to the stream that runs merrily by.

XIII.

With us you shall mingle in scenes of delight,
All summer and winter, from morning till night;
And when 'neath the hills the sun sinks in the west,
Your head on a pillow of roses shall rest.



THE BEE INSIDE THE WEB.

XIV.

When miserly Bees shall return from their toils,
If you will decoy them, we'll feast on the spoils—
I'll lighten their burdens—I ought to know how—
My pantry is full of such gentlemen now."

XV.

The Bee did not wait to be urged any more,
But nodded his thanks, as he entered the door.—
"Aha!" said the Spider, "I have you at last."
And he caught the poor urchin, and soon made him fast.

XVI.

The Bee, when aware of his perilous fate,
Recovered his wit, though a moment too late.—
"O treacherous Spider! for shame!" said he,
"Is it thus you betray a poor, innocent Bee?"

XVII.

The cunning old Spider ther laughed outright;
"Poor fellow!" he said, "you are in a sad plight!
Ha! ha! what a dunce you must be to suppose
That the heart of a Spider should pity your woes!

XVIII.

I never could boast of much honor or shame,
Tho' a little acquainted with both by name;
But I think if the Bees can a brother betray,
That Spiders are quite as good people as they.

XIX.

On the whole, you have lived long enough, I opine;
So now, by your leave, I will hasten to dine;
You'll make a good dinner, it must be confess'd,
And the world, I am thinking, will pardon the rest."

XX.

A lesson for every one, little and great,
Is taught in this vagabond's tragical fate:
Of him who is scheming your *friend* to ensnare,
Unless you've a passion for bleeding, beware!

The Young Fishermen.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

In a lone cabin on the eastern shore of Nova Scotia, lived a very poor but industrious woman, with her three sons. Her husband also lived there a part of his time, but as he was an idle man, he generally loitered day and night around a store two miles from his house. Here, among a great variety of useful goods, was also every sort of spirituous liquors, of which he was very fond. His cabin stood on a high bluff, which was worn smooth at its base, by the constant dashing of the ocean against it. His wife earned considerable by making nets for the fishermen on the coast. No doubt our young readers are aware, that much of the wealth of that country is made by sending fish to other places. Many vessels are employed in carrying away dried or preserved fish from Nova Scotia. Small villages inhabited entirely by fishermen, lie along the sea-shore, two or three miles apart. These people are somewhat coarse in their manners, but generally honest, and temperate. The three sons of this woman were young, the oldest being but twelve, yet they were industrious and helpful. Their mother had been well educated, and amid all her cares found time to teach them to read, and to give them lessons in other branches of education. More than all, she taught them to be honest and truthful. Reduced by her husband's beastly selfishness to her present lowly life, she patiently toiled for her children who learned from her example to bear every privation heroically. These lads were young fishermen, and every cent they earned they carried to their beloved mother. One of their favorite employments was catching wild birds, which resorted in great numbers to the rocky shore. They are highly esteemed for bait. In some seasons of the year they are more easily caught than in others, but at all times it requires much skill and perseverance to entrap them.

To some, it may seem cruel work; these lads did not think it so; on the contrary, they were glad to earn money for their mother, in what seemed to them a very necessary employment.

The winters at Nova Scotia are much colder than ours. The snow is deeper and lies longer on the earth. Clad in thick coats, these boys cared little for the cold. They liked the deep snow of which they made gigantic men and horses.

One very cold evening in mid-winter, their mother sat by her fire netting and thinking of her sons who had gone in their boat to sell some nets, and staid longer than usual.

Her husband was stretched in drunken slumber in one corner of the room. In the other stood a small table, but the humble meal upon it was still untasted, for the good mother waited for her children to share it with her. She arose and looked out of the window. It was morning, and she could not see the ocean, the flakes fell so large and thickly. The wind shook the casements roughly. Every thing around betokened one of those terrible snow storms so common in that dreary country. As evening deepened into night, the anxious mother walked the floor, trembling for

her children. The huge logs crackled on the hearth, but their ruddy light shone not on the bright countenances of her sons. Once she tried to arouse her husband, but in vain; he lay, like a corpse, in his drunken stupor. Turning bitterly from him, the poor woman threw on her cloak, and hurried down to the shore. She paused to listen for the stroke of their oars, but the booming waves alone answered her. The sea-gull was screaming from amid the pointed rocks which were already white with snow. On she hurried to the nearest village. Blinded by the snow, and half frozen with the intense cold, she entered one of the cabins, two miles from her own. But she heard no tidings of her children. In vain the kind woman entreated her to return and wait for them. The men of this village were all absent; so alone and sad, the half-frantic mother faced the storm again, and hurried to the next hamlet. The snow was rapidly falling, and the air seemed congealed. Love had so far given strength to her heart and frame, but nature at last yielded. She sank exhausted on the snow.

Next morning the drunkard awoke. He was cold, so he arose to call his wife, but his cabin was tenantless. The fire was dying on the hearth, and the beds were undisturbed. The table was still in the corner, and a large cat, a family pet, sat in a chair by it, patiently waiting to be fed. He saw something was amiss; so he walked as fast as he could to the store, to inquire after his family. We will leave him there, and return to his three sons. They had gone some ten miles to one of the larger hamlets, to dispose of their nets. Here several vessels were anchored to receive a supply of fish. Pleased with the boys, one of the captains took them on board, and presented each with a nice book, besides some other articles.

On returning to their boat, they found that the sky had been suddenly overcast and that a storm was approaching. They made all haste to reach home before it came on, but in spite of their exertions it overtook them, and they were obliged to steer at random through the storm, for the land was not visible from the sea. They perceived that they were in imminent peril, but faltered not. Their garments, although warm, were but a poor defence against the atmosphere of such a night. At last much exhausted they determined to steer as well as they could for the shore, and soon had the pleasure of hearing the keel grate on the sand. They were obliged to wade through the water some distance, and the youngest declared he could go no further. There was a deserted cabin near by. Its tall chimneys loomed up in the dark, and were hailed by the older boys with delight. They carried the youngest there, but knew not that he was dying. Wet to the skin and faint with toil, the poor boys laid down close to each other to keep warm. Alas! one was already cold in death. The eldest felt his icy cheek with his hand, and proposed to the other to place him between them, one under and the other over him. They did so, and they spoke tenderly to him as they had heard their mother speak. "A little while," whispered one, "we will be rested, and then will walk on." Even while he spoke, that fatal

drowsiness, which precedes death, and mitigates its pain, was creeping over him. In one hour these children of the sea were bound in icy slumber.

Night had nearly waned. The storm was rapidly abating. The moon peered through the drifting clouds, and rested on the lonely cabin in which lay the young sleepers. Suddenly voices broke the solemn hush around. Torches flickered in the lulling wind, and, foremost of a group of men, a stalwart form bent to raise the body of a woman, from which the snow had drifted. With a murmur of sorrow, the group pressed forward, and recognized the anxious mother who had left their village a few hours before.

Just then one of them espied the boat lying not far from the cabin. They shudderingly approached that deserted house, hopeless of finding the lost ones there. Beautiful in death, they found the young fishermen on the frozen floor, the youngest lying between his brothers. At one glance the seekers read the whole story, and brushed aside the tears that fell with unwonted rapidity. One more effort would have brought the mother to her boys, and they might have laid down to sleep together. It was not to be. They raised the dead, and slowly walked homeward. In a few hours the wretched husband and parent, stood by his family, who had perished while he lay impotent in drunken sleep.

The cabin on the cliff has been long deserted, but near by a huge black stone marks the spot where sleeps the mother with her young children by her side.

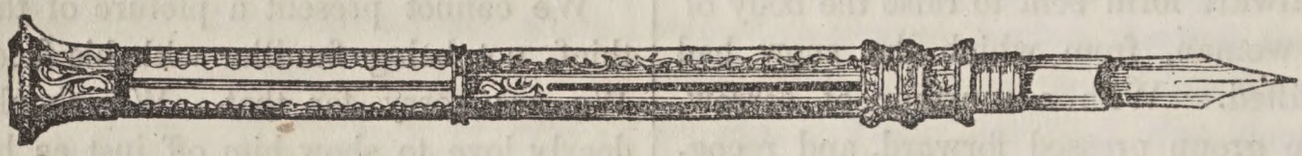
Theft of an Editor's Pen.

SOME one came into our office the other day, who was seized with such a passion for our favorite pen, that he walked off with it, and we have never heard either of it or of him since. Of the pen we have given a very accurate drawing, on the next page, as it was when we were wont to scribble with it for the entertainment of our little friends.

We cannot present a picture of the thief, not being familiar with his face. We are sorry for that. We should dearly love to show him off just as he looked, when he was walking out of the office door. There is a peculiar expression in the face of a person when he is discovered in a dishonest or mean act, which is not to be mistaken. We warrant that man had a hang-dog sort of look about him. Well, never mind the fellow; though perhaps his eye may fall upon this article, and we would like to say a word to him—that is, if he can read, and probably he can, for it is to be presumed he can write, or he would not have wanted a pen so much as to steal it. One thing we would like to say to him is this: we wish he would use the pen carefully. If he does, it will last him a great while. It is very well made—Mr. Bagely, of this city, is the manufacturer, by the way—and may be nearly as good a year hence as it is now; though it is a delicate thing, and cannot bear hard usage. So he will please to use it with care. Then there is another thing we wish he would do; and that is all we will ask of him at present. We wish that

whenever he uses the pen, he would take his Bible—he may borrow one, if he has none of his own; any body will lend him one for this purpose—and read the tenth verse of the sixth chapter of Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. It is a very small favor we ask of the man, considering the favor he has received from us—a favor which he can never appreciate, because he cannot know how much we loved the pen. We think he can do no less than to indulge us in this little whim; and if he will, we will say no more, and just leave him in the custody of his conscience.

One becomes very much attached to even an inanimate thing, especially if that thing has helped him out of a good many difficulties, and done him very essential service. We should not wonder if the farmer could become quite



BAGLEY'S GOLD PEN, WITH PATENT EXTENSION HOLDER.

in love with a favorite hoe or axe, though we must confess our affections never run in that channel. A lady becomes attached to a work-box or thimble, by a long use of it, and, so we hope, boys and girls get to be in love with their books after they have turned them over a year or two. How is that, little folks? At all events, we loved that pen very much. We never found one before—hardly excepting the good old-fashioned goose-quill—which was every way so accommodating. It would write stories and letters, poetry and prose—every thing, so that the printers could read it; and that is saying a good deal for our poor manuscript.

We wonder what that pen is doing now. What new enterprise has it engaged in? We should very much like to know. Is it an editor's pen still? We almost hope so. No, on the whole, we hope no such thing. For the honor of the craft, we hope no editor stole it. Has it gone into the mercantile business? Well, we will answer for it, that pen will make as pretty letters on a ledger as any clerk need wish to see. Is it a politician's pen, or a lawyer's? Perhaps a lawyer has it. If so, it will help him along amazingly with his deeds, though there be deeds of his which we are sure it would be ashamed to record. We should really like to know what that old friend is doing, and whether its face is as smiling as it used to be, and what kind of a master it has. It may be we shall be able to give its history one of these days. Who knows? Stranger things have happened. Perhaps it will burn the man's fingers, so that he will be glad to send it back again, with a long account of its wanderings. We shall see.

"WHEN the candle of prosperity shines upon us, we may light our neighbor who is in the dark, and have none the less light ourselves."

Oriental Jewelry.

The ladies in Palestine and other oriental countries, used, a great many years ago, to wear some very singular ornaments about their persons, and so they do still, we believe, in some portions of the eastern world. Only think of a lady dressed up with a great jewel hanging from the nose! Here is a picture of one in that plight.

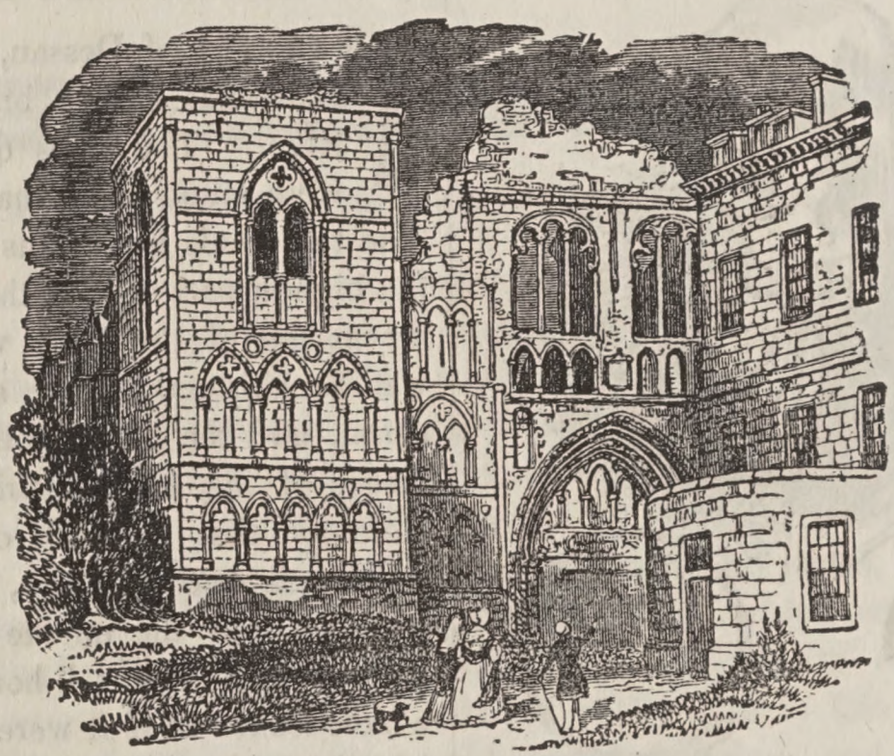
A hole has been bored through the cartilage, and in this way the jewel is fastened to the nose. We wonder if the pleasure one receives from the idea that she looks very pretty, is great enough to balance the pain she must endure from wearing the ornament. There are two other jewels in the picture, also intended for the nose. They are very large, you see. We should think either of them would be in the way sometimes. It seems to us, that the nose was never designed for such a use as this. But some of our modern ladies abuse this innocent organ about as much as their ancestors did, though in a very different manner. We are not sure but fastening jewels to the nose—something in the style that the farmer rings his pigs—is as harmless and rational as making it a store-room for ground tobacco.

The Toll-Man's Family.

In the town of Dessau, in Germany, there was a long bridge over the Elbe. The ends of the bridge were much lower than the middle. The toll-man's house was placed upon the highest part of it, in the centre. In the spring of the year, when the ice was breaking up, there arose a great storm, and the river, with the broken pieces of ice, came roaring down so violently, that the ends of the bridge were soon carried away, and nothing was left but the middle arch of the bridge, with the toll-house upon it, which looked as if it were upon a little island in the middle of the river. The force of the river was so great that it was impossible that this arch should stand long, and the poor toll-man feared that his house would soon be carried away by the waves, and his wife and children all drowned. There were a great many people on the banks, pitying the poor man's fate, as he and his wife and children screamed to them for help; but the storm was heavy and the ice made it dangerous, and they were all too cowardly to go out in a boat to try to save the poor family from drowning. Among them was a rich

count, who held up a large purse of gold, and offered it to any one who would go and save the toll-man and his wife and children; but no one would risk his life for money. At last a poor man came along in a wagon, and as soon as he saw the danger the poor people were in, he set off in a little boat and never minded the storm. He got safely to the toll-house; but he had to go three times before he brought away the whole family. Just as he was landing the last load, the arch gave way, and the house was carried down the river. The poor father and mother and their children, were too happy to speak, when they found they were safe.

The count then offered the poor man who saved them the purse of gold. "No," he said, "my life was worth more than money, and I do not wish to be paid for doing right."—*Selected.*



Holyrood Palace and Abbey.

These buildings, a view of which is given in the engraving, are situated at the eastern extremity of the old town of Edinburgh, in Scotland. They are very ancient buildings. The abbey was founded in the year 1128, and was used as the royal cemetery. It is now mostly in ruins. The palace is a large quadrangular building of hewn stone, with a court within, surrounded by a piazza. It contains a gallery one hundred and fifty feet long, in which are the portraits of all the Scottish kings. It is now used at the election of the sixteen peers of Scotland, to represent their order in the British parliament. In the northwest tower may still be seen the bed-chamber of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. There are still exhibited the remains of her magnificent bed. There, too, is the cabinet adjoining the royal bed-chamber, from which, tradition says, the miserable Rizzio was dragged, and murdered in the presence of the queen.

MY MALTESE KITTEN.

My Maltese Kitten.

BY THE MAN WITH THE MAGNET.

CAROLINE ROSE was as happy a girl as ever you saw in your life—"as happy as the days are long"—so her schoolmaster used to say. There were a great many good points in Caroline's character besides this, that she was so generally cheerful—for I consider that a good point in any one's character. She was kind to her companions, obedient, respectful, and affectionate to her parents; and she seldom got into a fit of anger, or made a fool of herself by being sulky.

Shall I tell you what there was in her character which nobody could like, and which sometimes made her appear exceedingly unlovely? I will do so, so as to put you on your guard in that particular point. That trait in her character was *selfishness*. If she ever got anything that she liked, she used to act as if she were not willing that any one else should enjoy it with her. Indeed, she appeared to be displeased, if one of her playmates, as was sometimes the case, did take pleasure in her pretty things.

Her father once brought her home a fine set of tea-things, when she was quite young. Now should you not suppose that she would like to have all the girls in the neighborhood come and take tea with her, and use her pretty new cups and saucers, and spoons and plates? Well, so should I. But she showed a great deal of selfishness in this matter. She was glad to have the girls come and look at the tea-things, and hear them say that they were very pretty. But that was as far as her generosity went. She did not ask the girls to sit down and drink tea with her. Indeed, she did not want her playmates to handle the cups and saucers. "I'm so afraid you will break them," said she. What a foolish and unreasonable girl!

It got to be a sort of a proverb in the little village where Caroline resided, when any one was not very generous, "She's almost as selfish as Carrie Rose." I don't know whether she knew how she was regarded among boys and girls of her own age; and I don't know how much she cared for their good-will, if she did hear what they thought of her. But this I know, that I could not bear to have such a character. I would rather give away half of all I am worth than to give any reason to people to think I was mean and selfish.

Caroline had a kitten given her, by her uncle, when she had grown up to be quite a large girl. It was a beautiful creature. I think they called it a Maltese kitten. Nothing of the kind had been seen in the place where Caroline lived, before Tommy, as she called her new pet, was brought there. Well, of course she told all the little folks what a fine present her uncle had made to her, and they were invited to come over and see the "dear little creature." She talked about her kitten as if it were one of the wonders of the world. When she met her young friends,

she talked of nothing hardly but "my pretty Maltese kitten."

That is the way with selfish folks. They think and talk a great deal of what concerns them, and you seldom hear them praise anything that belongs to their neighbors. I shall never forget how, when I was a little school-boy, Mother Budd, a rather selfish old lady, used to call us into her kitchen to see the nice honey she had been taking out of her bee-hives. "Isn't that fine?" she would ask; "eh, isn't that fine honey, boys?" Of course it was fine, and we said so. "Well, you can go now," she would say, after that. As for letting us taste of her fine honey, that she never thought of doing.

Selfishness has the same ugly face, look at it where you will. It made quite a scar in the features of Caroline's character.

But about that kitten. Clara Goodsell was as full of fun as a hickory nut is of meat. She heard of Caroline's kitten, and she, too, was invited to call and see it. She did not go, though, and, indeed, the girls very generally failed to comply with the invitation. They knew well enough that, if they went to see the kitten, they would not be allowed to take it, and that all they could do would be to stand a little way off, and look at it, and remark how beautiful it was.

One day, when the girls at school were required to write compositions, Clara thought she would write something which would make Carrie ashamed of her selfishness. The teacher read all the compositions aloud. When he came to Clara's, the girls had as much as they could do to keep from laughing, for they knew what it was about. The schoolmaster had to bite his lips to keep from smiling a little, too. Clara did not call any names. But she wrote such a composition about "*My Maltese Kitten*," that anybody could see it was meant for Caroline. The selfish girl saw it, as well as the rest, and before school was out, she burst into tears, she felt so badly. But the composition did her good. She improved wonderfully after that.

Don't Joke with Elephants.

At the statutes at Barnsley, on Saturday last, a country bumpkin went to look at Hilton's collection of wild beasts. On entering the place he began to amuse himself by giving the elephant gingerbread and fruit; but, soon growing tired of that, he thought he would try what a joke would do, and accordingly he pricked the elephant's trunk with a penknife. No sooner was this done, than out of his den rushed the animal among the visitors, forcing the chain and the large post to which he was fastened along with him. The elephant caught the delinquent by the collar, and threw him with great force on the ground. Up he got again quickly, and made his escape outside, but the elephant struck the temporary ceiling which the man had just passed with such force as to shiver it to pieces. The scene at the moment was truly ludicrous; men, women, and children were laid in all directions. Fortunately, however, no one was hurt, except the elephant pricker, who complained of his collar-bone.—*Leeds (Eng.) Intelligencer.*

BRAHMA. VISHNU. SIVA.

The Gods of the Hindoos.

THE Hindoos are very superstitious. But there is less nonsense in their mythology, perhaps, silly as it is, than there is in some other religious systems in the world. According to the sacred books of the Hindoos, there is one deity who, in some sense, is supreme. His name is BRAHMA. There are two other deities who make a considerable figure in their system of religion: the name of one is VISHNU, of the other, SIVA. They are droll-looking creatures, if their portraits are correctly given. On the opposite page is a picture of each of them. Some people, who seem to be pretty well acquainted with the Hindoo religion, inform us that they do not, in reality, recognize but one deity, whom they call BRAHM, in the neuter gender; and that they regard Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, as different manifestations of one god. It may be, the Hindoos have not very clear perceptions of what they believe themselves.

Vishnu preserves and supports the whole order of nature. When they speak of the divine power employed in creating, they use the word Brahma; and when they view the deity as the destroyer, or as one that changes the order of things, they give him the name of Siva; and, indeed, from what we can learn, a thousand other names besides—else they have as many gods.

They also worship a flower, called the *lotus*, said to be very beautiful. Temples are decked with the lotus, and so are the statues of the deities. Some of the pagodas, or temples for the gods, are exceedingly splendid and costly. To these pagodas the people resort, in great masses, to offer sacrifices and do penance. Good works, with them, consist in making presents of cattle and other things, on festival days.

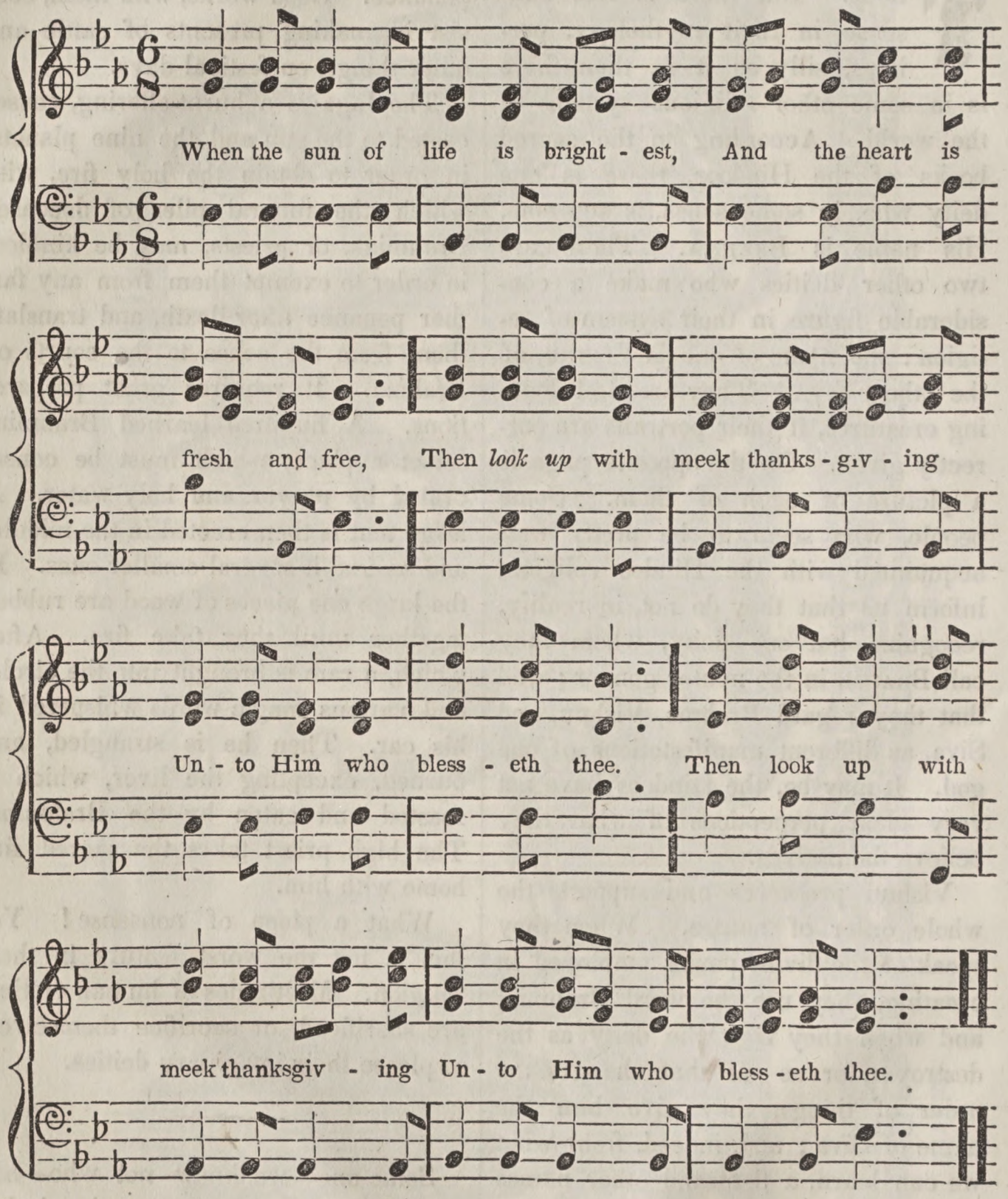
The Jaga is a burnt-offering, consecrated to the sun and the nine planets, in order to obtain the holy fire, with which the funeral piles of deceased Brahmins, or priests, may be kindled, in order to exempt them from any farther penance after death, and translate them from the ashes to the courts of Brahma. It requires great preparations. A hundred learned Brahmins select a place, which must be consecrated by prayer and holy water. A large tent is then erected in the middle, and around it several smaller ones. In the large one pieces of wood are rubbed together until they take fire. After which, a ram is brought into the circle, and various magic words whispered in his ear. Then he is strangled, and burned, excepting the liver, which is roasted and eaten by the Brahmins. The high priest takes the sacred fire home with him.

What a piece of nonsense! Yet this is not the worst feature in their religion. Multitudes of human victims are sacrificed, or sacrifice themselves, to please their imaginary deities.

Some one—we know not who—has remarked, that "every man has in his life follies enough; in his own mind troubles enough; in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough; in his own fortunes evils enough, without minding other people's business."

Look Up!

WRITTEN FOR THE CABINET.—POETRY BY JULIAN CRAMER—MUSIC BY W. B. BRADBURY.



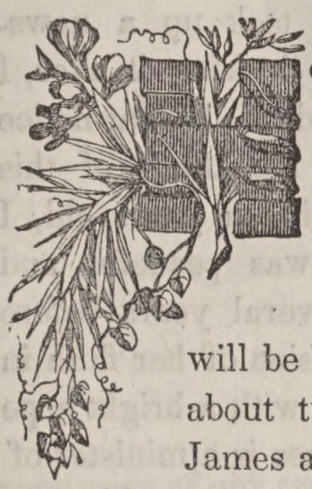
2. When the sea of sorrow riseth,
   And its surges o'er thee roll,
   Still *look up*—for He who rules them
   Will not drown the struggling soul.

3. If Affliction grasps thee rudely,
   And presents the rack and cup,
   Drink the draught, and brave the torture—
   Even in despair, *look up!*

4. Still *look up!* For One there liveth
   With the will and power to save—
   One who knows each human sorrow
   From the cradle to the grave.

The Little Orphan Children.

BY THEODORE THINKER.



ow would it please you, young friends, if I should tell you a story this cold winter evening? I have one that I think will be worth hearing. It is about two orphan children. James and Emily had once a very kind father and mother, though their father died when they were quite young. I used to know the children very well. How often have I seen them, hand in hand, going to school. Their faces were always lighted up with a smile, and they had the name of being very affectionate to each other, and very kind to their playmates. I have seen them in the Sabbath school, too, where all good boys and girls love to go, and though I never made inquiries about them of their teacher, I am pretty sure they learned their lessons well, and listened attentively to all that was said to them.

The mother of these children was a very good lady. She used to talk to them a great deal about God and about heaven; and many a time, she led James and Emily into her room, and knelt down with them in prayer. Oh! how much those children loved their mother. They thought they could not live without her; and when once she reminded them that she might die, little James threw his arms around her neck, and cried, and said he hoped if his dear mother died, that he and sister Emily might die too, and be buried where she was. The wish that James had was perhaps not right; but it was a very natural one, and when I was a child, I have prayed that God would let me die with my mother.

THE ORPHANS AT PRAYER.

It was in the autumn, after the frosts had begun to tinge the forest trees with so many beautiful colors, that James and Emily were called one night to their mother's bed-side, to see her die. She gave them a great deal of good advice, and the last words she uttered were cheerful and happy. Oh! what a privilege it is to see the Christian die. She prayed that God would be kind to her dear children, and lead them to heaven; and then she went to her rest. Long and bitterly did these orphans weep when they saw that their mother was dead;

but they did not forget the many good counsels she had given them while she was living. They remembered where she had directed them to go for consolation. There they went with their eyes full of tears.

They went to their room, and knelt down together, and asked the Lord to take care of them, to make them good children, to keep them from sin, and to prepare them to go where their mother had gone.

Does not the spirit of such a mother hover over those she cherished so fondly even after the body is cold and lifeless? Was it not her voice that whispered peace and comfort to them? Did she not point them to the only true source of comfort? Was she not their guardian angel still?

"I begin now," said little Emily, who was more calm than her brother, though several years younger than he, "I begin now to see what a precious book the Bible is. Do you not remember, dear brother, where it says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up?' That is for you and me, I am sure it is. Don't cry any more James, dear James;" and she kissed the tears away from her brother's face, and read to him some of the sweet Psalms which their mother loved. How often does the weaker become the stronger in the hour of sorrow. How often does the mighty oak, even, then need the influence of the ivy that at other times clings to its trunk for support. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

But did the Lord take care of those children? What became of them? They remembered the lessons they had learned of their mother, and of their Sabbath school teachers. They did not forget that God had said, "Those that seek me early shall find me;" and they had a witness within their own breasts that these words were true.

The other day I took up a newspaper, and as I was looking it over, I saw that Emily was dead. That notice in the paper made me think of this story. She was eighteen years old, I believe. Her end was peaceful and happy. She had several years before made a public profession of her faith in Christ; and she died with a bright hope of eternal life. James is a minister of the gospel. I have not seen him for several years; but I learn that he is a good man, and trying to do good to others.

The Vine.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE Vine hath beauty rare;
We train its tender shoot,
We twine it round the trellis fair,
And praise its fragrant fruit;
Yet there's a secret vein
Of poison near its bower;
And he will find it to his pain,
Who tampers with its power.

So, from life's earliest morn,
While we, like shadows, pass,
Beneath the rose-cup lurks the thorn,—
The adder in the grass.—
Be ours the love of heaven,
Clear mind, and cloudless view,
To share the Eden it hath given,
And shun the serpent too.

HARTFORD, Ct., Jan. 1847.

The Land Crab.

THOSE of our readers who have lived near the sea-shore, must have noticed an abundance of crabs in the water. Sometimes they are quite annoying to people when they are bathing. They are curious looking creatures. It would puzzle any body, not acquainted with their history and habits, to tell where to rank them in the scale of animal life.

There is one kind of crab which deserves more notice than those which are so common in this latitude. One species lives on the land, as well as in the sea. It is called the Land Violet Crab. Large numbers of these may be found about the Bahama Islands. We have had a picture of one of these odd looking fellows taken, with a view of a whole host of them in the back ground, on purpose for the readers of the Cabinet. This species is remarkable for the long journeys they take by land. A great part of the year they live in the mountains, in a very orderly manner, it is said; but once in twelve months in a vast army, composed of several millions, sometimes, they march down to the sea-side. This is usually in April or May. The whole country is then covered with them. Just think what a figure so many of these animals must cut, parading through the country. It makes us laugh only to think of it. However, they do not travel in the day much. They like the night best. They are usually arranged in three battalions, of fifty paces broad, and three miles deep. Though they appear to be very sociable, and love one another pretty well, yet, if any one of them is wounded, so as to be unable to proceed, his companions fall on him, and devour him on the spot.

That is undoubtedly a very bad trait in their character; but it is not much worse than we see exhibited among mankind sometimes. When certain persons see another falling, they will give him a push to help him along; and when he is fallen, as a good friend of ours said the other day, "They plant their feet on the victim's neck, and keep them there."

These singular creatures march with the greatest regularity. Their instinct teaches them in what direction to find

the sea, and they go as straight toward it, unless there is some insurmountable obstacle in the way, as a surveyor would go with his chain and compass. Sometimes, when a house has been in the way, they have even tried to go over it, rather than to avoid it by turning aside a little from their direct course.

It takes a month or two for them to get from the mountains to the sea; and they have been known to occupy three months in this journey. They go to the sea-shore to deposit their eggs. After they have remained a short time, they return to the mountains in the same orderly manner in which they came, in company with their young.

On their way home, the old crabs renew their shells. While they are destitute of a covering, they retreat into holes; but as their flesh is at this time very delicious, thousands are taken for food.

The Orphan's Lament.*

BY THEODORE THINKER.

I HAVE no mother—and my father—I know not that my father lives. I see children here to-day with their parents. I hope I do not envy such children; but I cannot help thinking how much happier they must be than we are. Oh! it is a blessed thing to have a kind father and mother. My *father*—but no—I cannot speak of my father. May God forgive the men who have not been kind to him. I too once had a mother. She was a good and tender mother. I remember how she used to take me in her arms. Sometimes when I cried for bread, she had none to give me, and then she kissed away my tears and smiled, and said God would send something for us to eat. Oh! I cannot tell how much I loved that mother. I loved to hear her pray for father and all of us. She very often asked that God who sent the ravens to feed Elijah, would send food for her dear babes; and she sobbed sometimes, so she could not speak aloud. I could not bear to see her weep. But she told me not to feel sad for her, because her weeping would be over by and by. And I think there is no weeping where she is now. Dear mother! are not all tears wiped away in heaven? She is an angel now. I shall see her face no more in this world. She will tell me no more about God and heaven. I shall not hear her sweet voice again. Those hands that were once ready to help me, are now crumbling to dust in the cold ground. Those eyes that looked upon me so kindly, are closed till the judgment day.

Dear, dear mother! they placed her in the silent grave, and two of her babes have gone too; and I know not the spot where they sleep. O it is a blessed thing to have a tender mother to love. How thankful those children should be who have such a blessing, and how careful they ought to be to please their parents and make them happy.

* Written for the Sabbath School connected with the Institution at Long Island Farms, under the direction of the corporation of the city of New York, and spoken by one of the pupils at an annual exhibition.

The Gay Dreams of Youth.

It is said that "men are but children fully grown;" and if I were to be asked in what childish amusements they mostly indulge, I would say, in the game of bubble-blowing. We begin to blow our bubbles early in childhood, and we keep it up, with little intermission, to old age.

With what delight does the young urchin gaze on the glittering globe of soap and water that he has fairly launched into the air, while standing on a wall! There it goes! mounting up with the breeze that blows, and again descending low. One moment as high as the house, and at another almost touching the ground. Onward! onward it holds its course, escaping every danger, till, at last, it bursts as it strikes against the edge of a tombstone in an adjoining churchyard.

The bubbles of our after years, too, bear a strong family likeness to those of our childhood. Some burst as soon as blown. Some vanish suddenly in the air; and if any of them mount over the churchyard wall, they are sure to disappear amid the tombs.

"Wishing" is a losing game to all who play at it; and yet who is there that altogether refrains? I never heard but of one man who could say, "I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." Phil. iv. 14.

Let us take a stripling from among the many who are, at this moment, banqueting on the airy food of future greatness; who are, in other words, engaged in bubble-blowing, and enter for a moment into his golden dreams. It is true, he may be poor; but the Rothschilds were not always rich, though at last they amassed millions. He has heard of Whittington, a poor friendless lad, quitting London with his bundle in his hand, and turning back again to wealth and renown, beckoned by the bells ringing out musically, as he fancied, the words—

> "Turn again, Whittington,
> Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Why, it is very possible that, some day, he may be as great a man as Whittington, who had only a cat with which to make his fortune. Not that he has, at present, any very bright prospects before him in real life; but that only renders the more bright the vision of his fancy.

Well, then, it is a settled thing with him that he will be a merchant, and sail the seas in a ship of his own, carrying out beads to barter with Africans for ivory and ostrich feathers; and bales of cloth to exchange for gold. There is no preventing his future prosperity; he will soon become rich, in his own imagination, and ride in a coach and six!

And now the bubble is at its height! Poor fellow! what a pity that he cannot keep it in the air! Alas! down it must come, breaking against the very ground. The poor lad works at a trade, marries early, has a large family; his health fails him, his friends forsake him; want springs upon him like an armed man, he becomes sick and infirm, and he receives pay from the parish.

Or, suppose his youthful dream to be of another kind; his bubble, though equally frail with that I have already blown for him, may take a different di-

rection. He is studious and fond of books, and it may be that he is poetical. Say that Chevy Chase, or the ballad of the Children in the Wood, first lures him to the flowery pathways of poesy. He reads, grows abstracted and imaginative, and "mutters his wayward fancies" as he goes. Goldsmith wins him, Cowper and Montgomery delight him, Gray fires him, and Byron works him up almost to frenzy, and it is well if not to moral evil. Like a ship with no ballast and much sail, he pursues his course. He yearns for an earthly immortality. There have been Shakespeares, and Miltons, and Ossians and Homers! Why may there not be again? What a delightful thing to publish a volume of unrivalled poetry; to be lauded by reviewers, to be sought by booksellers, to be courted by the great, and to be highly estimated by the world!

Thus he goes on wasting his life in unprofitable dreams; but see! the bubble bursts at last. He has feasted his mind, and famished his body: unable to conform to the common-place usages of life, or to perform its duties, he is crushed by trouble. With an intellect superior to those around him, he is the proverb of the wise, and the butt of the foolish, and, perhaps, ends his days in a lunatic asylum. There may be many, whose sober habits and reflections may think this picture overdrawn; I have some reason to think the contrary.

Or, perhaps, he has read books of travels and wondrous adventures by sea and land, and is resolved to travel; why should not he, as well as others, achieve something wonderful?—ascend Mont Blanc, go down the crater of Vesuvius, and measure the Pyramids! How delightful, after wandering in strange lands like Mungo Park, encountering lions in the desert like Campbell, and delving into the mummy pits of Egypt like Belzoni, to return home with the real Indian tomahawks, bows and arrows, and scalping-knives; with snakes from Africa, fishing tackle from the South Seas, birds of Paradise and humming birds from the East; and monkeys and macaws from the West!

This is a golden dream in which his fancy indulges in his waking hours. His native land is too contracted for his ardent spirit; he longs for perils and toil, he thirsts for strange adventures, and after all, perhaps, is put apprentice to a tailor or a weaver, passing his days on a shop-board of six feet by three, or growing old in flinging the shuttle and plying the loom in the back garret of some miserable dwelling. What a glittering bubble has here burst! What a gay dream has here passed away! And yet who shall venture to affirm that a thousand such occurrences as these have not taken place in common life?

But his dream may have been yet of a different kind. The stripling may have heard the stormy music of the rattling drum, and gazed upon the gay attire of the recruiting sergeant. He may have "heard of battle," and been fired with the love of victory and fame.

Strange it is, that when the would-be warrior sees before him the prancing war-horse, and the bannered host, that he cannot see the agonies of the dying, and the mangled heaps of the slain! Strange, that when he hears, in imagination, the neigh of the charger, the clangor of the brazen-throated trumpet,

and the roar of cannon, that he cannot also hear the agonizing groans of the wounded soldiers, nor the heart-rending wails of the widow and the fatherless! Yet so it is! selfishness, and sin, and carnage, are crowned with glory.

But the stripling will blow his bubble. He ponders the page that sets forth the victories of Cressy and of Agincourt, of Blenheim and of Waterloo. He gazes on the marble monuments of renowned heroes, and becomes a soldier! nay, more—he is famed for courage, rises in rank, and his fondest wishes are realized.

But are these gay dreams less vain because they have been partly fulfilled? The stripling has become a hero, with a scar on his forehead and a pair of epaulets on his shoulders. But there is something yet that remains to be told: besides these things, he has a galling wound that the surgeons have pronounced incurable, and a ball in his body that annoys him, yet cannot be dislodged! And when alone in the midnight hour, he heaves a sigh, somewhat in doubt whether he should not have led a more useful life in pursuing peace, than in following war, in being a preserver, rather than a destroyer, of his species.

Have I said enough? Old Humphrey has been a blower of bubbles, a dreamer of dreams, through the better part of his days; let him then run his length on the gay dreams of youth.

But he may be musical; and his fanciful reveries on humanity may be musical too. The half-penny whistle, the penny trumpet, and the six-penny drum of childhood, have given way to the fife, the flute, the flageolet, and the violin. He studies the gamut, plays solos when alone, duets when with a friend, and talks about Wragge, and Nicholson, and Cramer. On he goes, afflicting the neighborhood with the dissonance of his unmastered instruments, till he really becomes a decent performer. He now plays a Nicholson flute, and a Cremona violin, besides which, he has made some progress on the violincello, and can blow a clear and sonorous blast or two on the keyed bugle.

But is he satisfied? No; there is no point of satisfaction in music more than in other things. Could he pour forth the full diapason of the pealing organ; were the harmonious crash of the whole orchestra under his control, he would not, he could not, rest satisfied; he must blow his bubble: he would compose like Handel, play like Purkis, and outrival the wondrous performance of Paganini.

This is the beginning, or rather the noonday, of his dreamy delight. But what is its end? He joins some musical society, is led into company, neglects his business, spends more than he gets, sinks into poverty, and in his old age is found playing a fiddle to the drunkards in a pot-house for what pence he can obtain, or spending his breath on a cracked clarionet, a mendicant performing in the public streets.

Or, suppose him to have read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and the voyages of Captain Cook, and to have fallen in love with the sea. He has met a jack tar in his holiday clothes, and gazed with admiration on his long-quartered shoes, blue jacket, and snow-white trousers. He has seen him pull

out of his pocket, carelessly, a handful of copper, silver, gold, and pig-tail tobacco. "Oh, it is a fine thing to be a sailor!" thinks he, "to wear clean clothes, to play the fiddle, to dance on the deck, and to have plenty of grog and prize money! Nothing in the world like being a sailor!"

And now comes thronging in his midnight dream, a ship's crew of light-hearted seamen, a jovial band of jack tars. He hears their songs, he sees them in their well-rigged ship, ploughing through the foaming waves, with dolphins, and porpoises, and flying fish around them, and a clear blue sky above their heads.

He goes on blowing his bubbles, till he has had enough of stormy-petrels, glittering icebergs, sharks, and shore-crabs, whales and walrusses; sea-weed, sword-fish, and coral rocks; and then wrecks himself on an uninhabited island, that he may give on his return home a wonderful account of his dangers and his toils.

If he were the king of mighty Babylon departed, surrounded with his wise men, Chaldeans, soothsayers, and astrologers, they would give him, no doubt, a goodly interpretation of his dreams; but being only a poor friendless lad, he cannot hope for that advantage. No matter! when twenty summers and winters have rolled over him, he finds himself as far as ever from the ocean, retailing snuff and tobacco in a country village.

Such are the gay dreams of youth, and most of us have indulged in one or other of them. I know one who has indulged in them all; ay, more than all! and what was the end of his sunny visions? What has become of the gleams of glory that dazzled his youthful fancy in by-gone days? Let the tear that has fallen on the paper, on which I note down these observations, be his reply. The bubbles of his childhood are burst; the fond dreams of his youth and manhood are passed away; he has seen the hollowness of them all, and has been made willing to exchange the empty dreams of time for the realities of eternity.

If he knows any thing of his own heart, there is nothing in the honors, the riches, and the wisdom of this world, that for one moment he would put in comparison with the well-grounded hope of everlasting life. Put together all the renown that mankind has to bestow; pile up the crowns and sceptres of the earth; heap high its gold, its costly gems, and glittering diadems, and they will be as dust in the balance if weighed against the hope of eternal life through Christ Jesus our Lord.—*Old Humphrey's Pithy Papers.*

JAMES I. of England, went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman, seeing the king enter, left his text, to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, but asked him what connection swearing had with his text.

He answered, "Since your majesty came out of your way to meet me, I could not, in complaisance, do less than go out of mine to meet you."—*Selected.*

Causes of Tooth-ache.

We have received from Dr. John Burdell, an eminent and well-known dentist in this city, an article in relation to the diseases of the teeth, which, as it seems to us, is very sensible and well-timed. At any rate, every body is interested in this matter, and the least that every body can do, is to give the doctor a hearing. His great experience in dentistry entitles his remarks to universal confidence. The following is the substance of the article to which we allude.

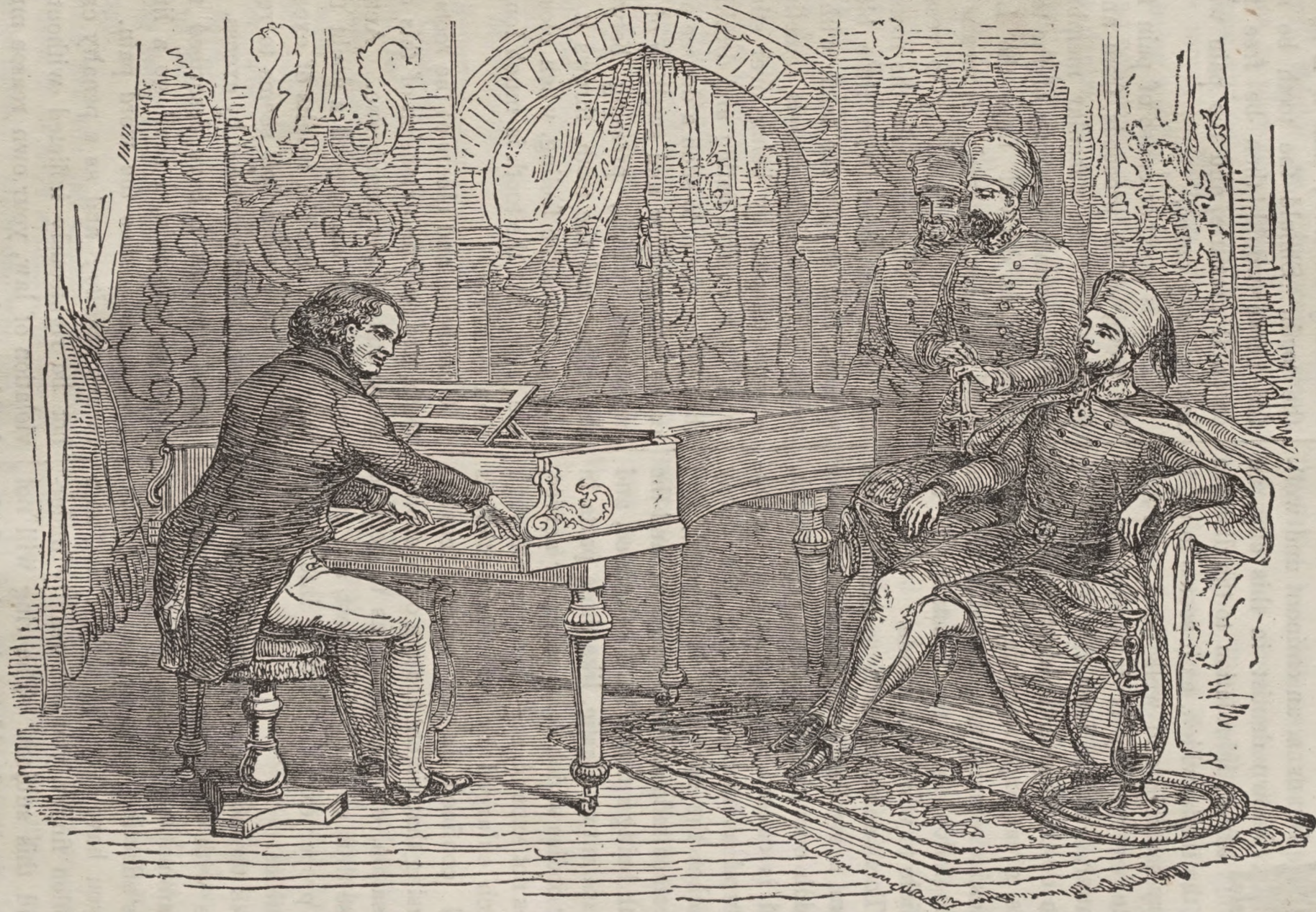
Tooth-ache, properly so called, arises from a swollen condition of the nerve which occupies the centre of the tooth, and is caused by exposure to an unnatural element. When the decay reaches the nerve, it is exposed, and becomes inflamed and swollen; and the tooth being a dense hard substance, and not pliant or elastic, like those parts in our bodies which surround other nerves, does not expand, and the nerve, although much enlarged by the inflammation, is still confined in its natural cavity, causing that violent beating or throbbing sensation, often so great as to deprive those thus afflicted of all rest, and even the proper exercise of their intellectual faculties.

As the nerves of the teeth communicate with the brain, they transmit the inflammation to that delicate organ, thus affecting more or less the reason. If you have ever had a tight ring on a swollen finger, you will readily understand this subject. The ring will not accommodate itself to the size of the finger, which necessarily becomes more and more inflamed while the ring remains, but as soon as it is removed, or the swelling reduced, the pain and irritability subside; and it is so with the tooth. Should the tooth be split, the nerve would then be free from external pressure, and the pain would immediately cease.

There is another cause of pain from the teeth, which proceeds from an inflammation of the vascular membrane which surrounds the roots of the teeth. Vascular is derived from the Latin word *vasculum*, a vessel. It means full of vessels, or appertaining to vessels. The sockets which contain the roots of the teeth are lined with little blood-vessels, that supply the teeth with vitality. These little vessels sometimes become affected by being over stimulated by excessive eating and drinking, thus filling them to such a degree as to cause inflammation and swelling of the membrane, which, pressing between the socket and the tooth, throws it up, and produces the feeling, when closing the jaws, that the tooth is much longer than formerly.

Gum-boils, and ulcers at the roots of teeth, are only an extension of this diseased state of the membrane. Actual experience proves beyond a doubt that these diseases are the results of excess, and the very word *boil* seems to refer to fever or heat produced by excess.

And now, as I have described the cause of this pain, I shall go a little farther, and define the word pain. It means *penalty;* and as a penalty cannot be righteously inflicted without a violation of law, your own reason must decide we have some responsibility in these matters. We must all bear the penalty attached to transgression.



LEOPOLD DE MEYER PERFORMING BEFORE THE TURKISH SULTAN.

Biography of Leopold de Meyer.

UR readers will like to hear something about the history of this extraordinary man; and we here give them a chapter or two of his biography, with another engraving, showing how he looked while playing for the Turkish sultan, and how his sublime highness himself looked, with his long pipe in his hand.

Here you have the lion pianist, De Meyer, playing as furiously before his sublime highness the sultan of all the Turkies—we beg pardon of that monarch, and hope he will not think we mean to distinguish him as the leader of that quite respectable, though not very sublime tribe, to which we are so much indebted on Thanksgiving days and at Christmas—here is De Meyer playing just as indifferently before the Turkish sultan as he would in the Broadway Tabernacle. Well, we are not very much astonished at it, after all; for we believe that same branch of imperial greatness once expressed himself as highly delighted with the introductory performance of an orchestra, when it turned out that they were tuning their instruments. It was either that branch, or some other that grows on the same tree. But, however, let that pass.

Leopold de Meyer was born at Vienna, in 1816. While yet a child he exhibited quite a fondness for the piano; and before he was sixteen, he became a celebrated performer. By and by, his fame reached the ears of the emperor. He was sent for, and from this period the commencement of the artist's popularity may be dated. He applied himself very closely to study, and practiced a great deal. Doubtless there are not a few readers of the Cabinet who know what it is to practice a good while on a piano lesson. We could think of some two or three at least whom we have heard tell how much they disliked to practice. They had no particular objection to playing the tunes they had learned, but as for that monotonous business of practicing two or three hours on a lesson, with not a particle of music in it, they had no patience with it. But let us tell you, young friends, the only way in which this great pianist became so distinguished, was by long and patient practice. It is the only way in which you can ever succeed. So do not get impatient over your lessons in music, or any thing else.

Before Leopold was nineteen he determined to travel. He did so, and won a great deal of popularity wherever he went. He had not been long abroad, before the emperor of Russia sent for him, and engaged him for a concert at the palace. At this time he was appointed pianist to the Russian court. In Russia he resided for some eight years. It was during this period that he visited Constantinople, and performed, by invitation, before the Turkish sultan. His highness does not appear in the picture as if he was thrown into any very great transport by the music; but looks are often deceptive, and it may be that enthusiasm, in minds so sublime as the sultan's, shows itself in a way quite unlike its symptoms in a common mind—who knows? At any rate, the sultan very graciously gave the artist a valuable gold snuff-box,

which was a compliment as flattering, probably, as he knew how to pay.

Afterwards, De Meyer visited France and England, and performed with great applause before the royal families in Paris and London. He has been in this country about a year, and soon returns to Europe.

May his course in life be marked with the blessings of God's kind providence wherever he goes, and may he learn the rudiments of heaven's music in this world—the song of Moses and of the Lamb.

Augustine's Visit to England.

THE story of Augustine going from Rome to England, to preach to the English people, is so interesting, that we are sure all our readers will love to be made acquainted with it. We must try and tell the story, if we can recollect it.

You probably know that the Christian religion was introduced into the island of Great Britain at a very early day; though it may be you will find it difficult to determine precisely how early it was. But as early as the fifth century, religion had very much declined. In the sixth century, it appears, that while there was some sort of Christianity on the island, a great part of the people were barbarians and idolaters. The Saxons, our ancestors, by the way, were little better than savages. They had formed at this time seven kingdoms, called *heptarchy;* and history informs us that they treated the Britons with a great deal of cruelty.

The Saxons had been about one hundred years in Britain, when a number of monks, with Augustine at their head, were sent from Rome to this island for the purpose of converting the inhabitants to Christianity. This was about 597. Gregory I. was at that time bishop of Rome. It was before the Roman bishops had taken the name of Pope.

Gregory, some time before he was consecrated bishop, saw some very pretty children one day in the streets of Rome. He perceived that they were foreigners, and asked where they came from. When he learned that they were *Angles*, or Saxons, from the island of Britain, and that they were Pagans, he said it was a great pity that such handsome children should not be Christians; and from that time he was very anxious to have the gospel of Christ preached in Britain.

Soon after he became bishop of Rome, he sent Augustine, and several other monks, on this mission. We do not know how much real piety they had, but they certainly were very zealous, and so was Gregory. They went to England, and were very kindly received there.

You may think it strange that the Saxons, considering their character and religious opinions at this time, should have been glad to see these Romans, who came to bring another religion. We will tell you the reason of this. Ethelbert was one of the most powerful of the Saxon princes. He was king of Kent. This man had married Bertha, the only daughter of Caribert, king of Paris. This lady was a Christian; and when she heard that Augustine and his companions had come to the island, she

was very glad, and persuaded her husband to treat them civilly, and to go and hear them preach.

Ethelbert provided a home for the missionaries. He even paid them a visit. He was afraid of enchantment, or witchcraft, however, and took good care to have the meeting in the open air, thinking he would be safer than in the house where the Romans lived. You see that this prince was ignorant and superstitious; indeed the Saxons were then all pretty much alike in this respect.

Augustine is represented as being tall, thin, pale, and emaciated, with white hair, and eyes kind, yet full of fire. The dress of the monks was that of the pilgrim, with hoods hanging down their backs, belt and scrip, and staff in their hands. They approached the king in a very different way from the one we should think most becoming.

The leader carried the cross, which it is said was of silver, and a banner, not unlike that borne in the Spanish Armada, of which the preceding is an engraving.

It shows a wooden cross, full of knots, with a sword on one side, and an olive branch on the other, and an inscription taken from the Latin version of the seventy-third Psalm—the seventy-fourth of our version—and the twenty-second verse. The meaning of the words is, "Arise, O Lord, and plead thy cause." The procession slowly moved toward the throne with a solemn chant.

Ethelbert listened to what the missionaries had to say. He told them they talked well enough, for aught he knew; but that he wanted to be better acquainted with their religion before he embraced it. He did embrace it, however, afterward, and was a very zealous friend of the missionaries.

Soon after this visit, the king gave Augustine and his friends permission to preach wherever they chose; and assigned them, for a permanent residence, a house in the royal city of Canterbury. Augustine made converts in his way, very fast, and by and by, he was consecrated archbishop of all England.

Curiosity of a Spider's Web.

THE body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole permitting the passage of a single thread; all the threads to the amount of a thousand to each mass, join together when they come out, and make the single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than four thousand united.—*Selected.*

Thrilling Anecdote of a Tiger.

THE Tiger, a most perfect picture of which is here given, has the reputation of being among the fiercest of all animals. Several years ago an Englishman, by the name of Munro, was killed by a tiger in the East Indies. The particulars of this distressing scene are given by an eye-witness.

"We went on shore," says the writer of the narrative, "to shoot deer, of which we saw innumerable tracks, as well as of tigers; notwithstanding which, we continued our diversion till near three o'clock, when, sitting down by the side of a jungle to refresh ourselves, a roar like thunder was heard, and an immense tiger seized on our unfortunate friend, and rushed again into the jungle, dragging him through the thickest bushes and trees, every thing giving way to his monstrous strength; a tigress accompanied his progress. The united agonies of horror, regret, and fear, rushed at once upon us. I fired on the tiger; he seemed agitated; my companion fired also, and, in a few minutes after this, our unfortunate friend came up to us bathed in blood. Every medical assistance was vain, and he expired in the space of twenty-four hours, having received such deep wounds from the teeth and claws of the animal, as rendered his recovery hopeless. A large fire, consisting of ten or twelve whole trees, was blazing by us at the time this accident took place, and ten or more natives were with us. The human mind can scarce form any idea of the scene of horror. We had hardly pushed our boat from that accursed shore, when the tigress made her appearance, almost raging mad, and remained on the sand, exhibiting signs of the utmost ferocity, all the while we continued in sight."

Verbal Suffixes.

THE ENGLISH SUFFIX, *NESS.*

1. This suffix is found in upwards of thirteen hundred words, and is worthy of attention, on account of the extent of its use.

2. The corresponding forms in the cognate dialects are, Mœso-Goth. *inassus*, Old Germ. *nissa*, *nissi*, Old Sax. *nessi*, Anglo-Sax. *nes*, *nis*, *nys*, Germ. *niss*, Dutch *nis*. It is not found in the Scandinavian dialects.

3. The modern English orthography of this suffix is constant and uniform. The vowel is always *e*. But in the more ancient dialects, the vowel before *ss* vacillated between *a*, *i*, and *u*, without any obvious difference of meaning.

4. The *n* of this suffix has evidently arisen from agglutination. Compare the Mœso-Gothic *blot-in-assus*, "worship," from the verb *blot-in-on*. Nothing further than this has been discovered as to its origin.

5. The suffix *ness*, in English, is a living suffix, that is, it has a meaning present to the mental conception of those who use it, and is capable of being affixed to new words.

6. The suffix *ness*, in English, forms abstract nouns from adjectives. These abstract nouns denote

(1.) The quality, in a substantive form, of the adjective from which they are derived; as, *goodness*, *hardness*.

(2.) Occasionally, by a metonymy of the abstract for the concrete, something possessing the quality; *a fastness*, *a likeness*.

The suffix *niss*, in German, is attached also to verbs. It denotes (1.) the action; as, *verderbniss*, "corruption;" (2.) by a metonymy, the subject of the action; as, *hinderness*, "something that hinders;" and (3.) by a metonymy, the object of the action; as, *erzengniss*, "something produced."

7. The suffix *ness* is primarily and properly annexed to radical adjectives of Teutonic origin; as, *tameness*, *sweetness*, *wideness*, *softness*, thus forming primary or regular derivatives.

8. The suffix *ness* is annexed to derivative Teutonic adjectives in *ed*, *full*, *ish*, *less*, *ly*, *some*, *ward*, and *y*, thus forming secondary or abnormal derivatives. Thus *wickedness*, *cheerfulness*, etc.

9. Secondary derivatives thus formed, accord nearly in signification with the nouns from which the adjectives are derived. The meaning only is more specific and definite. Thus *carefulness* and *care*; *fearfulness* and *fear*; *frightfulness* and *fright*; *neediness* and *need*.

10. The suffix *ness* is annexed also to adjectives of Latin origin, both primitive and derivative; as, *crudeness*, *copiousness*. It thus forms a large number of words which are peculiar to the English language.

11. It forms synonymes in this way; as, *crudeness* and *crudity*; *superfluousness* and *superfluity*; *pureness* and *purity*, etc. The former of these couplets inclines more to retain its abstract signification.

12. Many nouns formed from adjectives in this way accord nearly with the Latin substantives from which the adjectives are derived, thus exhibiting a singular phenomenon in language. Compare *morbidness* with Lat. *morbus*; *copiousness* with Lat. *copia*; *judiciousness* with Lat. *judicum*. The meaning, however, is somewhat more abstract.

13. Abstract nouns in *ness* never receive an additional suffix. The genitive or possessive case, where it is wanted, is expressed by a simple apostrophe; as, "for *righteousness*' sake." The plural occurs in the Bible in some unfortunate imitations of the Hebrew; as, *forgivenesses*, Dan. ix. 9; *righteousnesses*, Is. lxiv. 6; Ezek. xxxiii. 13; Dan. ix. 18.

14. This suffix interchanges (1.) with the suffix *good;* as *goodness*, Germ. *gutheit; highness*, Germ. *hoheit;* (2.) with the suffix *th; foulness* and *filth; highness* and *height;* (3.) with the rare suffix *ledge;* as, *knowledge*, Germ. *kenntniss;* and (4.) with the radical noun; as, *goodness* and *good; hotness* and *heat; hardness*, Germ. *härte; mildness*, Germ. *milde*.

15. These words require a more special notice.

(1.) *Seedness*, an obsolete word denoting "seed-time," is probably a corruption of Anglo-Sax. *sædnath*, and therefore does not belong here.

(2.) *Wilderness*, (Dutch *wildernis*, Germ. *wildniss*,) "a desert," has been supposed by some to be derived from Anglo-Sax. *wild-deor*, "wild animal;" but is probably i. q. *wildness*, with epenthetic syllable *er*.

(3.) *Witness*, (Anglo-Sax. *witnes*,) is probably from the obsolete verb to *wit*. In use it denotes "testimony," "the person giving testimony," and is also used as a verb. J. W. G.

"LIFE, to the young, is a fairy tale just opened—to the old, it is a tale read through, ending with death."

A Visit to my Native Place.

MR. EDITOR:—I have recently made a short visit to N——, where in the days of sunny boyhood we were "weel acquaint;" where sometimes we met in the street—you, from the types, and I, from the tea and treacle—to discuss the merits of some newspaper poem, perhaps mine, or thine, or another's, and as wise critics settled the proprieties of style, the shades of taste, and the character of literature in general; thus shedding a warm glow upon the opening buds of each other's geniuses, and preparing ourselves for the—Well, I think this sentence must be finished with a dash.

I commenced this for the purpose of saying that there were some thoughts and feelings called up on the occasion of that visit, which may not be entirely without interest to your young readers.

The house in which I was born, first awakened a deep emotion. You remember the house, Mr. Editor—the large pyramidal-roofed edifice, near the eastern end of the wharf bridge. I can recall some of the scenes of my early childhood passed there. I remember the September gale of 1815, when the cellar of the house was filled with water higher than my father's boots; and when the Methodist meeting house, standing upon the bridge, was swept away before my eyes, and carried out to sea, awakening in its strange voyage, the sweet strains of the New London muse, J. G. C. Brainerd. As I now stood gazing upon my birth-place, I was strangely moved with thoughts about my own infancy. In that room, thirty-four years ago, I was a little babe, like the young

ling of the flock in my distant home, nursed by a kind mother, loved by a fond father, and regarded, of course, being the first-born, as a wonderful child. I remember the faithful admonition, and the wholesome, though severe punishment which I sometimes received as I increased in years, and now I wonder how I could have been so perverse. How could I ever have grieved that father now in heaven, and that mother now in a far-distant State? Then I shed bitter tears, for now I know what are a parent's feelings; and some of your youthful readers may shed such tears, if they fail to honor their father and mother, as obedient children.

The school house is near by, where I was first compelled to exert my mind in the difficult arts of reading and spelling, and my memory in acquiring the Assembly's Catechism. The venerable form of the dear old lady, who was my first teacher, rises to my view, and I bless her now, though she has been sleeping in the dust, for her patience and perseverance. And yonder among the rocks, is the school house, to which I was transferred, after having graduated at "a woman's school." The lame teacher, who inducted me into the higher branches of learning, is dead, but here still is standing the building in which he ruled with absolute sway, enforcing his laws with his crutch.

The *river* in which I have so many times bathed and fished, is flowing yonder. But how small it seems! It used to appear broad and deep enough for the largest ships, but now it has dwindled down to a mere brook. It is beautiful—more lovely than it ever seemed before, gliding on amid its rocky shores to mingle with the sea; but how it has decreased in size! This is a very common remark with those who visit the scenes of their childhood, that the features of the natural scenery seem very much diminished. I think I have the explanation of the mystery. As I passed along the street, I met one whom I knew as a boy, whose identity could not be questioned, though now he was a whiskered man, leading two children, who evidently need not go far in search of a father. We hailed each other with glad greetings. I knew him as Tom S——, my old companion in sports and mischief; now he is a tall, sober man. There, on the opposite side of the street, are two trees which I remember as just set out, and only beginning to show a tuft of green leaves each season; now, see, what large trees they have become, almost concealing the house before which they once stood as little more than bare poles.

With the feelings inspired by such evidences of progress and growth, I turn to the river's side. According to analogy, it should have spread out into a broad lake; but no, here it is unchanged, just as it was presented to my youthful eyes. How small it seems! It is as if we had been children together, and while I have been growing into manhood, my youthful friend, stinted in growth, has remained the same. And yet I like it better after all, that it is so; when this idea of littleness passes away, as it soon does, the river seems more natural than any other thing which has changed, and as I stand upon its bank, I am a boy again.

My father's grave! Yes, in the old burying-ground there is a tomb-stone

with his name; and there, beneath that grassy mound, his body has been reposing many years. He was cut down in the prime of life, before he could know what was to be the earthly destiny of his children. Oh! how many times, when far away, have I had a yearning of soul toward him who lies here, and would have called him back to sympathize with me, or advise me in my course. I am an orphan. I feel the bitterness of such a lot, as much as I could, if I were indeed a fatherless boy. Yet I know that our great Father in heaven doeth all things well, and I bless him that he has permitted me to share in his parental love. SARATOGA.

Monument to Walter Scott.

THE engraving here introduced represents a monument recently erected in the city of Edinburgh to Sir Walter Scott, the great prince of novelists. He was a remarkable man—a man possessing great brilliancy of imagination, and astonishing power in sketching character. He wrote a great deal, as our readers know. His works have become interwoven into the English language, and will live as long as the language lives. The greater portion of his works are in the department of fiction; though he also wrote on philosophical subjects, and has produced some very excellent poems.

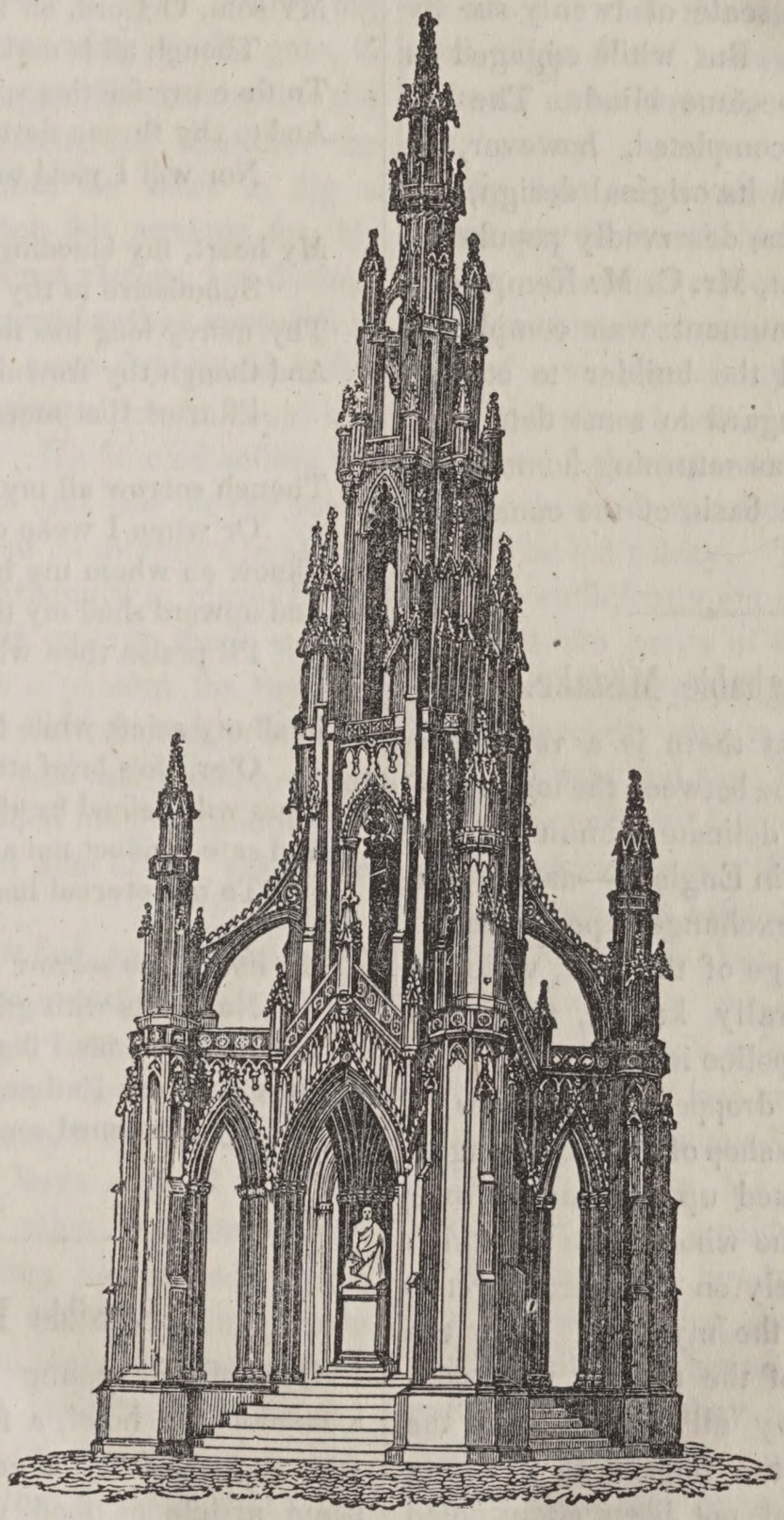
His novels are, for the most part, historical; and so far as their literary character is concerned, they are doubtless nearer perfection than any other productions of a similar character which have ever been written. Of their moral and religious excellence, not so much can be said, though they are far superior in this respect to most of the fashionable novels of the present day. On the whole, if we were asked whether Walter Scott was the occasion of more good than evil by his novels, we should be at a loss for an answer. In our estimation, his novels alone were rather a blessing than a curse. He accomplished a desirable reformatiom in the department of fictitious literature. But his pen set in motion a legion of other pens. Hundreds of second and third rate writers have arisen, stimulated by the success of Scott, and have together made the basest novels, with none of the genius of Scott to recommend them, as plenty as the frogs once were in Egypt. Now,

> "The story-telling tribe alone outrun
> All calculation far, and leave behind,
> Lagging, the swiftest numbers."

But let that pass. We were speaking of the monument erected to the memory of a truly great man, Walter Scott. It is a beautiful piece of architecture—is it not? If we are not greatly mistaken, it is regarded as one of the most tasteful specimens of the gothic order of modern times.

The height of the monument is one hundred and eighty-five feet. Trinity church in this city, if we recollect aright, is about two hundred and sixty feet high; so that those who have seen Trinity can form some definite idea of the immense height of this monument.

The corner-stone was laid in August, 1840, and it was inaugurated—as our English neighbors call the ceremony—in August, 1846.



WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

Mr. A. L. Dick, of this city, a celebrated steel engraver, himself an intelligent Scotchman, some years since commenced an engraving of this monument, on the scale of twenty-six by twenty inches. But while engaged in the work he became blind. The engraving was completed, however, in accordance with its original design, and has since become deservedly popular.

The architect, Mr. C. M. Kemp, died before the monument was completed. He had visited the builder to consult with him in regard to some details of his plan, and was returning home when he fell into the basin of the canal and was drowned.

A Laughable Mistake.

It seems that there is a very close resemblance between the tongues of geese and delicate human fingers. Some wag in England—as we learn from a London exchange paper—recently took advantage of this fact, which is not very generally known, to play a trick upon the police in the place where he lived. He dropped the tongues of two geese in the shop of a cheesemonger. They were picked up and handed over to the police, the whole force of which were immediately on the alert to get to the bottom of the mystery. All the medical men of the district were consulted, and they all agreed that the tongues were the fingers of a young female who had not been accustomed to labour. At length a postman, who was a little wiser in this matter than the rest, pointed out the misapprehension. The police and the doctors were well laughed at.

My soul, hope thou in God.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

My soul, O Lord, on thee relies,
Though all is dark and drear;
To thee my fainting spirits flies,
And to thy throne devoutly cries,
Nor will I yield to fear.

My heart, my bleeding heart, shall be
Submissive to thy will;
Thy mercy long has followed me,
And though thy frowning face I see,
I'll trust that mercy still.

Though sorrow all my hours attend,
Or when I wake or sleep,
I know on whom my hopes depend,
And upward shall my thoughts ascend,—
I'll praise thee while I weep.

In all my griefs while here I stay,
O'er life's brief stage to roam,
Thou wilt defend by night and day,
And safe conduct me all the way
To my eternal home.

My home! no sorrow enters there;
No hearts with grief are riven—
Then all life's ills I'll gladly bear,
Since thus my Father would prepare
My chastened soul for heaven.

Mother's Magazine.

A Sensible Retort.

One of our young bloods dining at a fashionable hotel, a few weeks since, was requested by a gentleman to pass some article of food which was near him.

"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said the exquisite.

"No, sir, I mistook you for a gentleman," was the reply.—*Selected.*

The Mother and her Sailor-Boy.

BY REV. J. SPAULDING.

WHEN he was a little fellow, big enough to swing on the gate, to see how near he could get to the horses' heels, and run after the sexton every time he went to dig a grave, his mother felt anxious for his safety. He was not vicious, but daring. Even then his grandmother ventured to predict that evil some day would befall the lad. As he grew older, he heard and read of the sea. He fancied sailors the happiest of men, and life on the ocean as near to heaven as mortals are allowed to get. Surprisingly to himself, and alarmingly to his mother, there sprang up in his bosom a passion for the sea. "May be you'll be wrecked, or sick in a foreign port," said his mother,—"or be drowned," added his grandmother,—"or have a good time of it," added the determined boy.

The weeks flew fast, and the sun seemed to get up one morning earlier than usual, to see that loved boy with his packed chest leave home. The tear on his mother's cheek shook his resolution, and might have stopped him, but for the fear of what his companions would say. Away he dashed, trying to forget himself and the aching hearts at home, and soon made the first step on the ladder of a sailor's ambition, by planting his foot on the deck of a ship. A long day was that to the mother; but longer nights were to follow. Every evening the sun went down in a cloud, she foresaw a storm to break before morning. She saw the vessel which carried her loved one mounting up to heaven, and going down again into the depths. As the wind increased and the night grew dark, her troubled heart would not be still till she entered her closet and shut the door. There she had often found safety and peace for herself, and there she sought the same for her boy.

My first meeting with her was the other day at the Sailor's Home in New York. She had come from Massachusetts to meet her son on his return from one of a number of voyages he had already made at sea. "I used," said she, "to feel very anxious about him. Like others, he was full of life and liable to be led astray. The perils of the sea are sufficiently appalling, but I feared more the perils of the shore. The safety of his body I asked in prayer, but more especially sought the safety of his soul. I now feel that he is safe. God is his keeper, and I hope that my child is his *adopted one*. Since he became pious, I have felt easy about him, knowing in whom he has believed. And when he comes to the city, why should I not feel that he is safe in such a home as this?" After two or three days the vessel was announced, and soon the sailor-boy was in his mother's arms. She was more than paid for her journey of more than two hundred miles to see him. Last evening she left for home, and he will soon bound again over the billows. Before they parted they wen into the parlor alone, where, upon the bended knee, they committed each other to the care of a covenant-keeping God.

New York, January, 1847.

"Happiness is the best estate."

Story of a New England Dog.

WHAT, more anecdotes about dogs? Yes, half a dozen of them, for aught we know, though we have only one to tell now, and that is about a dog who was born and educated in New England. He was a Yankee dog, every inch a Yankee. We have a great partiality for the land of steady habits, as Connecticut is sometimes called; and we shall not allow the dogs of Europe, and other parts of the world, to monopolize all the credit for intelligence. We think the Yankee dogs have done their share of eminent things, and the

EXPLOIT OF A NEW ENGLAND DOG.

anecdote we have to relate, in our opinion, affords some evidence to that effect.

A few years ago a little girl, residing in an inland village in Connecticut, without the consent of her mother, be it remembered, went alone to a pond near by to play with her brother's little vessel, and fell into the water. She came very near drowning; but a dog belonging to the family, named Rollo, who was not far off, plunged in and drew her to the shore. She was so exhausted, however, that she could not rise, and the dog could not lift her entirely out of the water. But he raised her head a little above the surface, and then ran after help. He found a man, and made use of every expedient in his power to persuade him to the spot where he left the child. At first the stranger paid very little attention to the dog

but by and by, he was persuaded something was wrong, and followed the dog to the pond. The little girl was not drowned, though she was quite insensible; and the man lifted her from the water, and saved her life, to the great joy of Rollo, who seemed eager to assist in this enterprise.

The Untidy Girl.

From "A Gift for my Daughter," an unpublished work, by the Author of the "Young Lady's Guide."

THE untidy girl leaves her things scattered about her room. She never has a place for any thing; or if she has, she does not keep any thing in its place. She leaves a thing where she happens to be using it. Her room, of course, is all confusion. If she wants any thing, she never knows where it is, but must hunt till she finds it; and thus much precious time is wasted. If she goes into another's room, whatever article she lays her hands upon is misplaced. She never thinks of putting it where she found it; but either throws it carelessly down, or puts it in the wrong place. If she goes into the library, and takes down a book, she either puts it up in a different place, and thus disarranges the shelves, or she lays it down on the shelf in front of the other books, for her father or mother to arrange; or if she puts it in the right place, it is turned the wrong end up, or the back is put inward. Her school books are torn and dirty, disfigured with pencil marks, blots of ink, grease spots, finger prints, and dog's ears; and if she borrows a book from the library, or of a friend, it is returned with some of these *her marks* upon it.

If she goes into the kitchen, she will be sure to put the tidy house-keeper in a passion; for whatever she lays her hand upon is out of place. Nor does her own person appear to any better advantage. Her dress is adjusted in bad taste. It seems to hang out of shape. You would say her garments were *flung* upon her; and you feel an involuntary anxiety lest they should *fall off*. You do not perceive precisely what is the matter, but there is an evident want of neatness and taste. Her hair wears the same air of negligence; her face often discovers the lack of soap; and her finger nails and her teeth want attention.

These are only a few of the effects of untidy habits. The habit once formed, will run through every thing. And the untidy girl will make an untidy woman; the untidy woman will make an untidy house; and an untidy house will spoil a good husband. A man of taste cannot enjoy himself where every thing is out of order; and he will seek that pleasure abroad which he finds not at home.

"A MAN with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused, telling him that she would not. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares. 'Yes' said she, 'I know that; but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday.'"

The Death Bed.

BY T. HOOD.

We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids clos'd—she had
Another morn than ours. Selected.

Living to do Good.

If the aspirations of the youthful heart are to do good, and be useful, time will reveal the accomplishment of such desires. They come from the source of all goodness, and will not return again unladen with blessings worthy of their great Creator; for God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that whereunto I sent it." Such were some of my reflections on reading the article in the last number of the "Youth's Cabinet," under the caption of "Taking him in hand," which embodied so much of the true spirit of the gospel, and withal is so plain, interesting, and practical to children.

In the writer I recognized an acquaintance of early life. I knew him well; and when I read the article I turned almost instinctively to an old album in my possession where is the the following sentiment from the pen of this writer, bearing date twenty years ago: "Let us remember that it is our duty to strive to alleviate the miseries of the human race; that our exertions ought to be such that the world may be better for our having lived in it."

Will not the world be better for such efforts to awaken, and such inducements to cultivate a forbearing and forgiving temper towards those that injure us, and more than this, to do them all the good, which the pure benevolence of the gospel dictates? If this principle is not early incorporated in the forming habits of children, it seldom becomes a fixed and permanent one. Though in later life if it should be that a worldly spirit is brought under the influence of divine grace it does not act steadily, but fluctuates and vacillates, being weakened in its operations by the force of early habits and impressions which adhere to us with a strange and powerful tenacity.

To make the world better, is it not then to begin with children? and that success may be more certain, the efforts should commence in the nursery to regulate their tempers and affections; for there early exists a bias, an impression, very difficult to efface.

Their sympathies are then warm and easily directed, and if that favorable season pass away unimproved, much is to be feared; so important is it that they should be gently and imperceptibly drawn towards that which is good, as a French writer says, "that they may enter life in a right direction."

Much is to be hoped, from the themes which Professor Alden has chosen to

accomplish his youthful desire, to alleviate the miseries of the human race," by placing before children, in an attractive style, the better way which is so happily illustrated in all the articles I have seen from his pen. If the power of envy, pride, and selfishness is weakened, it is doing much to prepare the youthful heart to receive and retain the good seed which may be there sown, so that it shall bear fruit unto everlasting life.

That the records of eternity may bear witness that the world has been made the better for his having lived in it, is the desire of your subscriber,

E. B. B.

The United States Hotel, Boston.

One of the best hotels, all things considered, at which we ever had the pleasure of being a guest is the United States, in Boston. They do not make so much parade there as they do at many other public houses; but every thing about the house is arranged with particular regard to the real wants and convenience of the traveller. We spent a day or two there a few weeks since; and we have not yet got over our astonishment that so large an establishment can be so admirably conducted. It is the largest public house in the United States, and perhaps the largest in the world. This hotel is located at the termination of the Norwich, Worcester, and Western rail roads, fronting on Kingston, Beach, and Lincoln streets. It was erected during the years 1837, 1838, and 1839, and was opened by its present lessees, Messrs. Holman and Clark, in 1840. Formerly it contained about three hundred rooms. An addition was made during the year 1844, extending farther north, in Kingston street. This embraces a large ladies' ordinary, and is calculated for the accommodation of families.

During the last year, another addition has been made in Lincoln street. The whole establishment contains about four hundred rooms, and will accommodate four hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen, besides one hundred and forty-eight domestics, who are employed in the house.

The whole establishment is arranged and fitted up with reference to economy in fuel and labor. A steam-engine in one of the cellars is used for pumping water, and for various other purposes.

This is the only large house in Boston that is supplied with pure soft water, which is brought, in iron pipes, from Roxbury.

There are six distinct flights of stairs from the lower to the upper stories, and as many different entrances from the streets.

The whole establishment is spacious, well ventilated, and in every way calculated to promote the comfort of its inmates.

"A certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster Row, a 'Treatise on the Hand,' which the worthy bookseller declined, with a shake of the head, saying, 'My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already.'"

The Goshawk.

THE family to which the bird here represented belongs, are a thievish set of fellows; and birds generally have a very great aversion for them, and generally have good reason to fear them. When a little boy, we have often seen the hawk flying over the poultry-yard. We knew very well what he was about. He was taking observations among the poor innocent chickens. He was debating the question in his mind, whether it were safe to make a descent upon one of them; and if so, which it would be best to select.

The goshawk has shorter wings than most species of the falcon, and on this account is not so rapid in his flight. He was, therefore, never so much valued in former times, when falconry was in fashion. But we believe he plays his part around a farm-house as chivalrously as any poor chicken could desire. He is one of the most finished rogues that ever visited a poultry-yard to search for a dinner.

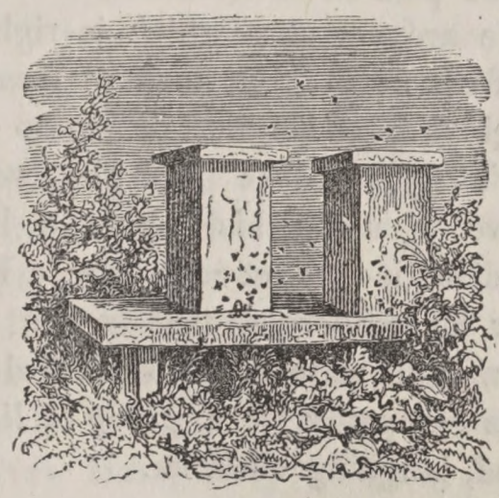
After all, perhaps, we ought not to call birds and beasts hard names because they prey on other species. It is their nature. Instinct prompts them to seek their food in this manner. Still we would rather our little friends should copy after the turtle dove, than after birds of prey. As says the New England Primer, so say we:—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too;
But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes."

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

HOW A ROGUE FEELS WHEN HE IS CAUGHT.

THEODORE THINKER tells us, that he does not know of any thing calculated to make a boy feel more foolish, than to be detected in a mischievous action. He says—suppose we let him tell his own story—"When I was a little boy, as near as I can recollect, about nine years of age, I went with my brother one bright Saturday afternoon, when there was no school, to visit at the house of Captain Perry. The captain was esteemed one of the kindest and best natured neighbors in Willow Lane, where my father lived; and Julian, the captain's eldest son, very near my own age, was, among all the boys at school, my favorite playfellow. Captain Perry had two bee-



CAPTAIN PERRY'S BEE-HIVES.

hives in his garden, where we were all three at play; and as I watched the busy little fellows at work bringing in honey from the fields, all at once I thought it would be a very fine thing to thrust a stick into a hole which I saw in one of the hives, and bring out some of the honey. My brother and Julian did not quite agree with me in this matter. They thought, as nearly as I can recollect, that there were three good reasons against this mode of obtaining honey: first, I should be likely to get pretty badly stung; secondly, the act would be a very mean and cowardly piece of mischief; and thirdly, I should be found out.

"Still I was bent on the chivalrous undertaking. I procured a stick of the right size, and marched up to the hive to make the attack. While I was deliberating, with the stick already a little way in the hole, whether I had better thrust it in suddenly, and then scamper away as fast as my legs could carry me, or proceed so deliberately that the bees would not suspect what was the matter, Captain Perry happened to come into the garden; and I was so busy with my mischief, that I did not notice him until he advanced within a rod or two of the bee-hives. He mistrusted what I was about. 'Theodore,' said he. I looked around. I am sure I would have given all I was worth in the world, not excepting my little pony, which I regarded as a fortune, if, by some magic or other, I could have got out of this scrape. But it was too late. I hung my head down, as may be imagined, while the captain went on with his speech: 'Theodore, if I were in your place,—(I heartily wished he was in my place, but I did not say so; I said nothing in fact,) if I were in your place, I would not disturb those poor, harmless bees, in that way. If you should put that stick into the hive, as you were thinking of doing, it would take the bees a whole week to mend up their cells.

That is not the way we get honey. I don't wonder you are fond of honey, though. Children generally are fond of it; and if you will go into the house, Mrs. Perry will give you as much as you wish, I am sure.'

"This was twenty years ago, perhaps more. I have met Captain Perry a hundred times since. Indeed I shook his hand last summer—for he is still living, the same warm-hearted, hard-working farmer; yet even now I cannot look upon his frank, honest countenance, but I distinctly call to mind the Quixotic adventure with the bees, and I feel almost as much ashamed as I did when I was detected."

One of the most acceptable new-year's gifts which we have had for many a day, we have just received from a lady residing at Port-au-Prince, Hayti. It was in the shape of a collection of charming flowers, gathered from their own native home, very carefully dried, and very tastefully arranged. We cannot tell how much we have been delighted with these foreigners. They belong to a race entirely unknown in the forests and meadows of our own climate; and they afford us the first opportunity we have enjoyed of making the acquaintance of the plants growing so near the equator.

Dr. Newman, the writer of an excellent article on electricity, which will appear in our next number, we are glad to inform our readers, will occasionally favor us with something on subjects kindred to this, which, we are sure will be entertaining and useful. Dr. Newman is successfully engaged as the editor of several works on botany, of which we have more than once spoken favorably in our notices of new publications.

M. A. P. must accept of an editor's thanks for the very pretty letter just received from her, and for the very acceptable token of her good will which she was so kind as to inclose. We repeat it: it does us good to hear from our patrons in this way; and we hope they will not fail to write, though we cannot notice all their letters.

We give our new correspondent I. N. K. the right hand of fellowship. We shall be pleased to hear from him—or *her*, we are not sure which is right—very frequently. But may we hazard a single suggestion in relation to this writer's style? We wish he would contrive to make his essays a little more didactic—to get as it were, a little nearer his readers, so that he can talk to them, and so that they shall feel his heart's sympathy for a group of light-hearted, laughing children.

We were meditating a kind of assault and battery, the other day,—not "with intent to kill" though; the weapon we desired to employ being the one in the use of which an editor is generally most skilful,—upon our friend and correspondent Saratoga, for his failure to fulfil his promise to us—or possibly our promise to our readers—which was it?

—that he would be a frequent contributor to our pages, when lo! the messenger from the post office arrived with the contents of the northern mail, and among others, a choice article from SARATOGA. So our wrath was restrained; and instead of perpetrating the assault and battery on him, we concluded—our pen being ready charged—to perpetrate it on the Anglo-Saxon tongue, as we think we have pretty nearly done in the first sentence above. There are several thousands of little folks who will thank you, friend SARATOGA, as sincerely and cordially as does the "Man with the Magnet," for the touching picture you have given of a visit to that dear place where we spent together some of the brightest hours of boyhood.

We received from one of our young patrons, last autumn, a flower, the name and perhaps the features of which are familiar to most of our readers. It is an interesting flower; but the interest in this particular one was a little heightened by the circumstances connected with it. The girl who gave it to us, plucked it from a garden in the state of New Hampshire, belonging to a woman who was once a servant in the family of General Washington. She is now upward of ninety-five years of age, and in the full enjoyment of all her faculties. She is a respectable woman, and a consistent member of the church. We assure our young friend, that we shall place a high value upon this memento, as well of her friendship, as of the green old age of her in whose garden it grew.

Messrs. Firth, Hall & Pond, are adding frequently to their catalogue of choice music for the piano forte. They have just published a charming ballad, OH, WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT, the poetry and music by Samuel Lover. The ballad is founded on a circumstance which is worth mentioning. It seems the Irish peasant is accustomed to say to his friend, "watch well by daylight; but keep no watch in darkness, for then God watches over you," a sentiment beautiful and strikingly poetic, though not strictly in accordance with the truth, perhaps, when tested by the steelyards of prose. We must copy one of Mr. Lover's stanzas. His numbers are worthy of the theme.

Oh, watch you well by daylight;
In daylight may you fear;
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.
For Heaven the sense bestoweth
Our waking life to keep;
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY is thrice welcome,—welcome on account of the intrinsic excellence of her lay of the Vine,—welcome for the kind wishes she brings us, and welcome the more cordially, because it is so long since she was a guest. We are sorry her verses came after our January number was stereotyped. Otherwise they should have had a place in that number; and so our readers would have enjoyed the new year's gift, as well as ourself. Such was the writer's intention, doubtless, as a note accompanying the lines seems to indicate. Shall we copy that little note? Why not? It was intended

for the editor's use alone, it is true; and yet our young patrons have as much interest in it as we have. "I send," she says, "as a little new year's gift to your 'Cabinet,'—or rather as a slight mark of good-will to it and its editor,—almost the only unpublished verses in my possession, not knowing but you might like to give your readers an illustration of the Vine, or a few thoughts on the perversion of the fruit of the Vine. I send it with good wishes for the success of your periodical; from your friend," etc.

We wish Mrs. SIGOURNEY would let us tell how much we are indebted to her, for a few kind words, many years ago. On the whole, we have a good mind to tell, and then ask her pardon for it afterwards, if necessary. When a mere boy, we had formed the habit of "stringing rhymes together, and jingling sensibilities against each other," according to Carlyle—according to our own sage notions at that time, of writing poetry. Well, our muse, after having found her way into most of the albums in our native village, essayed to occupy another niche in the temple of fame somewhat higher. She flew, somewhat bashfully, as we recollect, into the sanctum of the village editor, and asked for admission into the columns of his "valuable paper," not doubting but she would confer an immense favor on him and his patrons. But so thought not the village editor, and the "Lines to ——" went to light the editor's pipe, for aught we know. Certain it is, that they saw not that kind of light which we deemed them worthy of; and the editor was a most inveterate smoker. Indeed, he was so great a smoker that some evil disposed persons used to say that the cause of the smoky appearance of his sheet was traceable to this habit of his. But he was a literary man, too—of course he was, or he could not edit so sage a gazette—all the villagers knew this.

"And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

For our own part, however, after this conflagration, we considered him a mere barbarian—little better than a Hottentot, so far as taste was concerned.

But we did not stop writing—not we; though with all becoming deference to our juvenile muse, we surmise that some quires of nonsense were brought into the world through our agency, before we had climbed very far the ladder of life.

One day we sat down and wrote a lyric, as well as we knew how, and submitted it to the criticism of one whose name, from our earliest childhood, we had been taught to revere as one of our country's sweetest bards—it was Mrs. SIGOURNEY. We have wondered a hundred times since, that this lady could have commanded patience to examine and criticize seriously such an effusion. She did, however; and to this criticism and the judgment she rendered, is to be attributed, more than to any other cause, the exercise of any little poetic talent of ours. We had determined to let our muse stand or fall by her judgment; though at this moment it occurs to us, that, possibly, if her decision had been adverse, some

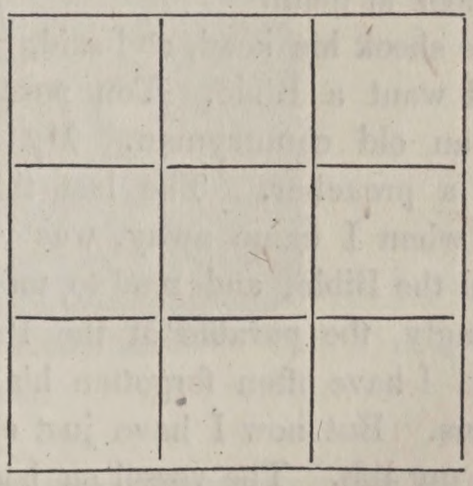
stray rhymes might have escaped from us sooner or later.

The letter we received in reply was a model of patience, delicacy, and kindness. The gifted writer bestowed a word or two of praise on those rude verses, pointed out some defects, gave some advice drawn from her own experience, and encouraged us to court the favor of the muses. Most devoutly do we wish that we could repay the kindness she has done us, by reading as patiently, and commenting upon as soberly, the stanzas submitted to our tender mercies from a legion of poets belonging to the same class and order in which we were ranked, when our heart was gladdened by those kind words.

This would seem to be the age of empirics and empiricism. We have medicines—patent medicines—that can cure every disease under the sun; and men make themselves rich by vending them. We have innumerable hair tonics, each infinitely better than all the rest, of course, which will perform miracles never dreamed of before. The nostrums will not only cause the sun and moon to stand still, but actually send them whirling back again on their rail road track. Some people there are—and we must confess ourself in that category—who are sceptical enough to think, modestly, that the age of miracles has gone by, for the present at least; and to such it is gratifying—it is like an oasis in a desert—to find extensive dealers in articles for the toilet, resolutely and conscientiously opposed to this whole system of imposition, and who are determined that nothing shall be found upon their shelves which needs the contemptible expedients of quackery to make it popular. Mr. A. A. Moss, the principal, and perhaps the only dealer in articles for the toilet exclusively, in the city, professes to keep such an establishment; and from a somewhat intimate acquaintance with his articles, we believe that those who do not love to be duped—a class, by the way, which does not embrace the whole human family—will find evidence of the sincerity of his profession in the genuine excellence of whatever they purchase of him.

A PUZZLE.

Place the nine digits in the blank squares below, in such order that they can be added together in eight different ways, and the sum be fifteen.



Those little Green Mountain girls, whose joint letter to the editor was very acceptable, guessed right so far as the identity of the "Man with the Magnet" is concerned; though, respecting the little group around him, they must guess again.

The Sailor and his Bible.

A REAL weather-beaten tar, walking on the wharf at B——, met a friend of the Bethel cause, and said, with much earnestness of manner,

"I want a Bible. Do you think I could get one at the Bethel Library Room?"

"Well, I don't know," the friend replied; "there are other good books, but I believe just at this time, the Bibles, are all gone. Come in with me, and see."

He came in, and said to me,

"Sir, I have come to see if I could get a Bible."

"I am very sorry," I replied, "that there is not a single Bible on the shelves. We are just out, but shall have another supply soon. There are other books in great variety. Come and look at them."

He shook his head, and said,

"I want a Bible. You perceive I am an old countryman. My father was a preacher. The last thing he did, when I came away, was to take down the Bible, and read to me, very feelingly, the parable of the Prodigal Son. I have often forgotten his admonitions. But now I have just escaped with my life. The vessel on board of which I sailed, capsized, and three of the men were drowned. I clung to the wreck forty-eight hours, and was taken off almost at the point of complete exhaustion. While hanging there, I thought of my father's last instructions —the parable came up fresh to my mind—I wanted to read it from the Bible."

The friend who met him on the wharf, flew out to obtai n one for him that he might have this *life boat* for the poor sailor. I prayed with him. While on his knees, he said distinctly, and with a feeling heart, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight."—*Selected.*

A Remarkable Crow.

THERE has resided in a house in Eyemouth, for the last three years, a very singular crow, or common rook, which might truly be called the mocking-bird of the poultry yard, for so exact were his imitations of the cries of the various domestic birds with which he associated, that no one could tell them from the originals. Many a visiter at his owner's house was startled and amazed at hearing proceed from below his chair, the quack, quack, quack of the duck—cackle, cackle of the hen—the calling together of the chickens—the cooing of the pigeon—and the caw, caw, caw of the crow—when all the time nothing could be seen except the latter named gentleman in black, sitting with great composure, and evidently much satisfied with his own extraordinary vocal powers. But, alas! poor fellow, his last act of mimicry cost him his life. While imitating the crowing of a cock, a large game bird of that species, either taking it for a challenge or an insult, or perhaps both, flew upon him, and, strange to tell, tore out his tongue, the offending member of the rook.—*Selected.*

Recollections of Early Homesickness.

BY THE MAN WITH THE MAGNET.

WHEN I was a little boy, I used once in a while to go with my parents on a visit to my grandfather's; and I enjoyed these visits very much. My grand-parents were very indulgent to me, and always contrived to make me happy. They were good old-fashioned farmers The little cottage where they lived was situated in rather a retired part of the country, quite remote from any city or large town. But there was every thing about the premises to please a light hearted child. There were flocks of pigeons, and frolicking lambs, flowers and strawberries, hornets' nests and hickory nuts, striped squirrels and wintergreen. Then there was a very respectable brook close by the old farm-house, where I used to amuse myself in

THE HOMESICK BOY.

making water-wheels, sailing little ships, and catching trout, or rather, where I should have caught them, if they had not been too cunning for me.

I thought there was no place so pleasant as my grandfather's; even home always seemed very dull for a week or two after I had been there. I wished much that I might live with the old gentleman, and I knew it would please him right well. One day I ventured to tell my mother so. It would, I thought, be a sort of a Paradise in that old brown cottage, where I could listen by the hour to grandfather's stories about what he saw in "war time." Well, my mother consented, and I went. But in less than a week I had a most violent attack of homesickness. Were you ever homesick, my little friend?

If not, I shall despair of describing this disease. It is something like seasickness, though a great deal worse in some respects. Imagine a young fellow, as merry as a robin in spring, about a score of miles from home. As the sun begins to go down behind the hills, his spirits begin to sink like the mercury in the thermometer. There is no father or mother, no brother or sister, to bid him good night, when he retires to rest. The next day he tries to be cheerful; but he has lost his appetite. What to him are all his grandmother's nice custards, and nut-cakes, and loaves of gingerbread, now? He goes out to play with the lambs, that are grouped together under the shade of the barn. It will not do. He runs down to the brook, to see how his water-wheel gets along, and his miniature cotton-factory. But his mind is somewhere else. It is in his father's house. See him leaning on the fence, near the stream where he has spent so many happy hours. He is thinking of those whom he loves at home—of his mother, singing to the babe in the cradle. Dear little sister! how he would enjoy thy prattle now. He is thinking of brother, too, his companion in all his sports. See him there—the very image of sorrow. And yet he cannot weep. Could he have a good crying spell, he would feel better—a little better. He looks forward to the future. There is nothing to console him. He is not to go home till Thanksgiving; and four months must pass away before Thanksgiving. Oh! how slow the moons will travel! How long the days and nights will be! Poor fellow! he wonders if he shall live till Thanksgiving. He wonders, too, what he shall do all that time, if he should live; and he wonders most of all, how he could ever have been so foolish as to wish to leave home. Night comes again. He goes to bed. But the thoughts of home keep him awake. When he sleeps, his dreams are of home. He fancies himself in the embrace of his mother. He hears her musical voice, and feels her kiss of love upon his cheek. Sure this is home, sweet home. He wakes—it is a dream.

This, young reader, is a faint picture of homesickness. It is faint, because it must be felt in order to be understood. I hope, however, that you will never become familiar with the disease in that way. But if you should ever think lightly of the pleasures of home, and sigh, as some children do, to go away, I beg you will remember this short chapter on homesickness. Home never seemed so charming to me, as it did the day I returned from my grandfather's.

Last Summer's Vacation.

A VACATION in summer! how my heart throbs with emotion only to think of it! and then to leave the brick walls, the noisy monotony of this great Babel of a city, for an excursion amid the beauties of New England!

Have you ever enjoyed such a luxury, reader? Have you ever been imprisoned in a great city in the month of July? If so, have you not pined for the pure air and bright skies, the green fields and sweet flowers of the country? you have, I know you have; and your heart, it may be, has beat as quickly as

did mine, when in company with a few friends I stepped from the wharf at New York, on board one of the noble steamers which ply up and down the Hudson, and beheld tower after tower, and steeple after steeple disappear in the distance.

I will not pause to describe our trip to Troy. I presume many of my young friends have had an opportunity to see for themselves the far-famed Palisades, and the lovely country-seats scattered here and there, upon the banks of this beautiful river.

Upon our arrival in Troy, we set out almost immediately for the town of B——, situated about thirty miles distant, among the green hills of Vermont.

The iron horse has not yet traveled that way, and so we were obliged to content ourselves with a stage coach, which would seat comfortably but six, though there were fifteen to be accommodated. The day was excessively warm, and we had to call into requisition all our stock of good nature, to bear our situation cheerfully, especially as a shower came up very suddenly after we got fairly under way, sending out of the rain upon the poor occupants of the inside, any quantity of cloaks and baskets, bandboxes, and budgets.

The country through which we passed is one of the loveliest the eye ever rested upon—but though occasionally a dashing torrent, or the top of a lofty mountain, would call forth an exclamation of delight, but few were in any mood to admire nature from such a prison.

Under these circumstances, we hailed most joyfully a glimpse of the spires of B——. It was noon; the rain was over, every thing sparkled in the sunlight, fresher and greener than ever; and with the thought of unpacking ourselves from our uncomfortable quarters, came admiration for this quiet little nook among the hills.

After we had dined, and rested ourselves from our weary ride, it was near the close of the afternoon, and we walked out for the purpose of viewing a mountain sunset. Being told that this would be best accomplished from the top of the good old white meeting-house, which stood in the centre of the village, we bent our steps thither, stopping awhile to look at the stones in the grave yard close by.

No lock debarred our entrance into the sanctuary, and we paused on the threshold to observe the evidence of a by-gone age, as exhibited in the high-backed seats which permitted but half the congregation to face the minister.

We now commenced our laborious journey to the top of the church, and a task it proved, as the stairs were exceedingly winding. Not a few, indeed, were entirely gone. But perseverance overcomes almost every obstacle—in this instance it did, I am sure—and when we reached the "belfry" of that time-worn edifice, the scene before us amply compensated us for our trouble.

On either side lay the two villages of B——, busy with life and animation. Around us were innumerable mountains, their tops reaching to the skies; and to complete the picture, a clear streamlet wound through the valley.

The sun cast its lingering rays upon this lovely landscape when we beheld it, and we gazed upon it until the moon arose, rendering it still more beautiful.

In the afternoon of the next day, a party of us set out to climb a mountain in the vicinity, of some note, on account of a cave in its side. Each one strove to excel the rest in his ascent; and when we were all at the summit, we were glad to sit down on the green sward to rest. The cavern, we learned, had often been explored, but it was considered a very troublesome undertaking. Most of the company were apparently satisfied to look into its dark mouth; but a fine boy of twelve years of age, who was one of the party, offered to conduct any one who would venture in, having, as he said, from frequent visits, a perfect knowledge of the interior. Being very fond of such explorations, I proposed to accept his services as my guide; but there was a general exclamation against this, and as it was late, I yielded the point; not so the Green Mountain boy, however, who invited me in a whisper, to surprise our friends by a visit to the cave early next morning before they were stirring. To this I readily agreed, and we struck off into the woods with the rest of the party, to cross the mountain on the other side. As we proceeded through the under brush, we heard a loud bleating, apparently in the direction we were pursuing, and hurrying along we discovered a stray lamb caught fast in a fence, and entirely unable to free itself. We speedily released it, and rejoiced that we had selected so lonely a pathway, as otherwise the poor prisoner must have perished.

The next morning, bright and early, I set off, with my young friend for a guide, to visit the cave. We were just in season to see the sun rise upon the mountain, and the exhilarating air had a fine effect upon our spirits as we climbed the steep ascent.

Having reached the cavern, we lighted our torches and made other necessary preparations for our subterranean tour. The step at the entrance was rather a formidable one, as we were obliged to spring down several feet to the first ledge of rocks. This, however, was safely accomplished, and we walked on a considerable distance with little difficulty, until we came to a very narrow passage. But we were rewarded for the toil of creeping through it somewhat after the fashion of a caterpillar; for we were ushered into a spacious room, far exceeding my expectations. We busied ourselves now in exploring every corner of this apartment, and collecting specimens to carry home with us. By this time, we were not a little wearied with our exertions, and my zeal had so far abated, that I was willing to forego seeing the wonders beyond the room we were in. Accordingly we retraced our steps, and welcomed most gladly the light of day as we emerged from the cave. The sun was considerably higher in the heavens than we supposed, and we hastened down the mountain, lest we should alarm our friends, who were greatly surprised at our feat.

We spent several days longer in this charming spot, enjoying many delightful rides, and fishing for trout in the mountain streams. After visiting some of the other New England States, we returned to the city once more, to live over in memory the scenes of our pleasant summer's tour, and long for its repetition.

L. J.

The Great Horned Owl.

BIRDS of the owl kind, are not only very warlike in their disposition, but they are noted for their meanness and treachery. They do not go after their prey in the daytime, like the eagle, but choose the night for their deeds of plunder. Birds of this genus may be divided into two kinds: those with horns, and those without horns.

The engraving represents the Great Horned Owl. You see there are two bunches of feathers just over each ear, which appear like horns. This bird appears at first view to be as large as the eagle. But when we examine his body closely, we find that he is much smaller.

The ears of the owl are large and deep; and it would seem that no animal enjoys a more keen sense of seeing. All the species of the owl are remarkable for this; and they are all furnished with eyes calculated for seeing better in the night than in the daytime. Thus the wise Creator adapts every animal to its peculiar mode of life. You know that the pupil of the eye, in all animals, is so formed that it contracts when there is too much light, and dilates when there is too little. In birds of the owl kind, the *retina* of the eye, or that organ on which the image of the object perceived is formed, is so constructed that they can see well enough when it is so dark that we can see nothing.

All these birds have a very hideous song. They have too much sense, however, to indulge their musical disposition when they are pursuing their prey. If they should, they would be likely to go hungry a good while. Sometimes, when

they are unsuccessful in hunting, they continue away from home till after daylight, and then they are dazzled and bewildered, and unable to find a shelter. Frequently they are discovered by other birds. Then wo to the poor owl.

The blackbird, the thrush, all come in crowds, and employ their little arts of insult and abuse. The smallest, the feeblest, and the most contemptible of this unfortunate bird's enemies, are then the foremost to injure and torment him. They increase their cries round him, flap him with their wings, and are ready to show their courage to be great, as they are sensible that their danger is but small. The unfortunate owl, not knowing where to attack or where to fly, patiently suffers all their insults. Astonished and dizzy, he replies to their mockeries by turning his head and rolling his eyes with an air of stupidity.

The Grassy Sea.

WHAT do you think, reader, of a bed of sea-weed a thousand miles long? It seems a pretty tough story, but it is true, nevertheless. The bed is called the "Grassy Sea." Perhaps you have seen this stanza about it:—

"A thousand miles, and a thousand miles,
And yet we cannot see,
The end of the weeds, the berries and seeds,
That grow in the grassy sea."

Owen Gladdon, who is a very interesting writer for children, tells us all about this large tract of sea-weed, in his wanderings in the Isle of Wight. The "Grassy Sea," he informs us, lies in the immediate track of navigators between Europe and the western coasts and islands of the Atlantic; whether the voyage be to the West Indies, or between Monte Video, in South America, and the great cape or promontory of Southern Africa; or, in other words, it extends through the whole Atlantic Ocean between the tropics, and thence into both the temperate zones; or over forty degrees of latitude upon each side of the equator. A bed of weeds, all loose in the ocean, from four to five thousand miles long, is what you would hardly expect to find.

The old Phœnician navigators, from their ports in the east of the Mediterranean, and so far within the Straits of Gibraltar, were accustomed to reach in thirty days, with a favorable wind, a sea which was doubtless this very sea, and which they called the Weedy Sea. By the English at this day it is sometimes called the "Grassy Sea." The Spaniards call it "El mar Algoso," the Weedy Sea. It consists of two great divisions in the watery space, both covered with the floating weed, and thence sometimes described as banks, beds, or fields; or as some say, the meadows of the ocean.

The weed bears a berry, from which, by sailors, it is named the tropical grape. It sustains myriads of sea animals, including the birds which prey upon the watery tribes; and presents in reality two prodigious islands, or even continents, which, though they cannot bear the foot of man, nor of the land animals in general, yet swarm with life, in the reptile, fish, and feathered forms. Innumerable species of these find in the berries and other food which they

supply an inexhaustible amount of sustenance. This closely-matted vegetation obstructs a ship in her course.

It was this obstruction, united with the extraordinary appearance of the tract, which discouraged and terrified the sailors of Columbus, or at least supplied them with an argument against the attempt to sail further westward. It might not unnaturally seem to them that these banks or beds of sea-weed, so unlike any thing which they had previously beheld in any open sea, bespoke the approach of shallows, and of that western limit of the ocean, the existence of which they obstinately believed in; but they also assumed a religious ground, and contended that "it was presumption and impiety to force a way where the Creator had interwoven the herbage to prevent a passage."

A Raft on the Ottowa River.

Two summers ago we spent some six weeks in Lower Canada, and during the time ascended the Ottowa river to Bytown, a place situated some seventy-five miles from the junction of the Ottowa and St. Lawrence, and as far north as the former river is navigated by steamboats. This is a very rapid stream. Several times, to avoid the rapids, the boat in ascending as far as Bytown, has to receive assistance from a canal. But above this village, a short distance, are more formidable rapids still. You may hear the roar of the water here for miles, as it dashes over its bed of trap-rock.

The lumbermen have a singular contrivance to get their rafts down these rapids. It made us shudder to see these hardy men go over the falls. They did not mind it much more than our readers would sliding down hill on a little sled. We have this moment seen a description of the passage of one of these rafts down the *slide*, as they call it; and we will give our readers the benefit of it in the writer's own language.

"A little above the picturesque village of Bytown, which appears to overhang the river, there are steep rapids and falls, by which the passage of timber was seriously delayed. To obviate this some capitalists constructed a very important work by which the torrent was first retained, and then conducted over a long precipitous slide into the deep water beneath, along which it afterward continued its uninterrupted course. Although the lumberers described to me with great eagerness the advantages of this work, I did not readily understand them; in consequence of which they proposed that I should see a raft of timber descend the slide; and as one was approaching, I got into a boat, and, rowing to the raft, I joined the two men who were conducting it, and my companions who had taken me to it then returned to the shore.

"The scenery on both sides of the Ottowa is strikingly picturesque; and as the current hurried us along, the picture continually varied. On approaching the slide, one of my two comrades gave me a staff about eight feet long, armed at one end with a sharp spike; and I then took up my position between them at what may be

termed the stern end of the raft, which was composed of eight or ten huge trees, firmly connected together. As soon as the raft reached the crest of the slide, its stem, as it proceeded, of course, took leave of the water, and continued an independent horizontal course, until its weight overbalancing the stern, the raft, by tilting downward, adapted itself to the surface of the slide, and then with great velocity rushed with the stream to the water, which was boiling and breaking beneath. During the descent, which was totally divested of all danger,* I found that by sticking my staff into the timber, I had no difficulty whatever in retaining my position; and although the foremost end of the raft disappeared in the deep water into which it had plunged, yet, like the head of a ship, it rose triumphantly above the breakers; and it had scarcely recovered, when the raft rapidly glided under a bridge, from the summit of which it received three hearty cheers from my brother lumbermen, who had assembled there to see it pass."

KINDNESS OF A DOG.—This morning, as I was walking with my little son, the border of his overcoat became filled with burs. We called at a friend's house, and a young dog very deliberately and methodically plucked the burs off with his mouth. Having finished, he looked as if he was satisfied that he had done a good deed. GLEANER.

* In this the writer is mistaken. The descent, particularly in the spring of the year, is very hazardous, and several, in attempting it, have lost their lives.—ED.

A Picture on the Battle Field.

WE want all our readers to know what war really is. We are not satisfied that they should read about the glory of a victory; but they ought to know what that victory costs. Here is a picture of war, drawn from a field of battle in Mexico. Look at it, boys and girls. This is war.

While I was stationed with our left wing in one of the forts, I saw a Mexican woman busily engaged in carrying bread and water to the wounded men of both armies. I saw this ministering angel raise the head of a wounded man, give him water and food, and then carefully bind up his ghastly wound with a handkerchief she took from her own head. After having exhausted all her supplies, she went back to her house to get more bread and water for others. As she was returning on her mission of mercy, to comfort other wounded persons, I heard the report of a gun, and saw the poor innocent creature fall dead. I think it was an accidental shot that struck her. I would not be willing to believe otherwise.

It made me feel sick at heart, and turning from the scene, I involuntarily raised my eyes toward heaven, and thought, Great God! and *is this war?* Passing the spot next day, I saw her body still lying there, the bread by her side, and the broken gourd, with a few drops of water still in it—emblems of her errand. We buried her, and while we were digging her grave, cannon balls flew around us like hailstones.—*Selected.*

Ancient Egyptian Deities.

Look here, children! do you see this picture? Well, here are the portraits of a family of heathen deities! But you say these are *Onions*. So they are. But they are heathen gods, nevertheless. Yes, so superstitious and foolish had the Egyptians become many years ago, that they worshiped a multitude of animals and even vegetables. One of their gods was the onion. They prostrated themselves before this plant, and even prayed to it! What a curious kind of religion will people conjure up, if they have not the Bible to direct them. What absurd practices they will resort to. The Egyptians seem to have gone further in the worship of vegetables and reptiles than any other nation. They must have wanted a new deity very badly, when they called the onion to their aid. One of the heathen poets has ridiculed this taste on the part of the Egyptians, in his poetry. He did not write in English; so we shall have to hunt up a translation. Here it is:—

"How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known.
'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour;
Each leaf of garlic has a sacred flower.
Religious nation, sure! and blest abode!
Where every garden is o'errun with gods!"

We do not know how many animals the Egyptians worshiped; but we believe that snakes were among the most favored of their gods. One of their feathered deities was the Ibis. There is a picture of the bird opposite.

The Ibis was very common in Egypt in former years. The people worshiped the bird, because of the service they rendered in devouring certain mis-

chievous reptiles. Cambyses, king of Persia, when he was besieging an Egyptian city, had wit enough to take advantage of the superstitious reverence of his enemies for the Ibis; and so he placed several of these birds in front of his army. The Egyptians did not dare to shoot any arrows into the ranks of the Persian army, for fear of killing some of their own gods. So they allowed the city to be taken, without making any resistance.

THE IBIS, AN EGYPTIAN DEITY.

How thankful should we be, young friends, that we have the Bible. This is all that keeps us from such foolish superstition as the Egyptians exhibited in their religion, though there are some who pretend to be very wise, that tell us we can get along very well without the Bible! Do you value the teachings of this volume as you ought? Do you endeavor to profit by them? Is it your prayer that the Bible may be a lamp to show you the way to heaven?

Youthful Virtue.

EARLY virtue is the loveliest flower of earth. It has a grace and beauty in it that nothing else can confer. Its charms and attractions are acknowledged by all. The worth of virtue cannot easily be estimated too high. It is the honor and glory of any people. The praise of true piety is known in all the earth. To be happy, all should be virtuous. But the loveliness of virtue is particularly seen in early devotedness. It is good and beautiful at all seasons of life; but piety gives to the beauty and inno-

cence of youth a double charm. Gentle reader, you have beheld the beauty of the blooming rose. How brilliant its colors, how delightful and reviving its fragrance! Such is youthful virtue. How

"Sweet is the opening flower
Which just begins to bloom!
Which every day, and every hour,
Fresh beauties will assume!

But sweeter still that heart,
Where faith, and love, and peace,
Shall bud and bloom in every part,
With sweet and varied grace."

Flowers are fragrant and beautiful; yet they soon fade away and die. But virtue is abiding. It remains for ever, and, like its Author, is to endless years the same.

Great men, scientific men, my young friends, form cabinets, and fill them with many precious metals and stones. They procure, with great pains and much cost, the precious onyx and sapphire, the crystal and coral, gold and rubies, and retain them as the most costly and precious gems. "But wisdom"—by wisdom is meant virtue, religion—"cannot be valued with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels. No mention shall be made of coral or pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies." Here, my young friends, we learn something of the true value of virtue. Flowers are beautiful, jewels are precious, but youthful virtue is far more beautiful and precious than they. Then early secure this priceless pearl, and you will find it "profitable unto all things." It has the promise both of this life and of the life to come. Embrace it, and then retain it, and it will prove thy present and eternal reward. Above all things, be virtuous. Then wilt thou be esteemed by thy fellows, and loved and blessed by Heaven. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Cherish every virtuous emotion. Cultivate every bud of promise. Abound in every grace. Grow and flourish as the most tender and lovely flower in the garden of virtue.

"How lovely is the dawn
Of piety and youth,
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth!"

Urbana, O. January, 1847. I. N. K.

The Offering of the Heart.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Ye friends that soothe my hours of pain,
My soul shall bless you ever;
And friendship bound in sorrow's chain,
No earthly power can sever.

How sweet the tear that from the eye
Of sympathy is stealing;
How precious is the tender sigh
From the deep founts of feeling

Ay, 'tis an angel's task to share
A brother's grief and sadness;
To woo his spirit upward, where
It finds sweet streams of gladness.

Oh ye that soothe my hours of pain,
My soul shall bless you ever!
And friendship bound in sorrow's chain,
No earthly power can sever.

Have patience. You can do any thing, if you will. Water may be carried in a sieve, they say, if you will only wait till it freezes.

Conversations on Electricity.

BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

You promised, some time since, you would show me how to make a number of electrical machines, at the cost of one cent. Will you tell me, if you please, what they are made of?

E. Coarse brown paper, which you can procure at the grocer's. Cut it into strips two inches wide and four inches long; and each of these strips will form a machine with which you can perform all the ordinary experiments. To develop their electricity, lay your arm, moderately tight, on your knee, and draw a piece softly between both; it will give sparks, excite strongly the electrometer, and will adhere to the wall if you throw it against it. By repeating the friction, you can charge your machine as often as you choose.

C. What is electricity?

E. We, of course, know nothing about its essence. Its action is best explained by supposing it to be a substance endowed with powers, the opposite to those of gravity. It has an intimate connection with, and is, perhaps, the cause of light and heat. It will perform the office of either without their agency. A curious illustration of this is afforded in the accounts of lightning melting a watch in a man's pocket without injuring the cloth, and doing the same to metals in which gunpowder was confined, without igniting the gunpowder. What is the reason generally given, why bodies exist in the various conditions of solids, fluids, and gases?

C. That it is owing to the amount of heat they contain—if a sufficient quantity of heat is added to a solid, it will become a fluid; if still more, a gas.

E. There are now so many exceptions to this law, that it will only hold good between certain degrees of the thermometer for each substance. When water becomes solid, it expands so much, that if confined in a close vessel, even a very powerful one, it will shiver it in pieces. Iron, when melted and perfectly fluid, contracts; iron founders can tell when it is of a proper consistence, by its sinking in the vessel. An instrument to measure the intensity of fire, called a pyrometer, is made from clay, which contracts regularly in proportion to the greatness of the heat. Arsenic never melts; when heat is applied, it sublimes, or goes off in the form of vapor. These instances will suffice to show that heat alone will not solve the problem; and what we know of its properties induces us to call in the aid of electricity to arrive at a solution.

C. I have understood that this substance, like heat, has a universal tendency to spread itself in all bodies until an equilibrium is produced. How is it, then, that there can be more of it in one than in another body, and that we can take this superabundance away?

E. Some bodies have a greater capacity of imbibing it than others; and thus its diffusive tendency does not begin to operate, till by friction or chemical action they are rendered incapable of retaining it. If I solder a piece of zinc and copper together, like the galvanic rings, the latest humbug, as each retains its own portion of electricity, no action, of course, takes place.

Now take a piece of each, place them some distance apart, in a cup which is partly filled by an acid solution; the acid will act on each of the plates, and cause it to set free its electricity; and by fastening a wire to the end of each, and connecting them, these currents will flow into each other. By holding one of the wires in each hand, the passage of these currents will be felt in a series of galvanic shocks.

C. How does electricity produce thunder storms?

E. In very warm weather, the incessant commotion amid the particles of air, and the consequent friction on all bodies, set free an immense quantity of this substance. It accumulates in the atmosphere, and charges the clouds powerfully. The thunder and lightning that ensue, when this superabundance is given away, is nothing more than what takes place on a smaller scale, when you present your knuckle to your brown paper and receive a spark, accompanied by a crackling noise.

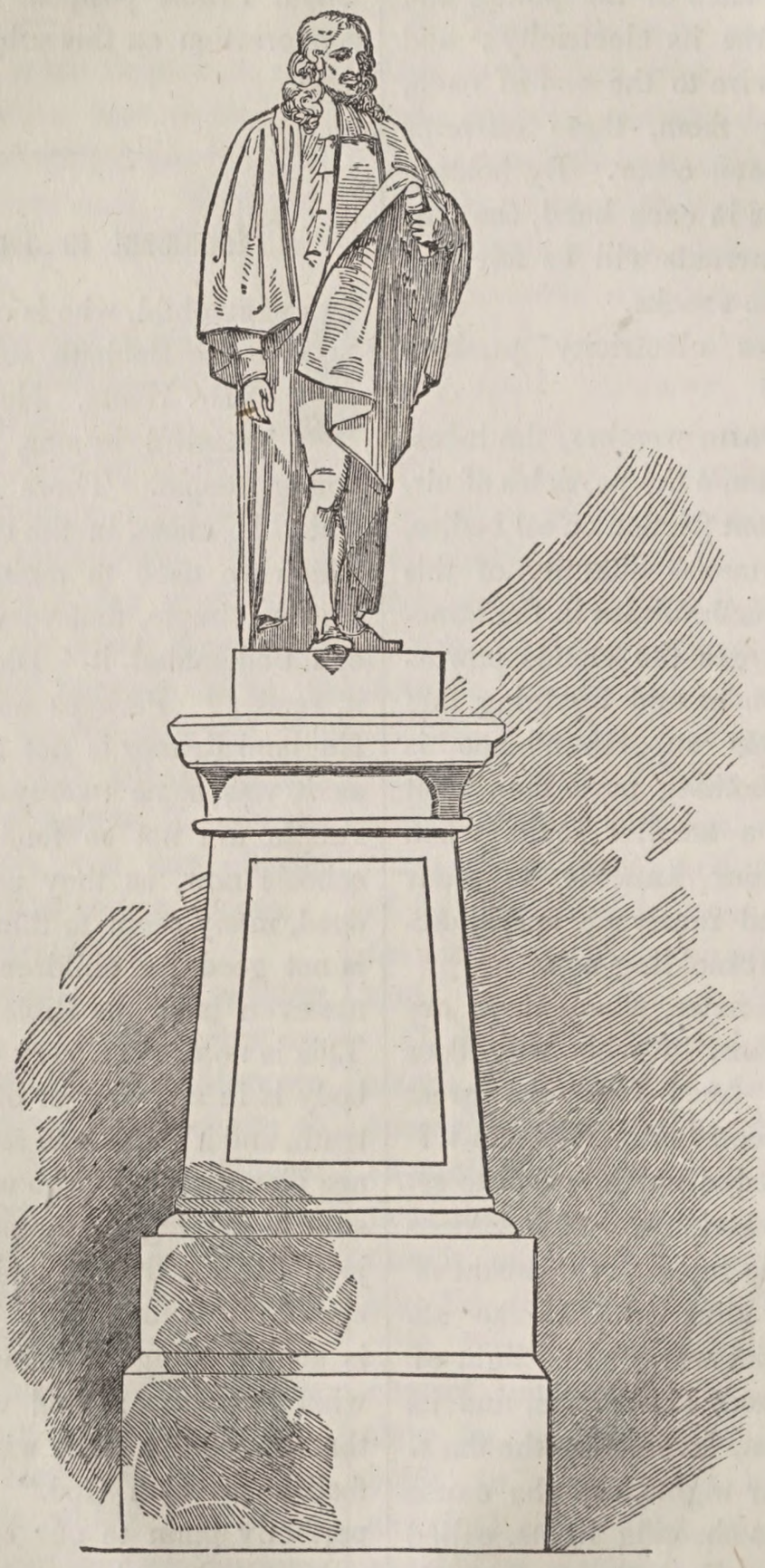
C. In cold climates, where there are no thunder storms, in what way does the air become freed from the great quantity that is constantly rising in it?

E. Nature, at the north, wants to retain all her electricity. It conduces powerfully to the rapid development of vegetation, and thus supplies the absence of the genial warmth and light of the sun. Its great abundance, and its constant diffusion, favored by the darkness of the polar nights, are the cause of those gorgeous shooting lights, called the Aurora Borealis. Every thing is so thoroughly charged with it, that a child's hand will rise to meet the hand passed over its head, and the slightest rubbing on the coats of animals, cause the sparks to fly as from an electrical machine.

But I must postpone the rest of our conversation on this subject till another time.

Monument to Dr. Watts.

EVERY child, who is old enough to go to the Sabbath school, has heard of Dr. Watts. He composed some beautiful hymns, you know, for young people. There is a pretty one which he made, in the old primer, from which we used to recite when a child. It is so simple, that very small children can understand it. Did you ever see it, reader? Perhaps not; for the New England Primer is not as common now as it was some twenty-five years ago. People are not so fond of primers in schools now, as they used to be. Indeed, many seem to think that religion is not good for children. So they will not even have the Bible in our schools. This is no doubt a very wise age. Nobody is in any danger of forgetting this truth, and if there was any danger, there are plenty of folks who would take pleasure in jogging the memory on this subject. It is a fruitful topic. It is a wise age. No doubt of that. But then there is such a thing as being "wise above what is written;" and we are told, too, that sometimes "the wisdom of men is foolishness with God." Now it is not perfectly plain to our own minds, that some people, who are zealous for the education of the young, though they may have as much wisdom of a certain sort as one head of respectable size can



MONUMENT TO DR. WATTS.

conveniently carry, show very much of that "wisdom which cometh from above," when they come to the matter of managing schools for the young. But we will let that pass. The simple question is, whether our readers have read that sweet little hymn which Dr. Watts wrote for little children, and which used to be printed in the New England Primer. It begins in this way:—

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

Watts was one of the sweetest poets that ever wrote for music. He put all the Psalms of David into verse, you know; and some of these Psalms have never been excelled in beauty.

He was a great lover of poetry. It was said of him, that he formed such a habit of rhyming, that he could hardly help throwing his thoughts into rhyme sometimes in his common conversation. We have heard a very funny story—though we do not know certainly that it is true—about his once making a rhyme while promising he would never indulge in the practice again. Watts was a child then. As the story goes, his father did not like to have him write poetry, and once chastised him very severely for doing so, thinking this kind of writing would unfit his son for other more rational and useful employments. While little Isaac was smarting under the application of the rod, he cried out—says the tradition—

"Dear father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

Whether the old man was satisfied with this promise so singularly expressed, and stopped whipping, or not, we are not informed. But we learn, from better authority than tradition, that the young poet forgot his promise.

Watts has now been dead nearly a hundred years. But his spirit is still with us; and wherever Christians are found that sing hymns of praise in the English language, there may be heard the strains of Isaac Watts. His remains were buried in Bunhill Fields, London. For many years he resided in Abney Park. That lovely spot has lately been converted into a cemetery; and we learn from our good friend, the editor of the London Sunday School Magazine, that a monument has been erected to his memory. The celebration on the occasion of the completion of the monument took place in the autumn of 1845, on the day of the ninety-seventh anniversary of Watts' death.

An oration on the character, talents, and piety of Watts, was delivered by Dr. Morison, and one of his inimitable children's hymns was sung by a large number of children who crowded the gallery of Abney chapel.

The monument is a full length figure, nine feet high, of Dr. Watts in his academical costume. A view of this beautiful monument we have engraved from a copy recently brought from London. We thought every boy and girl would love to see it; and so we have been at a good deal of expense to have the picture made for our readers. It appears on another page.

The pedestal of the monument is of pure Portland stone, thirteen feet high, and six feet square. In the left hand of the poet is a book, and two others are upon a pillar on the right side. The whole is in most excellent taste, and full

worthy of the poet whom it commemorates. The inscription is as follows:—

In memory of
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
In testimony of the high and lasting esteem in
Which his character and writings were held
In the great Christian community by whom the
English language is spoken. Of his Psalms and
Hymns, it may be predicted, in his own words,—
"Ages unborn will make his songs
The joy and labor of their tongues."
He was born at Southampton, July 17th, 1674,
And died November 25th, 1748
After a residence of thirty-six years in the mansion of
Sir Thomas Abney, Kt., then standing on these grounds.
Erected by public subscription.
E. W. BAILY, R. A.

The Fatal Blow.

DID you, my young readers, ever think what a dreadful thing it is to be angry with your little brothers or sisters? Did you ever consider that you not only disobey your parents, but offend the great God, also, who has commanded us to love one another? Your disobedience grieves your parents, and causes them many sorrowful hours; and many and bitter are the tears they have wept in secret, when they have seen these seeds of sin daily taking deeper root, and wider and higher throwing out their branches.

Children are sometimes tempted to strike when they are angry; and I am sorry to say, that even this is sometimes encouraged in very small children. For instance, if the child falls against a chair and hurts itself, the "naughty chair, must be whipped for hurting the little darling." Thus the child is early taught to seek revenge.

I will now tell you of a little girl I once saw, who was left to take care of a younger brother and sister, while her parents were spending an evening with some friends. She was a very passionate girl, wicked, quarrelsome, and of a revengeful spirit. During the absence of her parents, her little brother did something to offend her, when she became enraged, and flying at him in a passion, she gave him a heavy blow upon the head with a fire shovel, which caused him to reel and fall upon the floor, insensible. Who can describe the mother's feelings, when she returned, and found her son in a state of insensibility, unconscious of her tears and heart-rending sorrow? Never again was that tongue to lisp the endearing name of mother. He breathed for a short time; and then his spirit left the body, and his limbs were cold in death. He was placed in a narrow coffin, and laid in the silent tomb. That little girl had a praying mother, too.

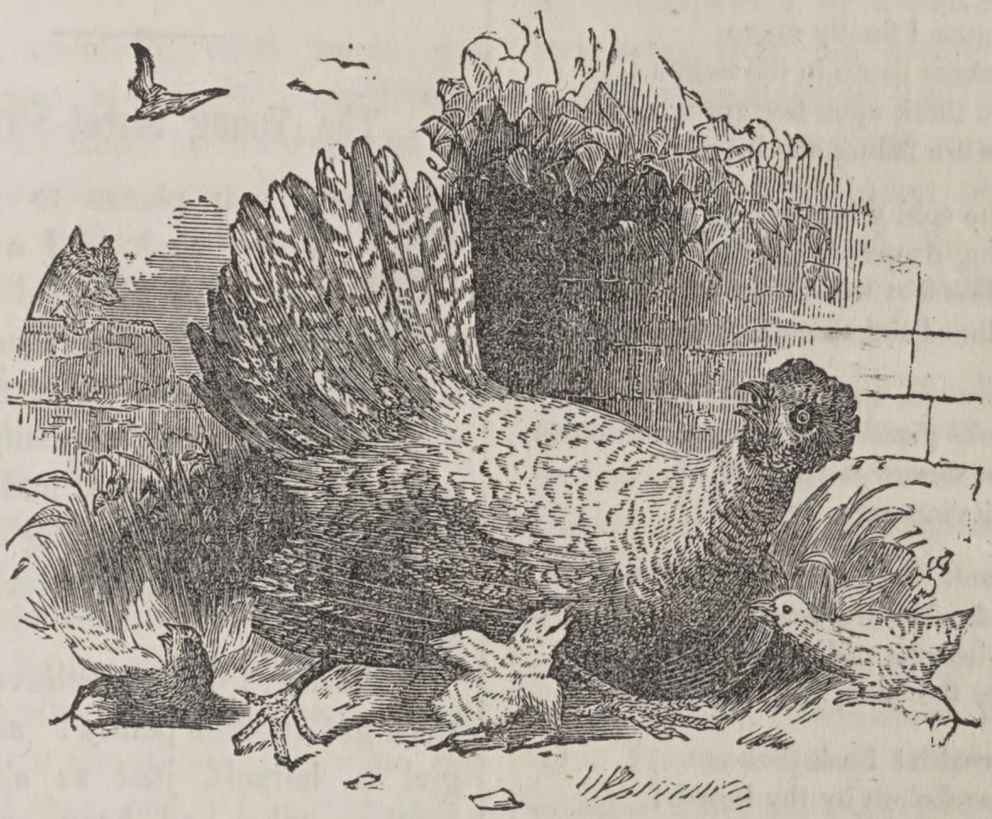
Children, beware. Avoid anger. Cultivate a spirit of meekness, gentleness, and love, and then you will be beloved by all who know you. L. B.

The Hen and her Chickens.

EVERY thing, almost, that we see around us, is adapted to convey some valuable lesson. We cannot go out into the fields in the spring of the year, if we are in the habit of thinking much, after the grass begins to grow, and the flowers to bloom, without becoming more deeply impressed with the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of Him who created all things. Look at that domestic hen in the farm-yard. See her leading a

group of little, half-fledged chickens. With what industry she searches, among the rubbish, for the food which they need. Hear her call of love, when the treasure is found. Observe how carefully she watches all their movements, and how earnestly she seeks them when they go astray.

Then how warmly and safely she shields them from the cold and the storm. She spreads her wings in such a manner, that they may all find shelter



THE HEN, WITH HER CHICKENS.

She is regardless of her own comfort and safety, so much is her interest excited for her young.

We do not see how any one, who is familiar with the Bible, when he sees this exhibition of parental love, and when he calls to mind the allusion of our Savior to this circumstance, can help admiring the character of him who came into the world to save sinners, and who, while he was in the world, went about doing good. How beautiful, how tender, how affecting is his language, as he stands upon the Mount of Olives, in full view of the city once so favored of God, but which has now rejected its Messiah: "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Reader! there are other people besides the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who are equally the objects of Christ's tender love; and there are others, too, many others, to whom he may as appropriately use this language "ye would not!" May you give no occasion for the Judge of all the earth to address this painful language to you.

Snow Thoughts.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

I do not love the pure white snow
That on our earth so soon is laid;
Though some may think it wrong, I know,
To love not what our God hath made.

'Tis not because I fondly crave
For one whose death in life begun,
And weep to think upon her grave
The flakes are falling one by one.

But when the cold winds keenly blow,
And chilling drops are falling fast,
Cold, houseless feet tread down the snow,
And childhood sinks beneath the blast,

In garments worn, and thin, and old,
With cheeks glazed o'er with frozen tears,
With tales of sorrow sadly told
To disbelieving ears.

Its merry notes the sleigh-bell peals,—
My heart is glad that some are gay;
But fireless hearths and scanty meals
Soon drive the sunny thought away.

O child of wealth! I ask thee not
To sit in sackcloth by thy hearth;
But are the wretched unforgot,
Amid thy plenty and thy mirth;—

Those little ones with starving souls,
With cherub wings all soiled and broken,
Whose hearts stern poverty controls,
And breeds the thoughts we loathe when spoken?

Amid the mass of human wo,
'Tis this, 'tis this, my bosom wrings—
The palsying and deadly blow
That vice on helpless childhood brings;

The starving both of soul and frame,
The bosom's altars cold and bare,
And in their place foul things of shame,
With noxious reptiles breeding there.

Sure God will help the suffering spirit;—
The penalties of vice they share,
Its pangs the innocent inherit,
A heavy curse the guiltless bear.

I cannot love this winding sheet
That wraps fair nature round about;
'Tis very cold for shoeless feet,
And there are many such without.

I know in kindness it was sent—
'Tis man that worketh all this wo;
But wo is me! till men repent,
I cannot love the blessing snow.

The Young Street-Sweepers.

Will you please to give me a penny, sir? said a poor, wan-looking, thinly clad girl, as she stood with one hand grasping her broom, and the other extended to receive the hoped-for penny; but the man to whom her appeal had been made, passed on without deigning even to look at the humble little sweeper of the streets.

"Oh dear! I don't believe that I ever shall get another penny!" said the little girl to herself, just as she saw her brother, who had been sweeping the opposite crossing, running toward her with his hand held out and tightly closed, as if it contained something of value.

"I've found a ring; come, let's go home and show it to mother," cried the little fellow, as soon as he came within hearing.

"Let me see it, let me see it," said his sister, eagerly; "may be them that lost it will come back to look for it, and we'd better let 'em have it, for I'm sure mother would not let us wear it."

"No, but we could sell it," said the boy.

"Well, let's go home," said she; and away they ran.

They soon reached the wretched place, which was dignified by the name of home, which they entered, and mounting three flights of steep, dark, and broken stairs, arrived at the attic of the house, where the girl opened a door and went in, followed by her brother.

"Why, children, what made you come home so soon?" inquired a woman, who stood at the wash-tub before a miserable apology for a fire.

"Why, mother, Charley found a ring," said the girl, whose name was Mary; "he was sweeping away the mud, and thought he saw something shine, and so when he stooped to see what it was, there he found this ring."

"May'nt we keep it, mother?" inquired the boy. After a moment's thought, his mother replied, "I can't tell yet; let me see it, Mary." Then taking the ring from her daughter, she looked at it attentively for some moments, and then said, "I believe this is worth a great deal; it has some sort of a precious stone in it; it may be a diamond; I hardly know whether to let you sell it, or what to do about it. Well, put it away now, for, at any rate, I don't want your father to get hold of it, and part with it for rum. Come, Mary, take hold and help with dinner; but give me the money you got to-day, first."

Both children gave their mother their little earnings, and after washing their hands and faces, proceeded to set the table. Mary laid the cloth, which, though coarse and old, was clean and well mended; and Charley took the plates from the closet, and handed them to his sister to place on the table. When this was completed, the children sat down to wait for their mother, who had gone out to buy some trifle. As she entered the room, she told them that their father was coming, and charged them not to mention the ring. She had scarce done speaking, when a man came in, accompanied by a well-dressed person, who, from his manner, was evidently a stranger to the family. The husband of the woman went up to her with unusual kindness, and told her that he had signed the temperance pledge, and had not drank a drop of liquor all day. He then went on to say, that the gentleman who accompanied him, (and who was now seated on one of the broken chairs which composed the principal furniture of the wretched room,) had met him in the street, and offered to find him work, and give him good wages, if he would leave off drinking; to which he had consented. The gentleman then took a piece of paper from his pocket, and showed it to the poor man's wife, who heartily thanked him, and invited him to seat himself at the table and partake of their humble repast. He declined the invitation, on the plea of urgent business, and took his leave, desiring the poor man to call at his house the next morning, and he would give him some employment.

The man went to work, cheerfully, the next day; but in the evening, after receiving his wages, as he passed the tavern on his way home, he was strongly tempted to go in and take a glass. His better judgment, however, prevailed, and he went resolutely homeward, where his wife had a nice warm supper for him; and being very tired with his day's work, he did not go out in the

evening, but staid at home with his wife and children, who were overjoyed at the happy change.

The next morning, he would not allow his children to sweep the crossings, and as they had no decent clothes to wear to school, they remained at home, and assisted their mother.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, the now happy wife broke to her husband the secret of the ring. He took it, and showed it to his employer, who offered to advertise it, and if no one came to claim it, advised the man to sell it for the benefit of his family. This was accordingly done; and after some considerable time, as the ring was not claimed, it was at length sold, and the whole family comfortably clothed with its proceeds.

The children now go to school, and as the man has religiously adhered to his pledge of abstaining from all that intoxicates, including the filthy weed—tobacco, the family are living in great comfort and happiness. J. S. B.

The Prompt Girl.

From a "A Gift for my Daughter," an unpublished work by the Author of the "Young Lady's Guide."

THE prompt girl rises with the lark in the morning. When the gray dawn steals in at her window, she springs from her bed, and in a very few minutes she is dressed, and prepared to make her appearance in the family, to assist her mother, if necessary; or, if not needed there, to go to her devotions and her study. She has done, perhaps, in fifteen or twenty minutes, what the dilatory girl would be an hour and a half doing, and done it equally well. She is *always in time.* Her promptness enables her to be punctual. She never keeps the table waiting for her, and never comes after the blessing She is never late at prayers; never late at school; and never late at church. And yet, she is never in a hurry. She redeems so much time by her promptness, that she has as much as she needs, to do every thing well and in time. She saves all the time that the dilatory girl spends in sauntering, in considering what to do next, in reading frivolous matters out of the proper time for reading, and in gazing idly at vacancy.

This good habit, our readers will perceive, must be of great advantage to the one who possesses it, as long as she lives. It is, however, within the reach of all. Only carry out the idea we have given of promptness *one day*, and then repeat it *every day*, and, in a little time, the habit is established.

Remarkable Echoes.

AT a villa, near Milan, there extend two parallel wings about fifty-eight paces distant from each other, and the surfaces of which are unbroken either by doors or windows. The sound of the human voice, or rather a word quickly pronounced, is repeated above forty times, and the report of a pistol from fifty to sixty times. In Woodstock, England, there is an echo which repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; and there is one in Sussex, which repeats twenty-one syllables.—*Selected.*

The Russian Peasant.

If you will take your map, reader—that is, if you are acquainted with geography somewhat, and most likely you are—if you will take your map of Europe, and run your eye along the shores of the Baltic Sea, you will notice a place called Revel. It is in a small peninsula, formed by the gulfs of Riga and Finland. The country in this peninsula belongs to Russia, and is called Esthonia. The engraving represents a peasant of this country. His portrait was taken by a gentleman who made a tour through Russia a few years since, and from it the engraving was copied.

The peasantry of this country are rather rude, as you are aware; but they are generally quite industrious, and that is a good deal to be said in favor of any people. The picture shows you a fine-looking farmer, holding his scythe in his hand. Doubtless he intends, with this scythe, to mow

some acres of Russian grass, if he can find any high enough to mow in that cold latitude.

A great many of the poorer classes subsist by fishing. The fishermen, however, are described as being very immoral, and remarkable, particularly, for their dishonesty.

The superstitions of the country people are odd enough. When the cuckoo is heard before breakfast, for the first time in the spring, it is a bad omen,—a sign of poverty or famine during the rest of the year. Many take care, in the early spring, to breakfast before they go into the fields, so as to avoid the influence of the bad omen. If a hare or fox crosses the road, where one is traveling, it is a sure sign that some disaster is about to happen; but if a wolf crosses, it is a sign of good fortune. If a woman be the first person that a hunter meets on leaving his cottage, it is an ill omen, and he must go back and start again, if he expects to have any success.

We wonder if that sign of good or evil, according as the new moon is seen over the right or left shoulder, did not come from these very wise northern people. It is quite worthy of such an origin, we are sure.

The inhabitants do much of their own spinning and weaving at home. The peasants, or poorer classes, do the work with their own hands; though the nobles, or more wealthy inhabitants, generally hire persons to perform the labor in their families.

There are many girls in the country who make spinning their principal business. They go about from house to house to spin. The gentleman whom we have before mentioned, tells us that he visited one rich family there, and went into their kitchen, where he saw fifteen peasant girls engaged in spinning. We think the kitchen must have been larger than some of ours are in New York. Moreover, we guess the ladies of Russia are a little better pleased to see gentlemen in their kitchens, than some of the good ladies of our country. If such is not the case, we wonder how the gentleman escaped without paying pretty dearly for gratifying his curiosity. Possibly he did not escape, however. He does not tell us in his book, whether he did or not. At any rate, he was allowed to remain in this magazine of all work, long enough to take a pretty minute survey of what was going on.

Our own countrywomen used to spin, some years ago. But the spinning-wheel has been exchanged for very different articles of furniture. Spinning-wheels, indeed, are objects of curiosity in these days. We would give about as much to see a lady spinning flax, in the old-fashioned way, with both hands and both feet at work, every now and then dexterously dipping her fingers in the miniature shell, the growth of a plant in her own garden, and moistening the thread withal,—we would give almost as much for such a sight, as we would to see all the curiosities, living and dead, organic and inorganic, in Barnum's museum.

Our modern misses can tell us more about the piano forte, and the guitar, than they can about the spinning-wheel and the loom. We do not say it in a grumbling spirit, though; we are only comparing the present with the past—that's all.

The Russian Lady.

THERE is a very great difference between the rich and poor in Russia. There is some—too much, perhaps—in this country; but there is a great deal more in all countries which are governed by a monarchy. In Russia, the peasantry are the slaves of the nobility. Here is a picture of a Russian lady, who belongs to a class, in their own estimation, a great deal higher than the poor spinning-girl. This lady is also one of the inhabitants of that part of Russia which lies on the Baltic Sea, and her portrait, all covered with ornaments, as you see her, was taken by the same man to whom we are indebted for the drawing of the peasant. There are some good qualities about the Russian ladies, however. They are generally acquainted with the minute details of housekeeping, and do not consider it disgraceful to labor. In this matter, might not some of our mothers and sisters derive a valuable

hint from the Russian ladies? But the little girls who read the Cabinet, will, we trust, never need such instruction from abroad. They are taught by their parents, we presume, that there is more dignity than disgrace attending labor. Strange that any body, especially in democratic America, should have adopted a different opinion.

A Touching Scene.

A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court. And at the same instant, a little boy with a lively countenance, started forth from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," continued the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, I will become an artisan, and, when I know a good trade, I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brush maker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night, I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself, come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better. I soon found a good place, where I am lodged, fed, and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have, also, found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needle-work. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to morrow." Then turning to the magis trate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He then threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept warm tears of affection.

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

WITHIN the past year, the Youth's Cabinet has found its way into thousands of families where it was before a stranger. It has extended the sphere of its monthly visits very widely in every section of the Union. Now, our young friends and their parents, if they would take a moment or two for the task, might contribute some of the choicest articles which any periodical could boast, and which would be read with the greatest delight by most or all of our patrons. We wish to tell such as are really interested in the success of our enterprise, how they may send us articles which shall cost them very little, and which will at the same time be worth a great deal to us and our subscribers. It is by simply sketching life as it is in the district of country where the writer resides. So widely are our patrons now scattered, that if a few in New England, at the West, in the Middle and Southern States, would furnish each some picture of what is going on around him, we should be able to make our magazine much richer than it is.

Tell us, young friends, what you see and hear. What is there peculiar in your section of the country? Let us know what it is, and what sort of a daguerreotype impression it makes upon your own mind. Do not give us long essays. For our use, they are tough as leather, and heavy as lead. Our young readers cannot digest them. They would all have a sort of dyspepsia, if they should attempt it. Dry essays about every thing in general, and nothing in particular, all go into the dark pigeon-hole. Give us none of these, friend author,—as you love us, give us none of these. Let us have something written in an easy vein, very much as you would talk. Give us your own rambling thoughts about matters and things with which you are familiar, and every body else is not.

The poetry attached to the music on the last page, was published in the first volume of the CABINET. But we think we scarcely need an apology for introducing it again to our readers, with this very appropriate musical accompaniment. For the latter, we are indebted to the politeness of the publishers of the Vocalist, an excellent collection of songs, by Lowell Mason and George James Webb, of which we have before spoken in commendation.

Speaking of music, Mr. Bradbury, of this city, the gentleman who has been so successful in teaching the young to sing, and who has entertained the readers of the Cabinet with his songs more than once, has just given a very novel and attractive juvenile concert at the Tabernacle. It was a kind of oratorio, called Flora's Festival. It was a charming affair. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? There were not less than five or six hundred young warblers in the choir, and their voices were in excellent tune. Mr. Bradbury's concerts are always crowded to over-

flowing. But this was, if possible, more popular than any we have ever attended.

Among the letters we receive from our subscribers, is occasionally one informing us that he is obliged to stop the Cabinet. Sometimes, where the subscriber details his straitened pecuniary circumstances, and tells us how much he wants the magazine for a favorite son or daughter, who hardly knows how to do without it, there has been a pretty sharp contest in our mind between our feelings and our judgment; and in some instances that we recollect, the former have conquered, and we have begged the publisher to send the Cabinet gratuitously, even, rather than deprive one of it who took so much pleasure in reading it. Those children whose parents are wealthy, and who never feel the restraints of poverty, little know the worth of some of the blessings they enjoy.

"The good we never miss, we rarely prize."

Perhaps the Youth's Cabinet would seem more valuable to them, if they knew something of the sacrifices that many make to obtain it. Here is an extract from a letter received a day or two since, which gives a picture drawn by the hand of poverty, and which we hope will have the effect of exciting in the breasts of our young readers a spirit of gratitude to the Giver of all their blessings. The letter is from a father residing in New England. He says:

"It is with remorse that I take my pen to write to you respecting my circumstances at this time. When I first subscribed for the Cabinet, I was in good business; but since then I have failed, and am reduced to poverty. I neglected to pay for the Cabinet because I could not pay for it, and kept hoping to be able. My little Lucy Elmira would say, 'Father, do take it longer; I can't do without it; I guess you can pay for it by and by.' This tempted me to let it come. I thought I should be able to pay this fall. I seemed to be more prosperous. But my poor wife was recently taken sick and died, leaving me with a babe one year old. Still my daughter cannot bear to lose her Cabinet; but I cannot pay for it now, though I hope that I shall be able by and by. I hope you will forgive me my folly, and the wrong that I have done you. Mrs. L. said she should have got out of patience before now, if she were in the publisher's place. I have thought the same, and have thought you were very patient. You have my thanks for it, and if it is ever in my power I will pay you. I don't intend to cheat you; if I live, you shall have every dollar. I have written, and spelled very badly—for my mind is somewhat bewildered. If you would write to me what you would do about it, it would relieve my mind some. O that I could pay for it, and have it continued, for it has improved the minds of my daughters, and they love it dearly.

"I subscribe myself a well-wisher to the Cabinet, and may you have better paymasters than I have been, or I am afraid you will starve. S. W."

The writer of this letter is informed, that the publisher will send the Cabinet

to his daughter another year. She may, if she pleases, consider it in the light of a new year's present.

Here is a portion of another letter, properly belonging in the same department, though written in a strain not quite so melancholy. The writer is a boy, we think, about twelve years of age. He lives in this State; but he is a true Yankee, and with the aid of a good jack-knife, we will guarantee that he will whittle his way through the world.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR:—Inclosed are two dollars, which I owe you for the Cabinet. And now, sir, I owe an apology for being so much behind in my payments, and I hope you will forgive me when you hear my story. My father is a poor man, and cannot spare the money. I told him, if he would let me take the Cabinet, I would try to pay for it myself. So he consented; and I went to work at catching muskrats to raise the money for you. I had to pay the cash for my traps, and the muskrats are not worth more than six or eight cents apiece; but I have stuck to it, and have made out the money for you. Now, Mr. Editor, it is all the money I have got, and you will have to stop the magazine, unless you are willing to try me one year more. I believe I can send you the dollar within the year. I can, at any rate, if fur does pretty well. I will leave it altogether to you. If you send the work, I will pay for it at some rate, if I live. I am going to school to our minister this winter, and I suppose I shan't have much time to read; but I have two lovely sisters, and I should be very glad if they could have a chance to read the Cabinet this winter.

"So good bye, Mr. Editor. I hope no one has been so backward in paying you, as I have. H. B. B."

Success to such enterprise and perseverance, as are exhibited in this lad's character. But the poor muskrats, though! We pity them. It seems that the lives of about a dozen of these fellows must be sacrificed to pay for one year's subscription. If they could speak to this young Nimrod, they would tell him the fable of the frogs, and the boys, who pelted them with stones. No doubt of it. They would say, "Sir, you do not consider that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us." We wonder if muskrats are mischievous. We hope so, almost. Do they die peaceably, like an innocent rabbit, or do they fight it out? We should very much like to know, inasmuch as it has become morally certain, that one of them must die every month for our benefit. Master H——, enlighten us on this point. Give us a chapter in relation to the character of this same muskrat family. Your acquaintance with them will doubtless enable you to furnish a graphic sketch of their manner of life!

Here is an extract from the letter of a young subscriber in Vermont. It does us good to receive such letters. It makes us feel that our labors are appreciated, and awakens the hope that we are in a measure successful in our anxious endeavors to please and interest the rising generation:—

"My brother and myself were read-

ers of the Youth's Cabinet the first year. I considered it a source of amusement and improvement to our minds. We had concluded, however, to give that up, and take the Columbian Magazine; but when the first number came with its bright little title-page, I could but hail it as a long cherished friend. We have concluded, therefore, to take both. The only objection, Mr. Editor, is, that it comes no oftener. As the most convincing, and I presume satisfactory proof of my attachment to that book of gems, I inclose one dollar for it the present year.

"Yours, with much respect,

"ELLEN L. B."

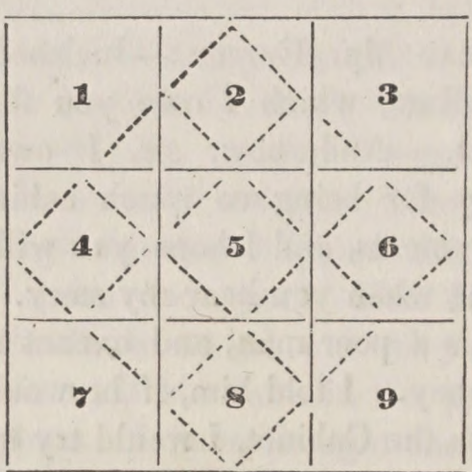
The puzzle in our last number was solved by three of our readers. The first who sent us an answer, was Master B. T. Eastman. A correspondent, however, from the eastern shore of Long Island, has not only given a solution of this puzzle, but furnished a general clue for finding out all such puzzles. So stand back, young masters and misses, and make room for the humorous Long Islander, who seems to be one of the Magi. Please to make room for him, with his diagrams and his puns, his diagonals and his magical lore. Here is his letter in full.

Has "The Man with the Magnet" turned magician? was the inquiry suggested by the sight of a magic square in the last number of the Cabinet, page 60. True, he calls it a puzzle—but it is magic for all that—all magic is a puzzle, though all puzzles are not magic. Now Mr. Magnet, as science is the best antagonist of magic, allow me to give M. Bachet's rule for solving all such cases.

Squares are magic when the numbers placed in them amount to the same sum if added "in eight different ways." These numbers are either the squares of odd numbers or of even ones.

If it be the former, for example, 9, 25, 49, 81, etc., proceed as follows.

1. Draw a square, and divide it into as many cells as there are separate numbers, and in these place the numbers in their natural order—thus, in the case you propose the square of three:—



2. Insert another square in this by bisecting each of the boundary lines. Divide this inner square into cells as before.

The dotted square has now four cells blank; the full ones stand thus:—

4 2

5

8 6

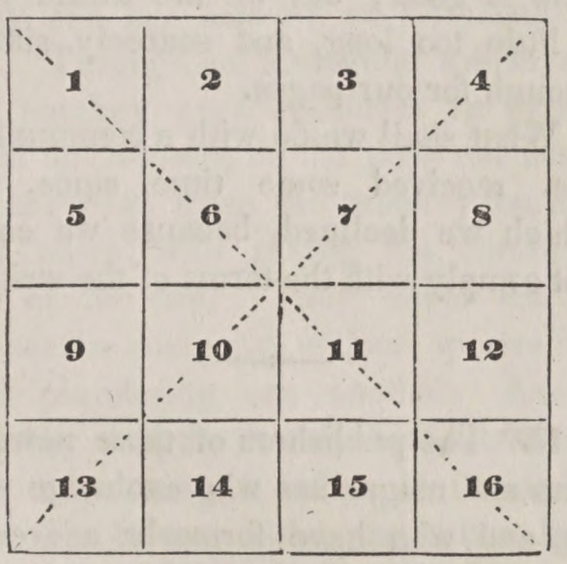
To fill these blanks, consider 5 as the centre of the square; then let the figure above it and that below it change places with each other, and the one to the right

and that to the left of it do likewise, and the result is gained.

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

In this way, some of your readers may arrange the numbers from 1 to 25, or the square of 5, so as to make 65 if added together, in eight different ways.

If the number be even, or the square of an even number—draw and divide a square as before, and insert the numbers. For example, you wish to construct a magic square of 4. Then draw two diagonal lines, thus:



The figures crossed by these lines are the diagonals of the magic square. For example:

1		4
	6	7
	10	11
13		16

To fill up the blanks, begin at 16, and insert the numbers not already down in reverse order, and the square is complete, and will be—

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

and these added together in eight different ways will make 34. Try it boys, and see.

This subject of magic squares and circles, is a very curious one, and was studied not a little by men, whose trifles tax our deepest thoughts. The reader may find this among other curious things in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, under the article "Science."

It may be, Mr. Magnet, that you will not deem this worth inserting. Well, if you do not, just use it to light your pipe. I forget—you are no smoker. Well, then, the pipe through which you blow your next blast against tobacco. N. T. H.

We have received from one of our young subscribers, a beautiful present of a book mark, bearing the very appropriate motto, "Feed my lambs," in connection with a suitable device. We shall endeavor to show that we appreciate this token of kind regard, in obeying the injunction which will now so often meet our eye.

☞ With the April number, subscribers who are indebted for the present year, as well as those who are delinquent for past subscriptions, will receive their bills. It is to be hoped that all will save the publisher future trouble, by sending the amount in a letter to the publication office. The publisher considers all monies addressed to him for subscriptions, through the mail, *at his own risk.* Those who send the amount due previous to the first of April, will receive a receipt in our next number.

☞ Persons who now wish to discontinue the Cabinet from the commencement of the present volume, and who neglected to signify such wish at that time, are notified that payment will be expected of them for the three numbers already received. We intend turning over a new leaf in this matter. We think we have discovered an excellent remedy for this carelessness among subscribers.

We are obliged to decline numerous propositions to exchange from very respectable sources. We hope this will in no case be interpreted either as a mark of disrespect, or as an indication that we place a higher value upon our magazine, than upon the periodical refused in exchange. The truth is, we are overburdened with exchanges; and as we extract very little, almost nothing, from the columns of the periodical press, we cannot extend our list, unless in peculiar cases, without detriment to our own interest.

A few months since, we expressed a wish, in one of our editorial conversations with our readers, that we might have some description of life upon the the prairies of the west, from some one of our patrons in that interesting part of the country. A correspondent residing in Iowa, has responded to the invitation, and will tell his story in a future number of the Cabinet. He came too late for this month. We are much pleased with the article. It will be interesting to every body.

Several articles are accepted, and on file for future publication.

We hardly know what to say about "The Philosopher's Scales." The article is good; but we are afraid it is a little too long, and scarcely simple enough for our pages.

What shall we do with a communication received some time since, but which we declined, because we could not comply with the terms of the writer?

☞ The publishers of those newspapers and magazines who exchange with us, and who have formerly addressed the "Sabbath School Monitor," will oblige us by discontinuing this address, and directing in future to the YOUTH'S CABINET.

The article headed, "The Young Street Sweepers," was written by one of our subscribers only ten years of age. With the exception of a very few verbal alterations, the article is his own entirely.

Anecdotes About Monkeys.

An impertinent curiosity runs through all the actions of the whole monkey tribe. They can never let things alone, but must know what is going forward. If a pot or kettle is set on the fire, and the cook turns her back, the monkey whips off the cover to see what she has put in it, even though he cannot get at it without setting his feet upon the hot bars of the grate.

No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his food with a snatch, and then grins in the face of the person who gives it to him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes all men will snatch what they can lay hold of, as all monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness no monkey ever considers an individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost, when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They never eat together in company, without quarreling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If any thing he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces upon the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink, he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers, and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo, he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this work he will do in a few minutes when he gets loose.

When the wild monkeys have escaped to the tops of trees, the people below who want to catch them, show them the use of gloves, by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly, and when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint, they leave plenty of gloves on the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot take them off again; and when surprised, betaking themselves to the trees as usual, they slide backward, and are taken.

A well known nobleman once had a wild horse whom nobody could ride. "I know not what your lordship can do with him," said one; "but set the monkey upon his back." So they put a pad to the horse, and set the monkey upon it with a switch in his hand, which he used upon the horse, and set him into a furious kicking and galloping; but Pug kept his seat, and exercised his switch. The horse lay down upon the ground; but, when he threw himself on one side, the monkey was on the other. He ran into a wood with him to brush him off; but if a tree or a bush occured on one side, the monkey slipped to the other side, till at last the horse was so sickened, and fatigued, and broken-spirited, that he ran home to the stable for protection. When the monkey was removed, a boy mounted the horse, who managed him with ease, and he never gave any trouble after it. The monkey had subdued the high-spirited fellow, so that he was perfectly tame.—*Selected.*

The Hero.

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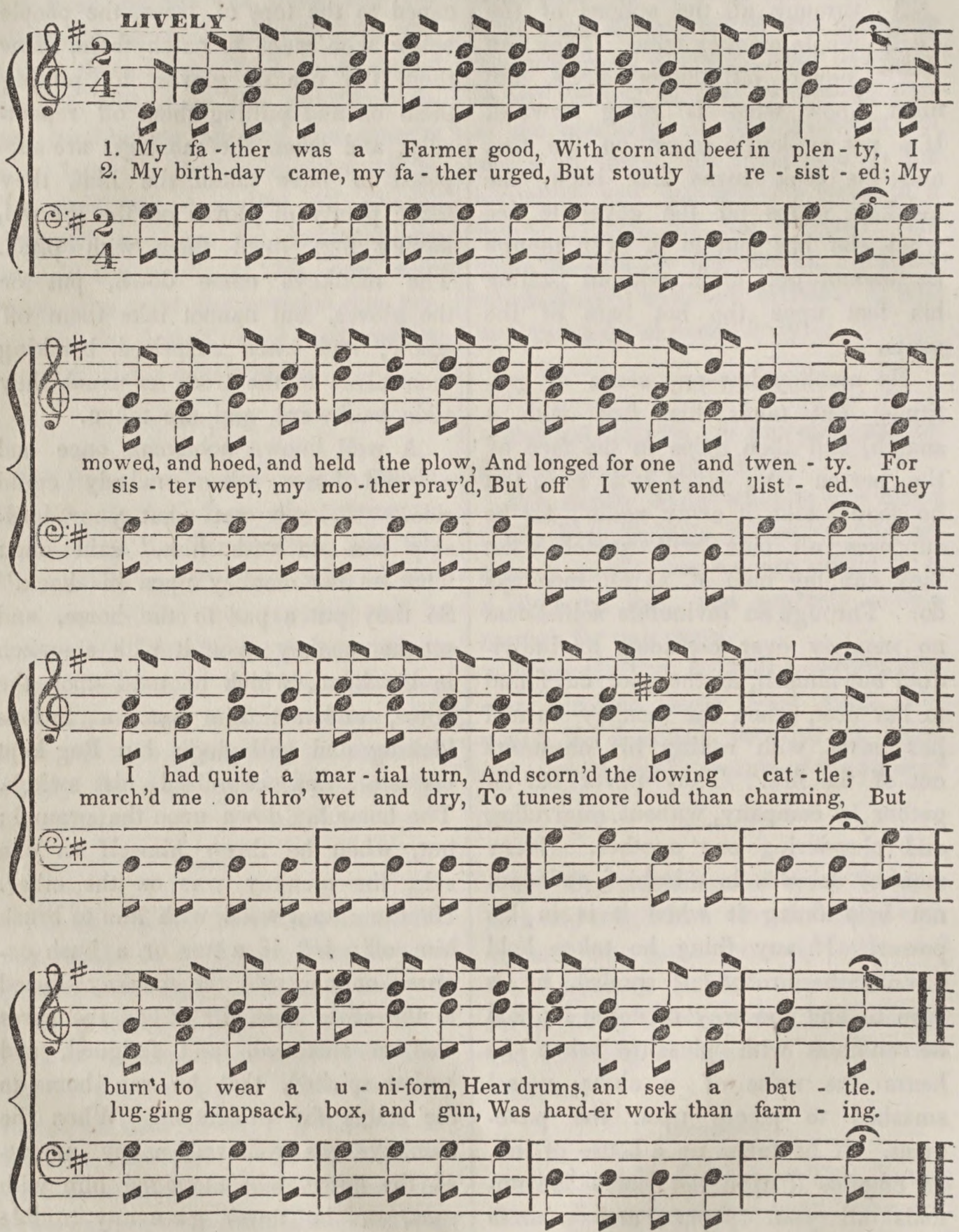


3. We met the foe—the cannons roared—
The crimson tide was flowing—
The frightful death-groans filled my ears—
I wished that I was mowing.

I lost my leg—the foe came on—
They had me in their clutches—
I starved in prison till the peace,
Then hobbled home on crutches.

April Showers and May Flowers.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

Now that the snow-banks have melted away, and the warm rain-drops glitter on the green blades of grass—now that winter has loosened his chains again, so that the earth can bear the beautiful flowers upon her bosom, suppose we talk a little about the flowers. What do you say, boys and girls? Are you all agreed? Where shall we begin? I have a good mind to begin just where nature does, and so follow her along through the summer.

You have learned, long ago, that Theodore is a great admirer of nature. You know, too, that he is especially fond of flowers, and that he is never so happy as when he has a group of little folks about him, in the meadow, talking about the pretty faces that are blushing in the green grass. But Theodore is not a man of one idea, exactly. He does not ask his young friends to talk about botany all the time, as if that was all there was in the world worth talking about. Still, as spring and summer advance, I have a mind to devote a chapter to that subject once in a while, if you please.

As long ago as I can remember, almost, I used to hear people repeat this couplet:—

"April showers
Bring May flowers,"

and I supposed, either from this truism, or for some other reason, that there was a sort of embargo laid on flowers, so that none of them, in our latitude dare bloom till the month of May set in. But this is a mistake. Some of them—and very many pretty ones, too—unfold their delicate petals in the month of of April, and are kissed by these same April showers. One of them has a leaf something like this.

If you should find, during this month, in the latitude of Massachusetts, a part of New York, Ohio, and Michigan, a little flower, so modest that its head is scarcely raised above the ground, with two or three such leaves as this, you may be sure it is the *Hepatica*, or Liverleaf. Those of our friends who live in the Southern States—and we do not forget that there are many such—will not find the flower so late as this, perhaps; and it may be they will not find it at all. The Liverleaf is a tenant of the woods, and loves to dwell there better that any where else. A few years ago, I transplanted a family of these interesting sisters to the garden. I brought some of their native earth with them, and gave them a home amid the green grass, as they were wont to

bloom in the forest. I gave them, too, for their comfort, some of the withered leaves of the oak and the chesnut, for a pillow. They bloomed early that spring, as sweetly almost, not quite, as they did in their native bed. The next spring they came up again, and again they cheered us with their smiles; but there was a sadness in their countenance which told plainly of a decline. They were more pale than their sisters of the woods. Their heads drooped more languidly, and they were very frail. They had not strength enough to resist the wind and the rain. They seemed homesick. The next spring came; but the poor immigrants felt not its warm breath, nor heeded its tears. They never bloomed again. They were dead. The earth nourished them on her bosom awhile; then it became their grave.

It would seem that there is a kind of sympathy between each wild flower, and the objects familiar to them in their native home; and that this sympathy is so strong, that when they are separated they droop and die. But perhaps there is more poetry than truth in the idea. No matter if there is. Children, accustomed to think, will find a good moral here, at any rate, and with this I shall close my chapter, pretty well aware that I have done nothing more than to erect a large portico for a small building. In this thing, however, I have only imitated the example of that very sensible Dutchman, and discreet architect, the great-grandfather of Knickerbocker, by his mother's side, who is reputed to have spent some considerable time in arranging his plans before he laid his corner-stone.

Traveling in Labrador.

Our readers have all heard, no doubt, that on the northern coast of Labrador, as well as in some other countries, the people are drawn by dogs, on a kind of vehicle, somewhat like a sleigh, called a sledge. But we must tell them a story about an adventure by some missionaries in Labrador, which happened some years ago, when they were traveling in this manner across an arm of the sea. The story is related in an English work on the history of missions, though we shall not tell it precisely in the author's words.

These missionaries were Moravians. You know how much self-denial these people have shown in teaching the poor ignorant savages, in different parts of the world. Well, some of the Moravians had found their way into the cold climate of northern Labrador, and were engaged there in their pious labors. One day they had occasion to cross an arm of the sea, several miles in width, on the ice. They harnessed their dogs, and set out. They had not proceeded more than half way, before they perceived signs of what is called a *ground swell* in the ice. On lying down, and placing the ear close to the ice, they heard a hollow grating noise coming from underneath. By and by the wind rose to a storm, and the swell increased so much, that its effects were greatly alarming. The sledges did not glide smoothly along, as before. The surface presented the appearance of hills and valleys. Noises were heard, from the bursting of ice at a distance, like the report of cannon.

The travelers were alarmed, and proceeded with all possible speed toward the shore. As they approached it, the prospect was tremendous. The ice, having burst loose from the rocks, was tossed about, and broken in a thousand pieces against the precipices. The sea roared; the snow drove against them with fury, and they could scarcely see where to go. It was with the greatest difficulty that the dogs could be driven forward, they were so frightened. The whole body of the ice frequently sank below the summits of the rocks, and then rose above them. The only time for landing was the moment when the ice gained the level of the coast; so that the attempt to land was exceedingly difficult and hazardous.

The sledges, however, succeeded in reaching the shore. Scarcely had they landed, when that part of the ice from which they had just escaped burst asunder, and the water, rushing up from beneath, forced it into the ocean. In a moment, as if by a signal, the whole mass of ice, for several miles along the coast, as far as the eye could reach, began to give way to the waves. The scene is described as awfully grand. The immense fields of ice, rising out of the ocean, dashing against each other, and then plunging into the deep with a terrible violence, and a noise like the discharge of a thousand cannon, was a scene which overwhelmed the missionaries with emotions of sublimity and awe.

"He who gives a listening ear to reproach, is one of those who deserve reproach."

The Sister's Grave.

"Why doth my mother weep
For sister's quiet sleep?
She dreams, perhaps, of me—
You told me on the day
That she was borne away,
In heaven you hoped I might my sister see."

"Nay, child, this is her grave;
You now no sister have—
Our dearest Sarah Ann is dead.
Sweet babe! she'll smile no more;
Her grave we weep before,
Where damp, cold earth, now pillows up her head."

"But, mother, she will come,
And dwell with us at home,
And I shall give her kindly care,
And she will smile on me."
"Nay, heaven her home must be."
"But, mother, will not all be happy there?"

S.

Try.

THERE was once upon a time a good little dwarf named Try, who was so powerful that he overcame almost every thing he attempted; and yet he was so small and ill-favored, that people laughed when they were told of his wondrous powers. But the tiny man was so kind at heart, and loved so much to serve his unfortunate and desponding brethren, that he would go and beg of those who knew him better, to intercede for him, so that he might be allowed to help them out of their troubles; and when he had made them happy, they no longer despised him, but loved him as their truest friend. Yet the only return this good dwarf sought for all this, was, that when they heard of any one who wanted a helping hand, they would say a good word in his favor, and recommend them to—TRY.—*The Good Genius.*

Fairy Land.

THE idea of fairies is as old as the memory of man. They have been pictured by the imagination as the impersonations of beauty in life, divested of the cares and sorrows of all human experience. Endowed with etherial spirits, they have been looked upon as the good geniuses of fortune's favorites, from whose presence witches and demons fled away nor left a cloud to mar the glorious light of joy.

The notion of these aërial impersonations is a pleasant and sublime fiction. Nor is it all fiction; for much in real life seems light reflected from a fairy land. The sunny scenes which smiled around our childhood's home, are memory's dreams of fairy charms in life.

Here is a picture of a fairy dance.

THE DANCE OF THE FAIRIES.

Twilight has deepened into evening's gloom, and the stars but feebly shine, till the moon looks forth above the distant hills, and sheds a brilliancy on all the landscape. Then come these phantoms, as if breathing song, and dance as to the silent music of admiring nature—spirits of air, who never tire through the live-long night, but dance and smile, as if the harmony of earth and air and sky were joined to greet them from their spirit world.

But we have really seen, even in childhood's days, the same dull evening sky, rekindled by the same silver moon, while charms so strange and novel crept over the landscape, that our evening sports seemed as the dreams from which we wake to ask if ever such will cross our path again.

But all these phantoms of real life, or dreams, or fables, are fading vanities, alluring to deceive, until they pass away, and leave the heart to utter desolation. The soul might wander back a thousand years, and treasure all the lights from fairy land, and famish still in anguish worse than death. A phantom world of intellect and imagery must yield the heart to the real interests of earth and heaven. Our only fairy land should be the Zion of the Lord, or the new Jerusalem which John saw fall from heaven; our landscapes only on the banks of the pure river of life, flowing from the throne of God, where grows the tree whose leaves can heal the nations. It is well that heaven is not a fairy land, but real as the earth we tread on, and that which will endure when earth and suns shall be no more.

J. M. S.

Exaggerated Expressions.

Some time ago, a correspondent, whom I would not willingly neglect, requested me to pen a few plain remarks on the common evil of giving utterance to inflated expressions and remarks in common conversation.

It is a somewhat ungrateful task to tell those who would shrink from the imputation of a falsehood that they are in the daily habit of uttering untruths; and yet, if I proceed, no other course than this can be taken by me. It is of no use to adopt half measures; plain speaking saves a deal of trouble.

I love the man who steps along on his toes, that he may not tread on the toes or the heels of his neighbors. Some are remarkable for this habitual tenderness to their fellow-creatures, and it does my heart good to see it; but in a case where trifling is losing time, and decision is rarely necessary, we must run the risk of giving offence if we would really do good.

My correspondent says that I make capital "caps;" and that if all those who need them would wear them, my hints would be very profitable. I am, however, sadly afraid that most of the caps I make would fit my own head quite as well as they would fit the heads of my neighbors. But to my task.

The examples about to be given by me of exaggerated expressions, are only a few of the many that are constantly in use. Whether you can acquit yourselves of the charge of occasionally using them, I cannot tell; but I dare not affirm for myself that I am altogether guiltless.

"I was caught in the wet last night; the rain came down in torrents." Most of us have been out in heavy rains; but a torrent of water pouring down from the skies would a little surprise us, after all.

"I am wet to the skin, and have not a dry thread upon me." Where these expressions are once used correctly, they are used twenty times in opposition to the truth.

"I tried to overtake him, but in vain; for he ran like lightning." The celebrated race-horse Eclipse is said to have run a mile in a minute, but poor Eclipse is left sadly behind by this expression.

"He kept me standing out in the

cold so long, I thought I should have waited forever." There is not a particle of probability that such a thought could have been for one moment entertained.

"As I came across the common, the wind was as keen as a razor." This is certainly a very keen remark, but the worst of it is that its keenness far exceeds its correctness.

"I went to the meeting, but had hard work to get in; for the place was crowded to suffocation." In this case, in justice to the veracity of the relator, it is necessary to suppose that successful means had been used for his recovery.

"When I mentioned it to her, she turned as pale as a sheet." I am skeptical enough to believe that had an actual comparison taken place, it would have been found otherwise.

"I have been sadly troubled with head-ache; I thought I should have died, I was so ill." If they who use this expression on every light occasion, did really reflect on death as frequently as they represent themselves to do so, it might be attended with the most salutary consequences.

"You would hardly know her again, she is as thin as a thread-paper." Either the thread-paper must have been of an unusual size, or she must have been very thin indeed.

"We came along the lane, a horrid road, up to our knees in mud." Some people a little more diffident, satisfy themselves with saying, "It was over my shoe-tops in mud." All I can say is, that if either the one statement or the other be correct, it is high time the road should be mended.

"He is a shrewd fellow! as deep as a draw-well." There is an old adage that truth lies at the bottom of a well: I am afraid that it is not at the bottom of this draw-well.

"We stood there for an hour; my feet were as cold as ice." If the feet were once as cold as ice, there would be very little heat left in the head or the heart.

"Oh, nothing will hurt him; he is as strong as a horse." Some go even farther than this, and say, "as strong as an elephant;" but both expressions are too strong to be consistent with fact.

"It must have been a fine sight; I would have given the world to have seen it." Fond as most of us are of sight-seeing, this would be buying pleasure at a dear price indeed; but it is an easy thing to proffer to part with that which we do not possess.

"It made me quite low-spirited; my heart felt as heavy as lead." We most of us know what a heavy heart is; but lead is by no means the most correct metaphor to use in speaking of a heavy heart.

"I could hardly find my way; for the night was as dark as pitch." I am afraid we have all in our turn calumniated the sky in this manner; pitch is many shades darker than the darkest night we have ever known.

"He ran till his face burnt like a fire-coal." Ay, and if every one blushed in the same proportion in which he departed from truth, he who uses this form of speech would have a face ruefully red, though not exactly burning like a fire-coal.

"I have told him of that fault fifty times over." Five times would, in all

probability, be much nearer the fact than fifty.

"I never closed my eyes all night long." If this be true, you acted unwisely; for had you closed your eyes, you might, perhaps, have fallen asleep, and enjoyed the blessing of refreshing slumber; if it be not true, you act more unwisely still, by stating that as a fact which is altogether untrue.

"He was in such a passion, that he foamed at the mouth like a mad dog." Rather mad language this; but many a man in his descriptions acts like a bad painter, who, almost always, has too much color in his brush.

"He is as tall as a church spire." I have met with some tall fellows in my time, though the spire of a church is somewhat taller than the tallest of them.

"You may buy a fish at the market as big as a jackass, for five shillings." I certainly have my doubts about this matter; but if it be really true, the market people must be jackasses indeed to sell such large fishes for so little money.

"He was so fat he could hardly come in at the door." Most likely the difficulty here alluded to was never felt by any one but the relater; supposing it to be otherwise, the man must have been very broad, or the door very narrow.

"You don't say so!—why it was enough to kill him!" The fact that it did not kill him is a sufficient reply to this unfounded observation; but no remark can be too absurd for an unbridled tongue.

Thus might I run on for an hour, and, after all, leave much unsaid on the subject of exaggerated expressions. We are hearing continually the comcomparisons, "black as soot, white as snow, hot as fire, cold as ice, sharp as a needle, dull as a door-nail, light as a feather, heavy as lead, stiff as a poker, and crooked as a crab-tree," in cases where such expressions are quite out of order.

The practice of expressing ourselves in this inflated and thoughtless way is more mischievous than we are aware of. It certainly leads us to sacrifice truth; to misrepresent what we mean faithfully to describe; to whiten our own characters, and sometimes to blacken the reputation of a neighbor. There is an uprightness in speech as well as in action, that we ought to strive hard to attain. The purity of truth is sullied, and the standard of integrity is lowered, by incorrect observations. Let us reflect upon this matter freely and faithfully. Let us love truth, follow truth, and practice truth in our thoughts, our words, and our deeds.—*Pithy Papers by Old Humphrey.*

Philosophical.

In reference to the almost universal custom among all classes, of showing respect to those who are genteely dressed, a poor man once remarked, "When a stranger treats me with want of respect, I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

The Family at Prayer.

BY REV. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

THE hour is come—the sacred hour of prayer,
And humbly round that cherished altar now,
A happy family converse with Heaven.
'Tis no unwelcome task. This holy hour
These worshipers e'er hail with fond delight.
That precious volume, they have learned to prize
Above all other books, lies open there,
And from the page reflecting heavenly light,
The godly father now devoutly reads.
Sweet are the oracles of sacred truth,
To him who loves the audience hall of God.
Now from this Bethel swells the song of praise,
And in that hallowed melody, each voice
Accordant blends.
The music ceases now,
And low before the mercy-seat they kneel,
And upward raise their hearts in fervent prayer.
The warm emotions of the father's heart,
From its deep founts, burst forth, as he commends
His cherished offspring to the sinner's Friend,
And for his household intercedes with heaven.
His bosom glows with pure devotion's flame—
A flame enkindled by a Savior's love.
He lifts the veil that hides eternal things;
He sees a Mediator on his throne—
Jesus! the name is precious to his soul,
And all his hopes around the Cross entwine.
The hand of that disciple grasps a key,
By heaven bestowed, a key that shall unlock
The treasure-house of God.
Lives there a man
Who cannot love this consecrated place—
The altar where a godly household meet?
Thence is sweet incense wafted to the skies;
On it, secure, a ladder rests, whose top
Reaches the shining battlement of heaven;
There, with Jehovah's choicest gifts to men,
Angels to earth descend. A Power unseen
Illumines with his gracious smiles the place—
'Tis holy ground—a paradise below—
A green oasis in this wilderness—
The vestibule of heaven.

The Flower Pots.

BY REV. JOSEPH ALDEN, D. D.

WILLIAM, will you go to the store, and get me a couple of flower-pots?

"Yes ma'am," said William very cheerfully.

"I don't want them just now, but I shall before long."

"Well, ma'am, I will get them for you."

"I wish for two of the medium size. Say so to Mr. Janeway, and he will know what ones to let you have." This request was made by a widow, to William, who lived in the adjoining house. She had not lived there but a short time. She had got partially acquainted with William, and thought he was a very fine boy. He was so neat in his person, so polite and correct in his deportment, that she thought she should like him for a neighbor very much. "What a very obliging boy William is," said she to a neighbor who had called to see her.

"I don't know him, but I have heard a great deal of him as a good boy," replied the visitor. William was busy erecting a play-house for his sister. When Mrs. Walter saw that he had completed it, she stepped out and said

to him, "If you are at leisure now, I should like to have the flower-pots in a few minutes."

"Yes, ma'am, I am at leisure. I have sister's house all done; I'll get them for you in a few minutes. If you have time, I should like to have you step to the fence and see it."

Mrs. Walter stepped to the fence which separated her premises from those of William's father, and looked at the house which was built against the fence.

"What do you think of it, ma'am?"

"I think it is a very nice play-house indeed."

William was pleased to hear his work commended, as boys are wont to be. The fact that she gave him praise did not render him less disposed to oblige her in the matter of the flower-pots.

When she went into the house, he turned and went in also, and she supposed he was then going to get the articles she desired. She did not think it would be polite to remind him of it again. As soon as he got into the house, his sister asked him to make her a wooden knife.

"I have just finished your house, and that is about as much as I can afford to do for you in one half day; and besides I have to go right away to the store, and get something for Mrs. Walter."

So saying, he passed along, and was going out at the front door, when he found the newspaper, which had been left by the carrier, on the door-step. He took it up and opened it, and thought he would see what the news was. He thought he should have time enough to do so, and yet get the pots by the time Mrs. Walter would want them. True, she said she would want them in a few minutes, and a few minutes was not immediately. So he sat down on the door-step, and got interested in a pretty story contained in the paper, and forgot all about his promise to Mrs. Walter. She, in the mean time, had taken up her plants, and stood waiting for the pots to put them in, expecting he would come with them every moment. She waited, and waited, till her patience was weary, when she left her plants and went to the front door, to see if William was not coming. She saw him on the steps reading. Perhaps she felt a little vexed that he had so little regard to his promise, especially since it put her to so much inconvenience, for she had a great deal to do that day. She, however, said nothing to him, but went and placed her plants in the earth, and employed herself in something else.

When William had finished the story, he thought of his promise. "I guess I have been but a few moments reading it," said he to himself. He ran to the store and got the pots, and brought them to Mrs. Walter. He saw that she didn't look quite so pleasantly as she did in the morning. She thanked him with cold civility, and offered to pay him. He felt hurt at her manner, and at her offering to pay him. He said nothing, but thought it all over, and saw that he had been to blame, and rightly concluded that Mrs. Walter had seen him reading on the door-step.

After all, perhaps, some one will say, it was a small matter to make a fuss about. We might say so properly enough, if it was a single instance.

But the truth was, William was in the habit of acting just in that way. He was seldom ready to do a thing at once. He must put it off for a little while, and the consequence was, that he put off some things for a great while, and some things forever. While he had many amiable qualities, yet no one could have any confidence that what he promised to do could be done in time, and even done at all. In consequence, he had fewer friends and was far less respected than if he had not formed the evil habit of procrastination.—*Youth's Companion.*

Grammatical Lessons for Children.

Veni, vidi, vici—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

THESE remarkable words were employed by Julius Cæsar, the celebrated Roman general, in describing one of his brilliant victories. I have selected them here, in order to illustrate several important principles in language.

The whole is a compound sentence, made up of three simple sentences.

The first thing to be noticed, is the entire absence of any connective. The copulative conjunction is omitted, in order to give celerity to the actions described. It is the figure of rhetoric, called *asyndeton*, from Greek *asyndetos*, "unconnected." It is a fine example of this figure. For a similar example, compare Ex. xv. 9.

The next thing observable is the *alliteration*, which consists in beginning several connected words with the same sound. There is a disposition in most nations to be pleased with alliteration, as well as with rhyme. It is founded on the great law of attraction, assimilation, or elective affinity, which exerts so powerful an influence on the forms and combinations of language generally. This alliteration is lost of course in the translation.

Another thing to be observed is the *similarity of form* which these words present. Every word which is not compounded, and which denotes a conception, is made up of two parts—the *root* and the *form* of the word. If we employ mathematical language, and regard the word as a *function*, then the root here is an independent *variable*, and the form of the word is a *constant*.

The root of *vēni* is √*vĕn*, "coming."

The root of *vīdi* is √*vĭd*, "seeing," a root common to most of the Indo-European languages.

The root of *vīci* is √*vĭc*, "conquering."

The form of these several words consists (1) in lengthening the radical vowel; and (2) in adding the termination *i*; as—

√*vĕn*, *vēni*;
√*vĭd*, *vīdi*;
√*vĭc*, *vīci*.

Further, each of these verbs forms a simple sentence by itself; the subject of the sentence, or proposition, being involved or implied in the termination of the verb. No other part of speech alone can form a sentence, or proposition. This shows the superiority of the verb or predicate to the noun or subject in forming the proposition.

The force and beauty of Cæsar's words are greatly weakened in English, where the person has to be expressed separately, "I came, I saw, I conquered." J. W. G.

The Quarrelsome Children.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

Lucy and Robert, a brother and sister, used very often to quarrel. It was a very foolish and a very wicked habit. There was no necessity for it. The little disputes and contentions which occurred almost every day, might very easily have been avoided, if the children had only done as their mother instructed them to do. Mrs. Mason, their mother, was a pious woman. She loved God, and Christ, and the Bible; and it grieved her a good deal to see her children show so little forbearance toward each other.

Robert was the younger of the two children. I hardly know which was more in fault. Perhaps they were equally to blame. But however that may be, there was some jar between them nearly every day; and sometimes, when they did not go to school, several times in a day. They could hardly ever agree more than an hour or two at a time. Sometimes Lucy would accidentally knock down her brother's playhouse, very nicely built up with cobs or books. Then there would be a terrible tempest. Robert did not wait to ascertain whether his sister meant to do it or not; but he flew into a passion at once, and said some unkind words to Lucy. This, of course, drew some harsh words

from her in reply, and so they would answer back and forth, without stopping a moment to see if they could not settle the difficulty. The matter was all the time growing worse and worse. It is strange that they could not have seen this.

Sometimes Robert would tease his sister on purpose, and she would get angry. Once in a while, he would do something by accident which displeased her, and then there would be a pretty heavy sea of anger on both sides before they got through with the difficulty. There were a good many very boisterous times. It took a great while to bring about a calm in the angry waters, and when, at length, it became a little tranquil, it seemed as if it was because the elements were tired out and stopped to rest.

One day—it was in the winter; there was a furious snow-storm raging without, so that Mrs. Mason said the children need not go to school—one wintry day, little Lucy and her brother were just as busy as they could be in the parlor with their playthings. They had them all out. Lucy had her doll, her cradle, and her little china tea-cups and saucers, and I know not what beside. Robert had his earthen dog, his wagon, and his whip. It was a merry time in that parlor; and things went on pleasantly for a while.

By and by, however, Robert in running about the room with his whip, came in contact with the chair, on which Lucy had her doll in the cradle. The doll was fast asleep, of course, and it was a great pity to wake her. But the chair tumbled over, and over went both doll and cradle, the doll in one direction, and the cradle in another, as you see in the picture.

Now, Robert did not mean to do this. He was careless, to be sure; but he upset the chair by accident. Still Lucy did not stop to think how it was done. She ran after her brother, in a passion, and struck him a cruel blow on the head. Robert cried very loudly, of course.

This was the last time, however, that these children ever quarreled. Shall I tell you how they were cured of this bad trait of character? Their mother, Mrs. Mason, as I said before, was a good woman, and it grieved her very much to see her children so unkind to each other. She was sitting near the fire, sewing, when she saw Lucy strike her brother. She felt very sad indeed. She had often seen the two quarreling, but this was the first time she had seen either of them give the other a blow.

"Oh," said she, "my dear children, has it come to this?" and she burst into tears, and wept for some time.

The children stopped quarreling in a moment, when they saw their mother weeping. This was the first time they had ever seen her shed tears, and they could not help thinking that she wept on account of their bad behavior. They felt as if an arrow had pierced their hearts; and they ran to their mother, threw their arms around her neck, and said, "Dear mother, don't cry; we will never do so again."

The mother embraced them tenderly, and said, "My dearest children, I forgive you. I love you more than I can tell. You know I love you fondly. But I would rather see you both lying cold and pale in the coffin, than to have

you grow up with this spirit of anger and ill-will toward each other."

That quarrel about the playthings was the last. A good many times after that, there was a difference of opinion between them; but, whenever they felt that quarrelsome spirit rising in their breasts, they remembered their mother's tears, and that checked them instantly. So, after a while, they formed the habit of forbearing with each other, and they found it quite an easy thing to live without quarreling.

Little children, it may be that this story contains a thought or two, which it would be well for you to consider. What do you think about it? You can tell whether you ever quarrel with your brother or sister a great deal better than your friend Theodore can.

Life in Prairieland.

MR. EDITOR,—Some months since, the Man with the Magnet—the gentleman, I suppose, who appears so earnestly engaged in teaching that little group represented on the title-page of the Cabinet—expressed a wish in his table-talk, that some one of his readers, familiar with the western country, should contribute an article giving some description of the prairies. I have taken the hint, sir, and send you a few thoughts, under the caption which you suggested, of "Life in Prairieland," from the far-off country of Iowa.

It is generally supposed that the vast plains called prairies were once covered with timber, and that the constant encroachments of fire at last extinguished every vestige of its former grandeur. Ages after ages have undoubtedly passed, since the work of desolation was accomplished. Recent discoveries, however, establish the fact beyond the shadow of a doubt, that these beautiful plains were once inhabited by a race of people versed in the mechanical arts and science. Some iron wedges were lately found in a stone quarry, not far from where I live. They were some distance from the outside of the ledge, and nearly destroyed by rust; showing that thousands of years have passed since they were left in the quarry, by men employed in procuring stone for building purposes. A stone wall was also recently found about thirty miles from this place, about two feet below the surface, having the appearance of a foundation of a building, twenty feet square, with a partition-wall passing through the centre. Some parts of this wall were somewhat demolished, although the most of it was entire, having the appearance of mechanical order in every part of its construction. When and by whom these specimens of ancient mechanism were constructed, I will leave for others to conjecture.

The unsurpassed fertility of the soil has induced immigrants from the east and the south to settle these verdant plains, so that in a few years this prairieland will have the appearance of an old and highly cultivated country. The inducements held out to the farming part of community to settle here are many and very great.

The first thing to be done on arriving here, is to select a tract of rich prairie, situated near a grove of timber. The next is to erect a cabin. Then the settler is ready to commence farming

He now commences ploughing. The work is done with a large plough, the share of which lies nearly flat, turning a furrow of from eighteen to twenty-four inches in width, and two inches thick. This plough is drawn by four or five yoke of oxen. Upon land thus prepared, corn is frequently planted; and without any more trouble, except harvesting, makes excellent fodder, and frequently yields twenty or thirty bushels of good corn per acre.

No work can be more pleasant than ploughing in one of our prairie fields. Without a stump, stone, or any thing to intercept our course, we can strike a furrow half a mile in length; and away we go, with joyous heart, rolling over the black soil, expecting soon to see our labor richly repaid in the golden harvest of summer and autumn.

I must tell you something about sowing grain in these large fields. The greater part of this work is done in the same manner as in the eastern States. But I saw a sight one day, in the way of sowing grain, which I think would have been regarded as rather novel at the east. A man having uncoupled his wagon, and placed some boards on the axletree and lower end of the shaft—or tongue, as we call it—for a platform to hold his grain and himself, was sowing grain at a great rate, while a boy drove the team. A large harrow was fastened behind the cart, covering the seed as it was scattered. This I thought, as we say here at the west, was doing business with "a big auger."

No country in the world can equal in beauty a prairie landscape. It is indeed the garden of nature, clothed in all the beauty and grandeur art could paint or fancy dictate. A view of one of these prairies, from some eminence, is worth going a thousand miles to enjoy. As we climb some knoll, we behold a plain, vast in extent, clothed in a dress of exuberant vegetation, bespangled with an innumerable variety of flowers, perfuming the air with their fragrance. Skirting this immense plain is a large body of timber, near which the farms are situated. In another direction, a lone tree may be seen, standing as a waymark to guide the weary traveler across, perhaps, a trackless plain. But autumn will soon come; then the unoccupied parts of these plains will be shorn of their beauty by the devouring flames.

E. P. S.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa, March, 1847

Anecdote of a Snow Bird.

We did not know until the other day, that the little chick-a-de-de, whose song we have tried to translate, was such an affectionate creature. There is a little book, published in England, called "Early Days," which tells a story about a pair of these birds; and since reading the story we have loved this winter warbler more than ever, as we are sure our readers will do, when they are made acquainted with the story which we intend to tell them. This little bird, it seems, is known in Ireland by the name of blue-bonnet. Its food consists of grain and insects, especially the latter, in search of which it may be seen hopping from branch to branch, in every position, sometimes with its head downward.

On a cold day, in the month of March last—so says the book before mentioned—one of these birds hopped into the house of a friend of mine, near Belfast, and commenced picking crumbs about the floor and tables, when, after remaining for several hours, it took its leave. Next day it returned, and alighted on the top of a cage, where it seemed to form an acquaintance with a goldfinch. The cage door was opened, and the blue-bonnet went in, and remained all day picking seeds with the goldfinch. At night the strange prisoner was released; but as it showed no disposition to leave the house, it was allowed to remain in the parlor. But the next morning, while the servant was opening the window-shutter, the room being quite dark, she unconsciously set her foot on the poor bird, and killed it. It was afterwards thrown out, and its untimely death soon forgotten.

But during the course of the day, the attention of some one was drawn to an affecting scene outside, before the parlor windows. The mate of the blue-bonnet was standing beside it, mourning its loss in plaintive tones. It then stretched out its neck, and putting its beak below the head of its companion, raised it up, and then sang as before. Afterward it attempted to remove the body, but was unable. At length it flew away, and after some time returned, carrying a grain of corn, which it dropped before its dead partner. Then it fluttered with its wings, making an effort to be joyful, and endeavored to call the attention of the dead bird to the corn. Finding this useless also, it again flew away, and returned with another grain, which it deposited in the same manner. It then lifted the grain, and dropped it upon its mate's beak, continuing to do this for several minutes. Then it resumed its plaintive notes; but the sight was too affecting, and a person was sent out to remove the dead bird.

"At that moment," said a spectator, "I would have given any thing in my possession to have seen the poor blue-bonnet restored to life."

Fable of the Wave and Sea-shell.

It is related that the Sea-shell was the favorite daughter of the Wave, and that he watched over her with love, shielding her from injury, and folded her in his bosom, and cherished her as his best beloved, ever whispering the music of affection in her ear. Now the Sea-shell loved the noble Rock upon the shore; but the Wave and the Rock were enemies, battling with each other; so that when the haughty Wave found out the love of his rosy-lipped child, he spoke in a voice of rage to her thus:—"If thou sighest to wed with yonder Rock, I will cast thee from my bosom, and turn from thee. Go where thou wilt, my anger shall haunt thee, and ever ring in thy ear." But the Shell loved on, and the swelling Wave dashed her from him. And though the steadfast Rock cherished his ocean bride with every kindness, and kept her always by his side, still the Shell pined in sorrow; for, as her white-headed sire had said, the anger of the Wave kept ever haunting her, and ringing in her ear.—*The Good Genius, that turned every thing into Gold.*

The Convention of Animals.

We present our little readers in the above cut, with something that bears the appearance of a convention of animals. You see on one side a fierce and bold lion, and a crouching but desperate tiger; and on the other the stately elephant, surrounded by a numerous species of inferior animals, who seem to do homage to him as their lord and protector. There is an air of interest on the countenances of the whole herd, the occasion of which fable has related as follows:

An elephant, that was accustomed to feed in a certain jungle, had become so familiar with numerous small animals, that they conceived a friendship for his noble person, and sought protection by his side from the beasts of prey that seemed ready often to devour them. One day a lion and a tiger coming out of the forest, had their indignation raised to madness, to see the elephant surrounded by his mixed family, and seemingly so much the object of affection with all.

"These cravens surely deserve to be eaten," said the lion to the tiger, "for shunning us, the most powerful of beasts, and doing homage to the elephant, who can boast neither of royal blood, or any legitimate right of authority"—to which the tiger responded with a most desperate howl, as if his prey was already in his power.

The elephant, being startled, recalled the conversation which he had overheard, and while looking the lion in the face, thus replied: "The king of beasts

has lost his dignity, when he seeks to compel homage through fear. My friends here confided in me, well knowing that I can have no interest in injuring them; and they love me, because they feel that they have no proper claim to the protection which I afford them. Your visit has taught them these lessons, the truth of which they will demonstrate in their future attachment to me: That a free government has no need of coercion and fear, to attach any body but atrocious criminals to its interests; while these are the only known principles with tyrants and despots. By your choosing the tiger as the companion of your bloody purposes, you show us that the dignity of royalty is not above employing any instrumentalities that may suit its ends—that when prey or plunder are the purposes of governments, a common interest unites nations dissimilar in character and position, who, when the booty is disposed of, will set to and devour each other." s.

Conversations on Electricity.*

BY JOHN B. NEWMAN, M. D.

I CAN see the reason now, why magnetism is considered nothing more than the passage of electricity through metal; and why on account of the immense quantity in a free state in the polar regions, the needle should point in that direction.

E. Electricity is a powerful agent in purifying the air; it is set free in great quantities wherever putrefaction is taking place, and combines in the air, but cannot exceed a certain amount, and must diffuse itself anew over all; so that we find in swamps, or where there are any great masses of decaying vegetation, which would poison the country with noxious miasmas, thunder storms take place almost every day, and the air is thus made fit, by continual purification, for the respiration of man and animals.

C. The last time we were on chemistry, you said the combinations of bodies were owing to electrical action. I saw an experiment to illustrate it since, where an acid and an alkali were prevented from unity by this means. I was much pleased to see a galvanic apparatus attached to some plants in the fair; it seemed as if the time would soon come when we could raise as many crops a year as we could wish.

E. Do you remember how the French gluttons increase the weight and size of the livers of geese?

C. By keeping the goose in a hot place, without the power of exercise, and with a great quantity of food near it. After a while the goose becomes diseased, and his liver increases to an enormous extent. It would be the last thing that I should want to eat, however.

E. The fruit produced by galvanic action on the plant stands in precisely the same relation as the diseased goose-livers. Electricity answers very well when used by nature in the polar regions; but man, when, from the mere love of novelty, without any necessity, he tries to imitate nature, always makes bad work of it. Such inventions, in their proper application very useful to man, are here positively injurious.

C. Mr. Godfrey considers electricity to be the cause of life, and says that by

* Concluded from page 83.

means of the galvanic battery they are creating animals in Germany. He thinks man is nothing more than a compound electrical machine; and that we like and dislike people according as their positive or negative states are in accordance with our own.

E. If that were the cause, every man possessed of a battery would have the power, not only of preventing death, but of restoring those that are in the tomb to life.

C. But how is it, then, that the great physiologists he names were able to make insects out of stone? He has well-attested accounts of the complete success of such experiments.

E. Had you read on a little farther, you would have found that when the infusions were boiled, and the air excluded, no animalculæ were produced; and that the process of generation was also stopped by covering the surface with oil, and thus preventing the ingress of ova from the air. What is still more remarkable, every one of these experimenters will tell you that animals cannot subsist on any thing else than organic matter, and yet most inconsistently say that they can be entirely formed from stone.

C. There was an account in the daily papers, some time since, of a German chemist who had formed a curious and strange bird, of a different species from any now existing, and the wonderful creation of which alarmed all who saw it.

E. You may be sure it was an imposition. There is little sense in those men, who, disregarding the fact that the air is full of ova, which are continually falling in all places, the least excitement causing them to spring into active being, will give all the credit to electricity. Should they direct their microscopes to any thing else, they will find pretty much the same events taking place. As might be expected, they are generally infidels; assuming Almighty power they pretend to take the dust of the earth and transmute it into flesh and blood. Vain-glorious teachers—

"Attempt ye still to rise
By mountains heaped on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still wonder, the vain toil surveys,
And buries mortals in the heaps they raise."

My Sister.

Sister thy labors are o'er;
Thou hast triumph'd at last, and thy sufferings cease:
Thy covenant angel hath whispered sweet peace;
Thou wilt sin, thou wilt languish no more.

Sister! thy spirit has fled:
To yonder bright clime thou hast winged thy way,
To the home of the blest, the bright mansion of day;
Thy frail body now sleeps with the dead.

Shall we plant the dark cypress for thee?
Ah no!—bid rather the myrtle to bloom,
As an emblem of joy; thou survivest the tomb,
And from sorrow and pain thou art free.

Then away to the land of the blest
For the cherubim's song is the music above,
And the white-winged seraph's sweet glances of love
Drive every ill from the breast.

Oh, who would wish longer to stay,
When faith, so triumphant, buoys upward the soul,
And the bright star of hope points direct to the pole,
Where God is the centre of day! M

The Plea of the Fallen.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC, BY REQUEST OF THE FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY.

BY REV. FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

FIRST VOICE.

1. I hear a plaint of grief and wo;
O listen to that cry!
'Tis Virtue's wail—for Virtue's foe
Hath laid his bleeding victim low,
To weep, and faint, and die.

SECOND VOICE.

2. Alas! there is nor will nor power
To sooth her spirit's pain;
If Virtue fall, like some fair flower,
Crush'd when the angry tempests lower,
She ne'er can rise again.

SEMI-CHORUS.

3. Not so! Shall we her wrongs be told,
And our support deny?
Not so! As we her grief behold,
We count it richer, far, than gold,
To point her to the sky.

CHORUS.

4. What though the task with shame be rife,
We can endure it all;
And we will arm us for the strife,
Nor yield, until we yield our life
At our great Leader's call.

5. We come in our dear Master's name,
To strive for purity;—
The shame! we glory in the shame;
With Israel's God we rest our fame,
And firm our trust shall be.

6. And now, O God of holiness!
Regard our humble prayer;
Thy cause maintain—our labors bless;
And while our lips thy love profess,
Teach us thy cross to bear.

The Way to be Happy.

A STORY is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in the winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly any thing but their eyebrows; and these were white and glistening with frost. At length they saw a poor man who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers. "Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler; "I must go to his relief;" and he stopped his sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me to rouse him." "Not I," replied the other, "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can, till you come back." So saying, he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man, whom they

had so providentially discovered. The ordinary means for restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature, that he had forgotten his own exposure; and what was the consequence? Why, the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself!—and thus he had a two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions which he had made. And how was it with his companion, who had been so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travelers to a distant country. At every step of our journey we find other travelers, who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, far as the eye can reach, we see their dense and gloomy ranks. Now there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purpose of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our better feelings, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say, with the warm-hearted traveler, "I cannot see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief." And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases, will determine the question, whether we are to be happy or unhappy. The man who lives only for himself, cannot be happy. God does not smile upon him; and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joy in his own bosom.—*Dayspring.*

The Farmer and his Son, a Fable.

LYING at the point of death, a farmer, being desirous that his son should pursue the same occupation in which he had himself been engaged all his life, made use of this expedient to induce him to enter upon it with industry and perseverance. While the boy knelt at his father's bedside, with his other children, the latter addressed him thus:—"All the patrimony, my son, which I have to leave you, is my farm and vineyard, of which I make you sole heir. But I charge you not to let it go out of your own hands, for if I have any treasure beside, it is buried somewhere in the ground, within a foot of the surface." This made the son conclude that he talked of money which he had hidden there; so, after his father's death, with unwearied diligence and application, he carefully dug up every inch both of the farm and the vineyard; from which it came to pass, that though he found not the treasure which he expected, the ground, by being so well stirred and loosened, produced so plentiful a crop of all that was sown in it, as proved a real and no inconsiderable treasure. We see from this fable, little boys and girls, that industry is itself a treasure.—*Selected.*

The Clove Tree.

HERE is a picture of the tree which bears the kind of spice called cloves. The plant is a native of the Molucca islands, but has been introduced into many other tropical or other countries. It is found now in Brazil. It is called in botany, the *Caryophyllus Aromaticus*. A tree, five years old, will yield from eight to twenty pounds of cloves in a year. The cloves, as they find their way into the market, are the flower buds of this plant, gathered before they open, and dried in the sun. The round ball which you have noticed at the end, is the corolla inclosing the stamens. The stem is the tube of the calyx, and is somewhat hollow on the living plant, though shriveled very much in its dried state. The four teeth at the top, surrounding the ball, are divisions of the calyx.

The name *clove*, given to the spice, is a corruption of the French word *clou*, which means a nail. The name was no doubt given on account of the resemblance of the dried clove to a small nail.

"Love is like a diamond with flaws in it; it is precious, but imperfect."

A Few Thoughts for Little Folks.

BY UNCLE HERBERT.

HAVE you ever thought, little folks, what important parts you are hereafter to act in the great drama of life?

Have you ever once reflected that you are to fill the responsible places of the great and good men who are now busily engaged in the various departments of noble effort, for promoting virtue and human happiness?

Soon your dear fathers and mothers, your beloved ministers and teachers, the physicians and lawyers, the legislators and civil magistrates of this great nation must die.

Yes, the men of learning and genius, the presidents and professors in our colleges, poets and philosophers, scholars and statesmen, must vacate their places, and you are the candidates of fair promise to fill them; and were Uncle Herbert permitted to look into futurity a little, and read the history of our country for as many years to come, as he has been permitted, through a merciful Providence, already to see, who can tell how many of you, who are so much amused and instructed every month by perusing the "Youth's Cabinet," he would find intimately associated in name and personal effort with the great events and noble deeds which will surely transpire?

The world is now before you, bright and beautiful. And I doubt not, that it often presents to your impatient and anxious minds a thousand charming prospects, and fond dreams of future happiness. Yes, this is indeed a beautiful world, and Uncle Herbert well knows, from his own experience, how many gay dreams and bright and flattering visions it is peculiarly calculated to inspire in the busy, scheming minds of young people; and although he is well aware that most of you will be sadly cheated out of your anticipated pleasures when you come to the stern realities of maturer years, still he most ardently desires that for these pleasures of childish dreams and wayward fancies, the more rational enjoyments of cultivated and virtuous minds may be substituted.

Permit me, then, my dear readers, to impress upon your minds the important fact, that life has great and noble purposes, a thousand ends worth living for—worth the mightiest efforts of immortal minds. As a generation, you are soon to receive an invaluable legacy, a legacy of incalculable responsibility, involving to no small extent the interests and happiness of succeeding generations, of unborn millions! You are to come in possession of a mental and moral power which has been accumulating for ages, and which, it is hoped, you will wield not only in promoting your own happiness, but the happiness and prosperity of your country, and the greatest good of your race.

You, my little folks—I repeat it—*you* are in a few years to be candidates for the presidents of our country, to bear our eagle banner of victory, and transmit it to your successors with liberty, heaven's best boon bestowed upon your forefathers. You are to be the governors of our states, the senators and legislators. From your ranks the national executive cabinet will be form-

ed, and consuls and ministers-plenipotentiary will be chosen. It will be for you to perform the responsible duties of judges and jurists, teachers and clergymen.

Yes! you will construct and send out your noble ships and steam-vessels into every sea and ocean, planting the tree of liberty on distant shores, and sowing the seeds of independent thought and equal rights broad-cast over the world. Stretching out the arms of your civil power over the green earth, you shall inherit from sea to sea, and from ocean to ocean, with all the wonder-working powers and inventions of the present and past generations. Canals and steamboats, railroads and lightning-winged telegraphs, are to be under your control. The vast financial and commercial interests of this great and growing republic, with all its multiplicity of political, religious, and benevolent institutions, are to be your inheritance; yours to foster, direct, and preserve.

Since, therefore, you are so soon to occupy such important stations in life, and assume responsibilities so vast and weighty, let me earnestly entreat you carefully to cultivate every faculty of your minds, and every ennobling quality of your hearts, by which you may be enabled not only to perform life's duties well, but secure your own personal happiness in this world, and in the world to come.

JONESVILLE, N. Y., March, 1847.

"HE is the most just man who does justice to himself without any one else to judge him."

Artesian Wells.

A GROUP of little boys and girls were seated around the fire, one cold winter night, listening to one of their number, who was reading aloud. In the book which engaged their attention, something was said about an Artesian well situated in France. The book did not describe these wells, but merely alluded to the fact that there was one in this place. The little folks soon after met the "Man with the Magnet," and begged he would tell them something about the Artesian well. He did so; and as his description may not be uninteresting to other children, we shall give it, as nearly as we can, in his own words.

In many parts of the world, and in some where water is very scarce near the surface, if a hole is bored very deep into the earth, water is found, which is acted upon by a powerful pressure from beneath, and forced all the way up to the surface, through a pipe which is placed in the hole. Sometimes, indeed, this force throws the water from thirty to fifty feet into the air.

These wells derive their name from the district of Artois, or the ancient Artesium, where they are abundant. The quantity of water obtained in this way in Artois, is often sufficient to turn the wheels of the mills.

At Tours, in Europe, the water from one of these wells rushes up with so much force, that a cannon-ball, placed in the pipe, is violently thrown up into the air. The water, coming from a great depth, as it does, is always warmer than that obtained from common

wells; so that, in some places, it has been used to warm buildings. It is believed by scientific men, that water may be made to flow in the deserts of Africa, by means of the Artesian well. What an illustration of the goodness of God there is in this thing. Some philosophers would tell us that this manner of obtaining water is accounted for by a natural law—the law of *hydrostatic pressure*. Very well. But who made that law? Who controls the operations of nature in such a way, that even the barren wilderness may yield the thirsty traveler refreshing springs of water?

The Emigrant's Dog.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

It was a very sultry day, and I turned my horse a little out of the road to rest him a few minutes under the shade of a large elm. A wagon was standing a little on before me, loaded with all the heterogeneous inventory of a Yankee farmer's kitchen, parlor, cupboard, cellar, and garret. There was the old bureau with its carved lion-feet carefully wrapt around with blankets, and occupying, par excellence, the chiefest and safest place in the cart. Then there were those venerable high-backed chairs that reflect so much credit on the taste and skill of the seventeenth century; all occupying such places as would seem to intimate a covert and respectful reference to the eye of the spectator. Sundry barrels filled with minor matters of importance, made up the foundation of such a superstructure of beds, bedsteads, bedding, bags, brooms, boxes, benches, bowls, bread and bacon, as might have puzzled the patriarch to have adjusted properly within the ark. The whole was surmounted by an ancient and ample cradle, which seemed to have done some service to several antecedent generations, and which was as cumbersome and capacious as a common-sized canoe. At the end of the cart was suspended the large brass kettle, which had assumed the capacity of a kind of sub-treasury, in which the proprietors deposited weekly their six days' provisions.

The first glance of my eye fell upon a group of four or five persons, beneath the shade of a large maple, whither they seemed to have resorted to partake of a slight repast, out of the heat of the sun. But an affecting incident had interrupted their peaceful entertainment, and filled them all, from father to child, with emotions which, even at a considerable distance, I could plainly perceive on their faces. A man, apparently thirty-five, was standing a few yards from the rest, exerting himself at the top of his ingenuity, to coax an old emaciated dog to follow him. The poor dumb creature was lying motionless at the foot of the tree, with his head reposing in the lap of a young girl of fifteen, who, with tears on her cheeks, was lavishing upon the poor brute all the caresses of that affection that was swelling up in her young heart. "Tyg!" said the father, stepping up and patting him gently on the head, "here he is, Tyg! hereaway!" when he would run back a few rods, as if in actual pursuit of some wild animal. The girl,

at the same time, would lift up the creature's head, and trying to open his eyes with her fingers, would point to some pretended game at a little distance, beseeching him half crying with, "Do look, Tyg! see! see yonder, see the rabbit, Tyg!" Again the father would return, and taking out his handkerchief, constructed out of it and something else, a rude representation of a small animal; this he would make to rustle along by the dying dog, while he tried to imitate the cry of some wild quadruped.

But it was in vain. The old creature opened his eyes once, just as I came up; he looked up wistfully into the girl's face, whose tears were raining down upon his shaggy brow; his eyes were glassy, but there was an expression of grateful recognition in them, as they rested a moment upon each member of the afflicted group. "Mother!" exclaimed the girl to a woman with a child in her arms, who was looking on in pensive silence, "mother, he is growing stiff; I can't open his eyes." The father putting up his handkerchief and bending over the dead brute, sighed in the tenderest accents of sorrow, "Poor Tyg! poor old faithful creature! how can I leave you here behind!" The child, that could hardly speak plain, crept along up to the old dog, and putting its little bare arm under his neck, put a piece of hard gingerbread to his mouth, sobbing, "Do eat that, old Ti!"

When I told these people that I was a Connecticut man, and that my home was not far from their native town, they invited me urgently to pay them a visit on my return to that State, which I promised and afterward fulfilled.

You remember, Lizzy, my ride over to the village of B———, the second day after my return from the West. The object of that visit was to see those emigrants at their first and last home. Although a year and more had elapsed since the incident which resulted in our partial acquaintance, yet they recognized me as soon as I crossed their threshold, and gave me a most cordial welcome to their fireside. They told me the story of their sojourn in the western world; what privations, hardships, sickness and death had visited them; how two of their little ones had fallen victims to the disease of the country; how they had wasted away under the ague, and how they had buried them in one grave in the midst of the prairies. They told me of all the incidents of their homeward journey; and when they came to the one I have just described, Julia pointed me to the stuffed skin of old Tyg, that had died in her arms under the tree, where I had first met them.—*Sparks from the Anvil.*

The Butterfly.

THERE are a great many species of the butterfly. Several years ago, a distinguished naturalist, who paid much attention to classifying insects, made upward of seven hundred different kinds. But there have been many discovered since. The wing of all butterflies is exceedingly beautiful when viewed with the naked eye, and it is still more interesting when we look at it through a microscope. It then appears studded with a variety of little grains of different dimensions and forms, generally supported upon a footstalk,

regularly laid upon the whole surface. Nothing can exceed the beautiful and regular arrangement of these little substances, which thus serve to paint the butterfly's wings, like the tiles of a house. Those of one rank are a little covered by those that follow: they are of many figures; on one part of the wing may be seen a succession of oval studs; on another part, a cluster of studs; each in the form of a heart. In one place they resemble a hand open, and in another they are long or triangular; while all are interspersed with taller studs, that grow between the rest, like mushrooms upon a stalk.

VARIETIES OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Every child that has sported in the open air among the beauties of country life, admires the butterfly. This little bright-winged fellow is always a favorite with the little folks. How many times have we tried our hand at catching butterflies, in childhood. Indeed, this butterfly-hunting is not altogether a pastime of childhood. Life, with many, is only a chase after butterflies. Thousands are living with no higher object before them than just the pleasure of this world. They are always reaching forward to some source of happiness here, forgetting that they are only pilgrims in this world, and that they are to tarry here but for a night. They are every day chasing after delight which they never attain. They are doing about the same thing that the child does, when he spends hour after hour in pursuing a gilded butterfly. O what folly it is, thus to waste the precious hours of life!

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

We should very much like to know who wrote the story that winds up with a dream about an excursion into fairy land in Cleopatra's barge. The story shall appear in our May and June numbers, whether we have the author's name or not, though we should much prefer to know whom to thank for the entertainment. Besides, we have our curiosity a little excited about the matter. Why should we not have a trifle, Miss Caroline—a thimble-full, or so—after hearing what you have chosen to divulge? Pray enlighten the thick darkness of an editor's mind. Do you remember the argument that Hamlet employed to persuade his father's spirit to speak to him? Do you call to mind the danger he dreaded in case the old gentleman refused? Well, then, pity our ignorance, like a kind-hearted lady, as we cannot doubt you are, and gratify the curiosity you have excited. If you do not, you will be responsible for the consequences—depend upon it.

A correspondent sends us some of her original lines, with the following playful note:

"MR. EDITOR,—On reading your paragraph in the last Cabinet, in regard to Mrs. SIGOURNEY, a young friend would test her editor's patience and kindness, in favoring her with his opinion respecting these lines. I presume you will think they will shed greater light by conflagration than publication. I would prefer, however, that they should not prove a torch to light that pernicious weed, as I am no friend to it. Yours,

"ELLEN LOUISA."

Your poem, Miss Ellen, shall not share the ignoble fate to which you allude, for the best reason in the world, among others—that it will not be needed for that purpose. If you wish for our opinion in detail respecting the article, you will have to wait a while, as we have scarcely leisure now to examine it critically. We are prepared to say, in general, however, that while it has many good points about it, it is not quite good enough for our pages. If you desire it, we will, one of these days, publish it with a commentary, pointing out its faults. How would you like to be dissected in this style? It may be of service to you, but the operation will be painful—there is no disputing that.

We have received another response to our request for sketches of Life on the Prairie. A valued correspondent, residing some hundred miles inland from Fort Snelling, Iowa, has sent us a very graphic description of the great prairie in that section of the country. Our readers have been entertained with this gentleman's stories of western life before. We are indebted to him for the interesting accounts we have published of the Dakota Indians. He lives among these Indians, and is one of their missionaries. Our young readers can find Fort Snelling on the map of North America, but they cannot find the place where the mission is situated. That is too small to be designated on the map.

In our next number we intend to publish this article; and we take this opportunity to tender to the writer our warmest thanks and our kindest wishes.

A SERIOUS JOKE.

Can there be such a thing? Perhaps not, strictly speaking. We cannot think of a better caption, however, for a funny story which a friend of ours told us the other day—a story which is worth telling again. Our friend is a practical printer, now at the head of a large establishment in this city. When a mere boy, he was an apprentice in Albany. Now it may be set down as a sort of proverb, that boys and girls—the present company being excepted, of course—are fond of fun; and that is well enough too, provided they keep their fun within proper bounds, so that neither they nor any body else are injured by it. Well, our friend the young printer loved a joke. Whether he always kept his joking propensities within proper bounds or not, may admit of a question. That he did not in the instance we are about to specify, was pretty clear in the judgment of one man at least. The story is this.

The young printer was at work at his case one day. Do you know what a printer's case is, reader? A printer's case and a lawyer's case are very different things, and a doctor's case is very different from either. So a grammarian's case differs from all the rest. The piece of furniture which contains the separate cells for all the different types, is the printer's case. As we said before, our young friend was at work one day at his case, when the foreman of the office placed in his hands the manuscript copy of a speech which had just been delivered at some public meeting in Albany, by a man not particularly noted for his modesty. This piece of eloquence the young rogue was to put in type.

He had hardly commenced the task, when the gentleman to whom the world was about to be indebted for this splendid effort of genius and eloquence, made his appearance at the case. "My little man," said he, "that speech was received with great enthusiasm. It is not very correctly reported. The truth is, there was such a roar of applause from beginning to end, that I could hardly get on with my speech. Now what I want of you is—and I see you are just the little man for that thing—what I want of you is, to put in pretty freely as you go along such words as 'cheers,' and 'applause.' You know what I mean." So saying, he suited the action to the word, and slipped into the hand of the printer a bright silver dollar, observing that as it would be some trouble to the lad, he ought to be well rewarded for it.

The orator left the office—the speech was put in type, and the paper was distributed about the city. But in less than half an hour after this last act in the drama, the aforesaid orator entered the office of the paper, in a perfect tempest of passion. It would seem that he came as near bursting with anger this time as he did a few nights before with eloquence. Some wag, who heard both speeches—the one in the printing-office, and the one in the city hall—declared that the former was a good deal more *impassioned* of the two.

If our readers have not already conjectured what all this tornado was about, we will tell them. The clever little fellow, who was "just the man for that thing," had obeyed his instructions literally. Printers have a by-word, "Follow copy, if it leads you out of the window." The little fellow did not see any reason why these verbal instructions should not come under the same rule, the more especially as they were dictated by the man who made the speech, who ought to know best how it should appear in print, and who had moreover paid a very extravagant sum for having it printed correctly.

We have not seen a copy of the speech as printed, though we wish we had it before us now. But from what we gathered of our friend the printer, the following may be regarded as a pretty fair specimen.

"Fellow-citizens, the time has come, (cheers) the time has come, (loud cheers) when every man in this great republic (loud and continued cheers) is called upon to act. (Great applause, which lasted several minutes and prevented the speaker from proceeding.")

After this modern Cicero had exhausted all the vials of his wrath upon the head of the offenders, in the presence of a large audience of printers, the little fellow came forward with his apology. "Why, sir," said he, "you asked me to print it so, and gave me a dollar for doing it." Thereat the audience in the printing-office, among whom, besides the printers, were half a dozen of the orator's political acquaintances, who heard the speech, were as much convulsed with laughter, as were the audience in the city hall with applause.

☞With this number of the YOUTH'S CABINET, subscribers who are in arrears are, with our best bow, presented with their bills. Payment, it will be recollected, is due in advance. The publisher has, however, extended his courtesy to those who have not paid voluntarily, four months; and he now thinks he is warranted in urging all to forward the amount due as speedily as may be. Subscribers should inclose the money in a letter, and forward it by mail to the publisher, with the bill, which will be receipted, and returned without expense to the subscriber.

It is safer to send by mail than through any other medium, and the postage is very trifling. Besides, we will pay the postage on all letters from subscribers, inclosing three dollars or upwards.

Our patrons, however, in distant parts of the country, will bear in mind that there are frequent opportunities occurring at this season of the year, to remit money to the city by private hands. Those among our subscribers who are in arrears—and we find there are a few in this category—will please consider themselves as the persons for whom this hint is intended.

MR. BRADBURY'S Juvenile Oratorio was repeated a few weeks since; and we enjoyed the pleasure of hearing it again. We must describe it a little more particularly than we were able to do in our last number. The oratorio is called FLORA'S FESTIVAL, and is published by M. H. Newman. It is in three parts—Morning, Noon, and Night. There were about five hundred little

singers. The girls occupied the central part of the choir, the boys formed two wings on the right and left. All the girls were dressed in white, and wore a wreath of flowers round the head. Flora herself, the queen, of course was distinguished from the rest by a crown and a greater profusion of flowers. An arch of evergreens was thrown across directly in front of the choir, and rested on the two large central columns. On the green ground of this arch appeared the words *Flora's Festival*, in very large letters, composed of artificial dahlias of different hues, perfect imitations of nature. Festoons of evergreens hung gracefully from the lamps; and when we looked upon the bright faces of the songsters, and heard their sweet warblings, we thought it needed but little imagination to draw a picture of fairy land. It was a charming treat, and the thousands who filled the Tabernacle at an early hour, testified their delight in no measured terms.

Mr. Bradbury, we understand, is about leaving for Germany, previous to which he will give a farewell festival, when this delightful oratorio will be repeated, and several other popular pieces performed. He hopes, by a residence of some months in Europe, to benefit his health, which is somewhat impaired, and at the same time to add to his fund of musical knowledge.

Mr. Editor,—Noticing a communication in the February number of the Cabinet, over the signature of "Saratoga," from our mutual friend C——, it brought to my mind scenes of youth, which I trust are of as deep interest to us all, as were his boyish recollections to him. How very often have I thought when away from home and friends, of those days when we were members of the same Sabbath school, when the truths which we taught and studied were impressed upon our minds, and when, from the sacred desk, the man of God, now in Heaven, unfolded to us the great plan of salvation. Well do I remember when four of us used to meet at friend D——'s, to consult what should be our future course in life. Three out of four prepared for the Gospel ministry; one went to his rest before he completed his studies. How happy were those hours spent just before evening service, when our worthy superintendent met the members and friends of the Sabbath school, to pray for its prosperity. How sweet, too, was it to mingle in the hymn sung by those just learning the song of redeeming love. These were the brightest days in our history, which we shall never forget while memory lasts. If we are permitted to meet in Heaven, shall we not remember them even there with joyful interest?

Your young readers may be assured that when they arrive at manhood, and meet with the temptations which beset them on every side, they will look back with pleasure to those Sabbaths they spent at the Sabbath school; and if they love the service of God, these days will perhaps be regarded as the happiest they have ever spent in this world. Children, it is of the utmost importance that your habits are formed right; during the period of youth, your characters are forming for good or evil. By all means avoid bad company.

Aim to be virtuous, for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Its price is far above rubies." F.

MR. EDITOR,—Knowing that atoms make mountains, and that united effort effects important results in the accomplishment of particular objects, I herewith transmit for your Cabinet of thought the following

ENIGMA.

I am composed of forty-two letters. My 1 26 11 8 19 31 is an interesting study. My 3 1 9 41 is a river in Europe. My 5 18 19 is the cause or occasion of all evil. My 7 8 19 18 10 35 was a prophet of God. My 27 29 18 19 38 is a river in Europe. My 11 31 9 13 was a celebrated city. My 14 22 23 22 7 18 32 39 is the home of the blessed. My 15 16 34 36 are mountains in Europe. My 18 37 34 18 34 29 was a prophet of God. My 20 22 14 14 18 19 30 37 4 is the pursuit of man. My 24 16 15 24 33 is essential to happiness. My 25 6 34 23 is a cape in North America. My 31 26 15 28 12 is the spring-time of life. My 40 21 41 9 40 18 34 is one of the United States. My 42 8 9 18 15 37 was a king of Persia. My whole is a promise of the Savior. E. H. H.

A SHORT DIALOGUE.

WILLIAM. Why, Frank, where did you get those beautiful books? You are the most fortunate boy I know. You are all the time getting some new book or other. The last time I was here you had one, and now you have two or three more. How do you get them all? I should really like to know.

FRANK. Well, there is no secret about it. Some months ago, I was looking over what was said on the cover of the YOUTH'S CABINET about premiums. I noticed that if any one got a certain number of subscribers, he would have some beautiful books for nothing, and I thought to myself, I may just as well have these books as to let any body else take them. So I set about the business of getting my friends to subscribe for the CABINET. I obtained half a dozen subscribers very easily, and sent their names and the money to the publisher. My friends got their magazine, and I got my books. That is all the secret there is about it.

W. Why, did not these valuable books cost any thing?

F. Yes, I suppose they cost the publisher something; but I did not pay a cent for them.

W. Well, that is queer enough. What is this YOUTH'S CABINET you speak of? Let me see it. I would like to hear what it says about the matter of premiums.

F. You shall look at the magazine. Here it is. Let me see, where is the list of premiums? It is on this page, in the corner, I believe. Oh yes, here we have it. Read this, and you will find out a way to get books without paying any money for them.

W. (*thoughtfully.*) I see how it is, now. I wonder if I could not contrive to get the CABINET, and the premium, too, for nothing?

F. To be sure you can. I will show you how to manage that thing. If you get three persons to take the magazine,

and send Mr. Woodworth three dollars, he will send you the work for nothing; because it says under that picture on the title-page, "four copies for three dollars." Then if you can send any more subscribers, you can get one or more of the premiums.

W. Well, I think I shall try it.

F. I certainly would, if I were in your place; and now I think of it, I will tell you another thing. You can, if you wish, get a pretty little book for each one of the subscribers. For instance: for three subscribers, you get four copies of the Book of Flowers. Now you can tell the boys and girls, that if they will subscribe, and pay one dollar for the YOUTH'S CABINET, they shall have, each one of them, this Book of Flowers into the bargain. Then you will have one for yourself, too; for you get four in all, you know.

There is a kind of moral to this dialogue, boys and girls. What do you think of it? We shall be glad to hear, however, on the subject.

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

EARLY spring flowers are generally much easier for the young student to analyze, than those which appear later in the season. The reason is, that most of these flowers are very simple. You can easily find their stamens and pistils, and tell what class and order they belong to. Compound flowers and plants that have no stamens and pistils which you can see with the naked eye, are more abundant in the summer and fall.

EMMA. But, Mr. Thinker, the spring flowers are not all simple, I am sure. Else I am pretty simple myself; for some of them have tried my patience a good deal.

THEODORE. Oh no. Among the multitude of flowers in blossom during this month, it would be strange if they were all in the first thirteen classes. There are some exceptions, of course.

GEORGE. I can think of one, at least.

JOSEPHINE. I could count half a dozen.

T. Very like. But what is that one which you recollect, master George?

G. One of the first and most common flowers of spring. I mean the Dandelion. Is not that a compound flower?

T. Yes, and a very interesting one it is, too, when we examine it carefully. If the Dandelion were not so common, it would be a great deal more admired. But Emma, let us see what flowers you have found this morning. I perceive you have your apron full.

E. Oh, Mr. Thinker, I have been delighted with my ramble in the woods. I never noticed so many pretty flowers before. I have found two or three which are entirely new, and the most beautiful you ever saw. I don't know what they are. I had to wet my feet to get one of them.

T. Suppose we look at the last you mentioned. It must be a very attractive flower, I should think. Ah! I know its face. It is an old favorite of mine.

G. I know what it is. It is the Buttercup.

J. No, George. It cannot be either of the species of the *Ranunculus*, though I thought it was at first.

T. Well, we will soon find out what it is.

J. Yes, I know what class it belongs to. It has a great many stamens, growing out of the calyx. It belongs to the eleventh class.

T. How is that, Emma?

E. The stamens seem to me to grow out of the receptacle. I should say it was in the twelfth class and thirteenth order, just where we put the Ranunculus the other day.

T. Right. Now for its name.

J. I have the genus. It is the *Caltha*. It answers to the description in the book, exactly.

E. And here is the species. Why, Mr. Thinker, it is the *Caltha Palustris*, the Cowslip. I have heard of it frequently, though I never saw it before. But I have one flower a great deal

more rare and beautiful than this; and what is more, Josephine and I have analyzed it already.

T. Well done. Where did you find this specimen? It is worth a ramble of half a dozen miles. I did not know that it could be found in this vicinity. It is the Wake Robin.

G. It is a very easy flower to analyze, is it not? I almost wish flowers would never have any more than six or eight stamens, and about as many pistils, it would be so nice. Then we should not have to study so long to find out the name of a flower.

E. Well, for my part, I am willing to let them grow just as they please. I doubt if I could make them any prettier than they are. Here is one which seems to be rather unruly—it don't choose to take a seat in any of the easy classes, and to tell the truth, I can't tell where it belongs.

T. Well, we may be sure of one thing to begin with.

J. Yes, we may be sure that it is an odd looking plant—odd enough to have a class made on purpose for it, I should think.

T. We may be sure it does not belong to the twenty-first class, too.

J. How so?

T. It has stamens and pistils visible.

E. Well, we have found one class it don't belong to. That is something gained.

T. Yes, for every step toward ascertaining what a thing is not, brings us nearer what it is. But look here. Don't you perceive, Emma, that the stamens grow out of the pistil?

E. They seem to, certainly.

T. What then?

E. The plant belongs to the eighteenth class.

T. Well, you can very easily ascertain the rest.

J. Oh, it is the *Cypripedium*.

E. The Gay Lady's Slipper. Why! it does not look at all like the Lady's Slipper in the garden.

T. No; the garden Lady's Slipper belongs to the fifth class, and it is quite another thing. That genus is called *Impatiens*. Its habits are very different from the *Cypripedium*.

E. Oh, Mr. Thinker, that reminds me that you promised one of these days, to tell us something about the habits of plants—how they have organs like animals, how they breathe, and how they eat and drink to keep them alive—when shall we learn something about this?

T. When we meet again, perhaps. Meantime let us not forget to thank our heavenly Father for the beautiful flowers with which our woods and meadows abound at this season of the year. We have new proofs of his love to us, every day. Let us not withhold our love from him.

Taking a Hint.

A YOUNG lady told a gentlemen that her silver thimble was nearly worn out, and asked him what reward she ought to have for her industry. The gentleman, in answer sent her a new thimble, accompanied by these lines:—

I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it.
'Twill last very long, if but half as strong
As the hint you gave me to buy it.

Story of the Zanaida Dove.

AUDUBON, in his biography of birds, tells a very interesting tale about a pirate who was reformed by the agency of this little bird. We must give the story in the words of the naturalist:

"A man who had been a pirate, assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sand of a well known key, which must here be nameless, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness within him with the happiness of former innocence can truly feel. He never left the place without increased fears of fury, associated as he was, I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially by those of the dove, the only soothing sound he ever heard during his life of horrors, that through these plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooing of the Zanaida dove, he poured out his soul in supplication for mercy, and once more became what Pope declared to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest

man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and danger; but no danger seemed to be comparable with that of living in violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in the midst of his friends."

The Pilgrims and their Pitchers.

T was long ago, and somewhere in the Eastern clime. The king came into the garden, and called the children round him. He led them up to a sunny knoll, and a leafy arbor on its summit. And when they had all sat down, he said, "You see far down the river, and hanging, as on the side of the hill, yon palace? It is a palace, though here it looks so little and far away. But when you reach it, you will find it a larger and sweeter home than this; and when you come you will find that I have got there before you. And when you arrive at the gate, that they may know that you belong to me, and may let you in, here is what each of you must take with him." And he gave to each of the children a most beautiful porcelain jar—a little pitcher so exquisitely fashioned that you were almost afraid to touch it, so pure that you could see the daylight through it, and with delicate figures raised on its sides. "Take this, and carry it carefully. Walk steadily, and the journey will soon be over."

But they had not gone far before they forgot. One was running carelessly and looking over his shoulder, when his foot stumbled, and as he fell full length on the stony path, the pitcher was shivered in a thousand pieces; and one way and another, long, long before they reached the palace, they had broken all the pitchers. When this happened, I may mention what some of them did. Some grew sulky, and knowing that it was of no use to go forward without the token, they began to shatter the fragments still smaller, and dash the broken sherds among the stones, and stamped them with their feet; and then they said, "Why trouble ourselves about this palace? It is far away, and here is a pleasant spot. We will just stay here and play." And so they began to play. Another could not play, but sat wringing his hands, and weeping bitterly. Another grew pale at first, but recovered his composure a little on observing that his pitcher was not broken so bad as some others. There were three or four large pieces, and these he put together as well as he could. It was a broken pitcher that could hold no water, but by a little care he could keep it together; and so he gathered courage, and began to walk along more cautiously.

Just then, a voice accosted the weeping boy, and looking up, he saw a very lovely form, with a sweet and pleasant countenance, such a countenance as is accustomed to be happy, though something for the present has made it sad. And in his hand he held just such a pitcher as the little boy had broken, only the workmanship was more exquisite, and the colors were as bright as the rainbow round the stranger's head. "You may have it," he said, "it is better than the one you have lost, and though it is not the same, they will know it at the gate." The little mourner could scarcely believe that it was really

meant for him; but the kind looks of the stranger encouraged him. He held out his hand for the stranger's vase, and gave a sob of joyful surprise when he found it his own. He began his journey again, and you would have liked to see how tenderly he carried his treasure, and how carefully he picked his steps, and how sometimes, when he gave another look at it, the tear would fill his eye, and he lifted up his happy thankful face to heaven.

The stranger made the same offer to the playing boys; but by this time they were so bent on their new amusements, that they did not care for it. Some saucy children said, he might leave his present there if he liked, and they would take it when they were ready. He passed away, and spoke to the boy who was carrying the broken pitcher. At first he would have denied that it was broken, but the traveler's clear glance had already seen it all; and so he told him, "You had better cast it away, and have this one in its stead." The boy would have been very glad to have this new one, but to throw away the relics of his own, was what he could never think of. They were his chief dependence every time he thought of the journey's end; so he thanked the stranger, and clasped his fragments firmer. The boy with the gift-pitcher, and this other, reached the precincts of the palace about the same time. They stood for a while and looked on. They noticed some of the bright-robed inhabitants going out and in, and every time they passed the gate, they presented such a token as they themselves had once got from the king, but had broken so long ago.

The boy who had accepted the kind stranger's present now went forward, and held it up; and whether it was the light glancing on it from the pearly gate, I cannot tell, but at that instant its owner thought that it had never looked so fair. He who kept the gate seemed to think the same, for he gave a friendly smile, as much as to say, "I know who gave you that;" and immediately the door was lifted up and let the little pilgrim in. The boy with the broken pitcher now began to wish that his choice had been the same; but there was no help for it now. He adjusted the fragments as skilfully as he could, and trying to look courageous, carried them in both his hands. But he who kept the gate was not to be deceived. He shook his head, and there was that sorrow in his look which leaves no hope. The bearer of the broken pitcher still held fast his useless sherds; but he soon found that it was vain to linger. The door continued shut.—*Selected.*

Anecdote of Luther Martin.

We heard an anecdote of this distinguished lawyer, a few days ago, which we do not remember to have met with in print, and which is certainly "too good to be lost," as the reporters say. Martin was on one occasion riding to Annapolis in a stage coach, in which was a solitary companion, a young gentleman just commencing the practice of law. After some familiar conversation, the young gentleman said:

"Sir, you have been remarkably successful in your profession; few men

have gained so many cases; will you be good enough to communicate to me, a beginner, the secret of your wondrous success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condition, and that is, that you defray my expenses during my stay of a few days at Annapolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man, hoping to profit greatly by the communication.

"The secret of my success," said Martin, "may be discovered in this advice, which I now give you, viz:—Be sure to have a good witness for every case you desire to secure."

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin was not very self-denying in the enjoyment presented by a fine hotel; the snbstantials and general refreshments were dispatched in a manner quite gratifying to "mine host." The time for return at length came. The young man and Martin stood together at the bar, and demanded their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glancing at it, he quietly handed it to the young lawyer, who running his eye over it leisurely, returned it with the utmost gravity.

"Don't you intend to pay it?" said Martin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.

"Why, pay this bill. Did you not say on the route downward, that you would defray the charge?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentleman, "have you a good witness to prove what you demand in this case?"

Martin at once saw that he was caught, and eyeing his young friend a moment or two, he said pleasantly, "You don't need any counsel from me, young man, you don't need any counsel from me."—*Meth. Protestant.*

The Foolish Calf: a Fable.

A CALF used to run away from the old cow, its mother, and sometimes she could not find him for a long time. She talked to him a good deal about the sin and the danger of such mischievous conduct; but it did no good. The calf thought it was very cunning to run away. One day, when he had strayed farther away from home than ever, he met Lion, a large bull-dog. Lion came up to the calf, and caught him by the neck. "What!" said the calf, "you don't mean to kill me, do you?"

"Certainly," said the dog, "I am hungry, and want to eat you. Of course I shall have to kill you first."

"But do you not know that it is very wicked indeed, to kill any body?" said the calf. "The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill;' how dare you break this commandment?"

"My little preacher," said Lion, "I think I have heard something about

these commandments you speak of; but I am a poor heathen of a dog, and am not very familiar with them. Pray, is there not one that says something about obeying one's parents? I should like to get all the instruction from you I can—for I am sure you are a very learned and pious calf—but I hope your sermon will be short, because I am in some haste to eat you." Then the dog bit the calf severely, and would have killed him, if a man had not come along just in season to save the poor fellow's life. When he returned to his mother, he was wiser than he was before he went away. That adventure had made quite a sensible calf of him.—*Theodore Thinker.*

Spring.

SPRING has returned, and now the welcome train
Of feathered songsters pour their notes again;
Perched on a trembling bough, the robin sings
Her sweetest lays, then spreads her burnished wings.
The leafless woods that mourned her absence long,
Is now enlivened by her cheerful song;
The snowy mantle, that enwrapped the plain,
Has gone to mingle with the distant main.
And now the sun imparts his genial rays;
Ascending high, he lengthens out the days,
Dispels the lingering frost, and wakes to bloom
The realm of nature from its wintry tomb.
The ploughman hastens to his wonted field,
Whose deep-wrought furrows will a harvest yield;
He plies his task through each successive day—
Hope lightens toil, and cheers the laborer's way;
But if to ease or indolence inclined,
A scanty harvest he will surely find.
'Tis in the spring of life, as that of years—
In minds uncultured, barrenness appears;
Or worse, perhaps, as noxious weeds will grow,
Prolific source of wretchedness and wo;
For as the twig, so is the youthful mind—
As that is bent, so is the tree inclined.

Clinton, April, 1847. B.

The Key of the Coffin.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL.

A MOTHER knelt o'er her loved one's tomb,
And her eyes were red with weeping,
For her cherished flower in its morning bloom
Was now in the cold earth sleeping.

The coffin's key was in her hand,
In her heart was deepest sadness;
And her spirit yearned for the better land,
Where grief would be turned to gladness.

"I will keep the key," she calmly said,
"Of thy dwelling dark and lonely,
So that none shall ever thy rest invade,
But the mother who loves thee only."

She turned her eyes to heaven's bright dome,
Where the silent stars were beaming,
And her spirit caught, in child-like tone,
These words of holiest meaning—

"Throw away the key! O mother dear,
For the coffin holds not thy child;
He has risen from earth, and dwelleth here;
For the Savior upon him smiled."

The Poor Irish Peasant.

Do you ever think, young friend, while you are enjoying all the blessings of home, and have almost every comfort which a reasonable boy or girl could desire—do you ever think how many poor people are suffering for food and clothing? Do you ever think, when the snow is falling, and the wind is piling it up into high drifts by the road-side, how many little children are hovering around a few coals of fire in a wretched hovel, or exposing their bare feet to the tender mercies of the storm without, begging for something to keep them from starving?

There are hundreds of people who have died within a few months, in Ireland, from starvation. Whole families have perished, because they could not get food to eat. The man you see in the engraving is a poor laborer, living in this unhappy country. He has a large family of children. The little babe has gone—she died a few days ago—and it almost broke the poor man's heart to see her gasping for breath, and stretching out her little hands for food, and to hear her, in lisping accents, begging for a morsel of bread. But the poor little creature has gone now, and he and the mother, with tears flowing down their care-worn faces, give thanks to their heavenly Father that he has called the little sufferer home, and that she will feel the pangs of cold and hunger no more.

Little Mary is laid in the grave, and the old man, sad and disconsolate, goes away from home, and tries to find some work to do, so that he may earn a few pence for his starving family. Alas! there is nothing for him to do. He wanders far from his dwelling, until his limbs, weak and trembling from fasting, refuse to bear him farther, and he returns, desponding, to his wife and children, to hear again their cries for the bread he cannot provide for them. For a while he yields to despair. He sleeps—the poor man sleeps; and for a few short hours his sorrows are buried in forgetfulness. Sleep on, child of grief! and sweet be thy dreams. Forget the grim visage of poverty that stares so angrily upon thee when thou art awake. Forget that the last morsel of bread has been divided among thy

THE POOR IRISH PEASANT.

babes. Forget that Willie is hourly sinking into the arms of death. Forget that as the mother kneeled at his couch of straw, just now, to bathe his brow burning with fever, she heard his faint whisper, "Mother! oh, mother! bring me three grains of corn!" Ay, forget that—forget all.

Poor man! thou hast waked too soon, methinks. And yet it is not too soon, for the embers are growing cold on the hearth, and the fuel is all gone. He leaves his hovel, gathers the scanty pittance of brushwood which his hard-hearted landlord cares not for, and returns home tottering under his burden. Poor victim of poverty and sorrow! thou art wretched indeed, if thou hast not a treasure laid up in heaven.

Dear children, this is scarcely a fancy sketch. Could you visit some of the hovels of Ireland, you would witness many such scenes as this. Every steamer that arrives from our father-land brings new tidings of distress. Thank God! our countrymen are sending food to these sufferers. Will not the readers of the Cabinet do something for Ireland? If every boy and girl who reads this article should give one penny for this object, it would buy a great many barrels of flour, and send comfort to hundreds of starving children.

WASHINGTON, visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

"I don't want to."

BY MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS.

CHARLEY WHEATON was a very good little boy. But Charley had one fault—most little boys have more. Perhaps some of the little boys and girls who read the Cabinet have the same fault; and if they knew it to be a *fault*, would try to mend. Charley's fault was this:—when very busy at play, or not in a mood to do a favor, he was in the habit of saying, "I don't want to." Now Charley had a very tender mother, who loved him very much, and spared no pains to make him good and happy. She saw this fault in her little son and resolved to nip it in the bud; for she knew that, to be happy, he must be obliging and helpful to all around him. One day, when she had taken the last stitch in a pair of new pantaloons that Charley was very desirous of having finished in time for New Year, she asked him to bring her a handful of wood from the out-house. "I don't want to," said Charley, not lifting his eyes from his beautiful new "Book of Gems." His mother reflected a moment, then called him to her side, and tenderly inquired if he felt unwell. "O no, mother; but why do you ask?" "Because, my son, I was thinking you should have some very good reason for declining to give your mother any aid in your power. It is very little that you can do in return for all the care and tenderness I have bestowed on you, since—a little helpless infant—God placed you in my arms. I do not want to labor when I am ill and tired, but

my dear little son must be fed and clothed, and I love so much to gratify him, that, ill and tired as I am, I have finished this garment that he might be 'smart' to greet the New Year. I do not want to wake and watch when I am needing sleep to refresh my weary frame, and fit me for my daily labor; but I love my little boy; I rise and soothe his pain in all the long night, and never think of saying, 'I don't want to.' O, Charley, what would become of such helpless little boys as you, if those who have the care of them were so selfish they did not want to leave their books and rest to provide for their wants?" Charley had stolen his arm around his mother's neck, and, dropping his head on her bosom, begged her to forgive him. He never forgot this lesson of his mother; and now that he has grown to be a man, he always reproves the little boys if they say, "I don't want to," and tells them the story I have been telling you. He tells them, too, that his mother's words have made him a better man and more fit for heaven. They have taught him to "*do to others as he would have others do to him.*"

Caroline's Story and Dream.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

One pleasant evening, during the last summer, soon after twilight had set in, I drew my chair to the open window, intending to spend the remainder of the day quietly alone. The air was loaded with perfumes. and often a slight breeze, playing among the flowers, would shower upon me quite a profusion of fragrant leaves. Screened by a honeysuckle, which was trained about my window, I could, unobserved, watch the movements, and listen to the conversation of my young friends, who in groups were passing the place in which I was sitting.

While thus occupied, an acquaintance came in, saying, if I loved to see children at their sports, I had better accompany her home, where a party of them had met. I gladly accepted the invitation; and as we approached her house—a pleasant one embowered amid fine shrubbery—we heard the ringing laugh and merry voices that alone would have told us who were then the occupants of the place. Most of the children had wandered into the garden; and, as the bright moon was shining upon them, were playing hide and seek among the currant bushes.

We wished to enter the house unobserved; but our white dresses betrayed us, and a little black-eyed nymph scampered off to her companions, saying, "Mrs. Lyman has come back, and brought Caroline Gray with her." In an instant they came thronging about us, exclaiming, "Won't we have nice times? Now we 've some one to tell us what to do. You will play with us, won't you, Carry? from some of the larger girls, as they looked beseechingly into my face, half doubting whether, as I was a young lady, I would gratify them. I told them I would do all I could to make them happy; and my answer contented them. A ring was soon formed of boys and girls, but broken quickly; and two little dimpled hands were extended to Mrs. Lyman

and myself, and a sweet voice said, "Do come; there is just enough room for you."

A fine little fellow, twelve years old, was seated in the chair, whom all loved, because he was so generous. We sang merrily, "We 're sailing in the boat," etc., and when we had finished the line, "There's a rose in the garden," he selected me for his partner, much to the chagrin of my neighbor on the left, a chubby little body, who could scarcely conceal his disappointment. As the boy who had chosen me sealed his vow of "constancy" by pressing his rosy lips to mine, I could not refrain from smiling at the remembrance of the deep blushes which used, a few years before, to suffuse face and neck upon similar occasions.

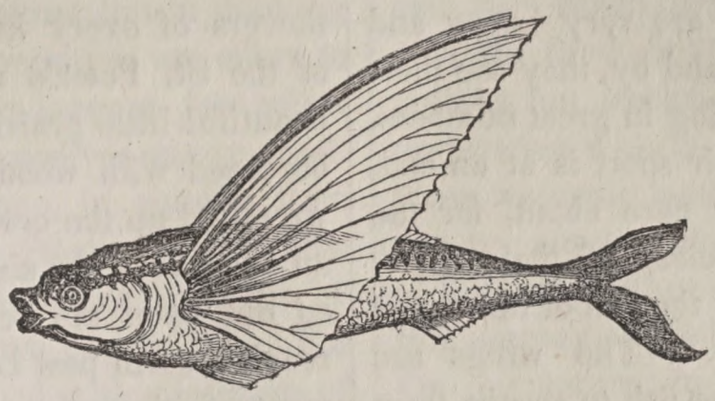
After this, I taught them some new games, including several French ones, of which they had never heard. They nearly tired me out; for I was puss in "puss in the corner," the blinded one in "blindman's buff," and the fox in "fox and geese;" and my feet were not used to moving about as swiftly as theirs. I amused them for a long time with the "magic ring." Filling a cup with flour, I emptied it upon a large platter carefully, so that it retained the form in which it had been pressed. I then put a plain gold ring in the top, so that it would not easily be shaken. Each then took our turn in cutting off a slice of the flour, trying not to displace the ring. It was soon in danger of falling; and the hand of the little girl, who last took the knife, trembled so violently, that when it did so, it was completely buried out of sight in the flour. I told her she must pick it up with her teeth, which she did quickly, and as she raised her head, her curls and face were covered with flour.

There was a shout of good-natured merriment at her ludicrous appearance. "I should think you were a miller;" "She has been drinking out of the milk-pan, and dipped her face in the cream," said one and another. "She looks just like the little mouse mother pulled out of her flour barrel," lisped out little Alice D——, the youngest and the plaything for us all. Ellen—for that was the name of the victim—shook her curls good-humoredly, saying, "Never mind, it will be my turn to laugh next."

After most of the children had paid the forfeit, Mr. Seymour came in, and, in spite of his protestations that he was "an old man—had forgotten how to play"—they compelled him to join in the fun. His whiskers, and profuse black hair, when powdered with flour, made him present so ridiculous an appearance, that the children thought laughing at him the best of the sport.

The little party early broke up, highly delighted with their visit. There were some things that contributed to make them enjoy it which I will mention; and I hope, in some respects, those who read this story will imitate their example: Each one seemed anxious to make the rest happy. When any thing was proposed, no one said, "I don't like that—let us do something else;" but what pleased one, all were contented to do. When the supper was summoned, there was no rushing out of the drawing-room, but they left it quietly; and when at the table, they waited patiently till they were helped.

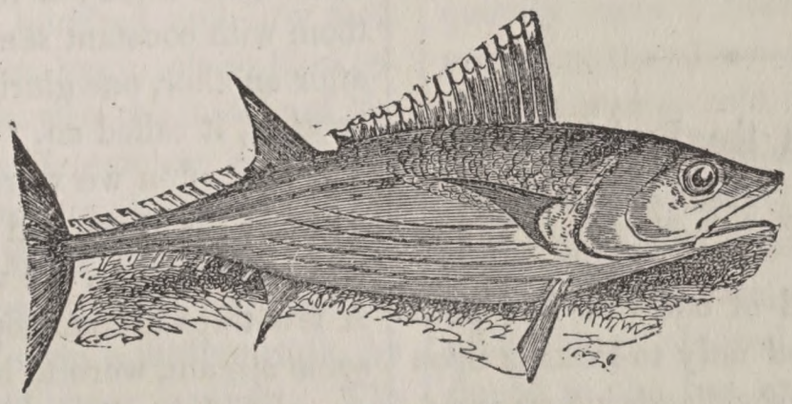
To be continued.



The Flying-fish and his Enemy.

HERE is a picture of the FLYING-FISH. This is a very singular animal, and a part of the machinery of his body is very curious. Some of the readers of the Cabinet, who are accustomed to think for themselves, will no doubt see that every thing is curious about the bodies of animals. True enough. But what we mean is, that the flying-fish is a very singular animal, and in some respects resembles a bird as well as a fish.

Here we see very plainly the great wisdom of God, in so constructing animals as to adapt them to their peculiar circumstances. The wing of the bird is made very light, and has a great many feathers in it, with down upon the edges. The little tubes in these feathers are filled with air, so that the bird will be very light, and so that he can rise easily to a great height. But the fish could do nothing with such feathers. The very moment the feathers



THE ENEMY OF THE FLYING-FISH.

are wet in water, they are useless. So God provides a very different wing for the flying-fish. But what does he want wings for? That we shall tell you before we have done, but not quite yet. Two of the fins of this fish, one on each side, are made so that they can be opened and shut like fans. They are so large, that when they are spread, the fish can easily fly out of the water, and if he wishes, can sustain himself for a considerable time above the surface.

Flying-fish live in warm climates only. They are found in the Mediterranean Sea. Large shoals of them are often seen swimming gently in the pure clear water, in search of food.

For a while they are very happy and playful. But by and by, they see their deadly enemy coming in great numbers, and very soon their sport is at an end, and the most they care about, for the time, is to keep clear of their jaws. Here you perceive the use of the wings of the flying-fish. The wings are needed to enable the fish to escape from the pursuit of another large fish. The principal enemy of the flying-fish is the Bonito. We have given a picture of one of them on the preceding page. They are always found in great numbers where the flying-fish are; and wherever they appear, the flying-fish swim away as fast as they can. The enemy gives a long chase. Away skims the shoal of flying-fish. For a while it is doubtful which will triumph; but by and by, the enemy overtake the fugitives. Then the flying-fish use their wings, and the whole of them rise like birds into the air.

Life on the Prairie.

BY REV. S. R. RIGGS.

On the mind of one who has been accustomed only to looking upon farms and woodlands interspersed, strange impressions are made by being placed in the midst of a great western prairie. Passing up the Mississippi, two years ago, I had seen a few small prairies, such as that at Prairie du Chien, Prairie la Croix, and Wapaskas prairie, where the hills were skirted about with scrub oaks. Beautiful they were in the month of June, spread out like a great green carpet covered with flowers of every hue. At the mouth of the St. Peter's river, too, there are beautiful little prairies and silvery lakes bordered with wood. From that point we toiled up the crooked St. Peter's, in an open boat, for six days, and launched out upon the ocean prairie, which reaches north past Lord Selkirk's settlement, farther than the knowledge of man goes, and west to the Rocky mountains. On this wide expanse of green grass and flowers we pitched our tent night after night.

But, during the journey, we were never long out of sight of wood. The tops of the trees which skirt along the St. Peter's river, were to be seen at one side at a distance; and occasionally the view was relieved by a little island of wood about a lake, or some trees scattered along a little stream which crossed our road. But the great, wide, far-stretching prairie was the one grand idea which filled our minds and wearied them with constant sameness. One rise after another, one glorious meadow after another, it rolled on. Well do I remember how often we were deceived in regard to distance. In the morning, before the sun rose, we were on our way. A few trees around some lake, or along some stream, were to be reached, where we would kindle a fire and cook our breakfast. It seemed but a short distance; but hour after hour passed away, and finally, at ten or eleven o'clock, to our great joy, we found that we had actually reached the place. At night, too, we must reach wood and water, or carry both with us, if we would pass the night comfortably. This part of the prairie, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, I have now

passed over fifteen times, but in thinking over the road, it requires an effort to conceive of it as so long, so few points have impressed themselves on my mind.

Several years ago, in passing from this place to Fort Pierre, on the Missouri river, I had a better specimen of prairie traveling and prairie life. For a week we continued with a caravan of Indians who were going out to the buffalo region. The horses were packing, the women and children, and even dogs, were carrying heavy loads, so that eight or ten miles was our day's journey. We "camped" where they "camped," and occasionally helped them eat a piece of tortoise, and even a polecat. We saw them kill some buffalo, and taking a piece, passed on with two young Indians for our guides.

Standing on the western border of the Coteau des Prairies, we were shown some conical hills which rise in the midst of the prairie to the height of one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet. They had a dim, hazy, cloud-like appearance. This was the middle of the afternoon of a September day. We passed on down into the valley of the James river. What a valley that is—as hard as a floor, with short grass, no landmarks, not even a mullen-stalk, by which one could steer straight. The next evening we crossed the James river, and pitched our tents near the sacred hills, as the Dakota Indians call them, which we had seen thirty hours before.

In making this journey, we several times found no water for the distance of forty miles. Wood was, for the most part, quite out of the question. We used the "*bois de vache*," as the French call it. When dry, it makes a very pleasant fire; but if wet, it produces nothing but smoke. Our patience was quite tried with it, one misty Sabbath, when we could neither prepare our food nor dry our wet clothes.

I will relate but one more incident of this journey. We had no road, no trail. On our return, in this great valley of the James river, we accidentally came across the cart track which we had made when going. Our hearts bounded with joy. It seemed as if we had met a friend in that great wilderness prairie.

But what is life among these sons of the prairie? Living in their skin tents, which are manfactured from the buffalo, they move much about from place to place, killing and eating. In the winter season, they pitch their tents along the streams for the sake of wood and water. When the thermometer is below zero, it is not very comfortable seeking for food on these wide prairies. Frequently have I been told, by Dakota men, that they have chased the buffalo when it was so cold that, ere they were aware, the hand which held the bow was frozen fast around it; and at such times, if the buffalo fail them, as it is not unfrequently the case, they are in danger of starving. Indeed, after they are reduced to the last extremity, their dogs and horses are eaten. This is a kind of life which I imagine most of the readers of the CABINET would not desire.

They, might, however, be glad to see a great prairie on fire. As soon as the grass will burn in the autumn, the Indians are found setting fire to it. This they sometimes do that they may inform their friends where they are; but generally it is for no reason at all. But it

is only when the wind blows high that the fire runs rapidly. Then it leaps and jumps along in the short grass, leaving all scorched and black behind. When it reaches the lower meadow lands, it crackles and thunders through the tall grass, rolling up volumes of smoke and flames toward heaven. Sometimes our hay-stacks and fences have been burned up, and our houses only saved with difficulty. Such are some of the events of life on the prairie.

Lac Qui Parle Mission, Iowa, January, 1847.

The Messengers of Mercy.

EARLY one Sunday morning, as a clergyman was passing by a mean looking cottage, he saw the poor man who lived there sawing wood. He stopped, and asked him why he had not sawed his wood during the week, so that he might have Sunday for a day of rest.

"I saw my wood to-day," replied the poor man, "because I am never at home on week days; I have so large a family, that it takes all my earnings to support them. The place where I work is at a considerable distance, and when I come home, I am too tired to saw wood or do any thing. I have nothing but what I can earn from day to day, and the winter is very severe, and I cannot get enough to make all comfortable; besides, I could not go to church in these clothes, and I have no better."

The clergyman then observed how miserably the poor fellow was clothed. "Come with me," he said; and he took him home, gave him from his own scanty wardrobe, a decent suit of clothes, invited him to go to church with him, and promised him that he would see his wood sawed for him the next day.

The poor man went to church, and his faith was strengthened, and his heart was cheered, by the words that he heard from this true servant of God.

The next day he went as usual to his labor, wondering whether he should find his wood sawed for his family when he returned home. Did the Christian minister forget his promise? or did he send some one to saw the poor man's wood? No, he was too poor to do the last, and too rich in good works to do the first. He went himself, and sawed wood enough to last the poor man's family for more than a week.

Was he not a true Christian minister? and may we not all follow his example?

I once visited a poor, miserable dwelling, where I heard a very bad man using wicked and cruel language to his wife, who was confined to her bed by illness; it was fearful to see and hear him; and I am sorry to say, I had not the courage to speak to him—I actually trembled with horror and dread. But a little girl, about eleven years of age, and who was dying of a consumption, went up to the angry man, and laid her small, emaciated, thin hand upon his arm, and looked right up in his face, and said, "Father, don't speak so, God hears all we say; pray don't speak so, father." She uttered these few words with such tender earnestness, and such loving gentleness, that her feeble, trembling voice touched the heart of the angry man, and he was silent for a moment, and then he said, "I will do any thing that child tells me

to do, for she's an angel." His fierce nature was subdued; goodness and love had made this little sick girl one of God's ministering angels to her wicked father.

Go with me now to that small gloomy room, and see sitting in one corner of it a poor sick looking boy; there is a pair of crutches on the floor by his side; his face is too thoughtful for one so young; tears are running slowly down his cheeks as he is looking into the fire so unconsciously. His mother is so busy at her work she does not see his tears. Presently a bright, healthy-looking boy comes singing and laughing into the room; his cheeks are rosy, and his step is full of joy. "Why James," said the lame boy, "I thought you had gone with the other boys skating this moonlight evening." "No," said James, "I have come to play with you; come, where's the backgammon board? I shall beat you well to-night, to make up for the drubbing you gave me the last time we played."

"Oh, how glad I am!" said the poor prisoner. Now look at his pleasant face; his tears are dried up; he is as merry as his friend. The room no longer seems small and gloomy, for the laughter of innocent and happy hearts can make any place seem bright and joyful;

> The mind that feels no smart,
> Enlivens all it sees;

and before the light of love, narrow walls seem to melt away, and a boundless heaven to open upon us. These are true stories I have told. Let us thank God, for all the faithful ministers of his truth and love that we have ever known, and who have been the dispensers of his goodness to us; and let us remember to go and do likewise, and that each one of us may be and ought to be, in his and her humble sphere, a minister of his love to whoever needs any help that we can give.

And who is there so weak that he cannot help some one? Who so very poor that he can do no good to any one? Like the poor minister, he can, perhaps, give his time and his labor to the poor; like the heavenly-minded little girl, he can give such an example of patient, gentle goodness that his small hand and feeble voice may, perhaps, have the power to control the fierce passions of the wicked, with whom he may be forced to associate; like the loving, happy boy, he may cheerfully resign some of his merry play-hours to the poor lonely sufferer who seems to be forgotten by all, and left to weep alone in this wide, happy world; and by carrying to him the fresh, overflowing joy of his own heart, may chase away his gloom,

> And make a wintry day
> Seem bright as early May.

Thus may we all be imitators of Him who came into the world not to be ministered unto, but to minister.—*Child's Friend.*

"A Frenchman, exhibiting some sacred relics and other curiosities, produced a sword, which he assured his visitors was 'de sword dat Balaam had wen he would kill de ass.' A spectator remarked that Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. 'Ver well; dis is de one he wish for.'"

The Death-bed.

IT is sad to think of the close of life, when the heart has made no preparations for a future world. But we may be joyful even in death, if we can reflect on a life well spent in the service of God, and feel assured that we have a treasure in heaven.

An early preparation for death is a duty that commends itself to all. Even prattling childhood ceases its joyful song, and the sobs of weeping mourners seem to ask if the tender spirit has gone to heaven.

Yes, children die; and ere another new moon may hang her horn over the clouds of the west, some of my little readers may kiss their dear parents and their little brothers and sisters for the last time. Will they think of the sadness and the anguish of their friends, if these should be called to attend their death-bed, and not feel that Christ was

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

there to take the little sufferer away to his own kingdom, where there is no more pain, and where sorrow and sighing flee away?

But in the death of one whose locks have whitened under the snows of four score winters, while death, judgment, and eternity have never received serious consideration, there is something dreadful.

You see here such an old man on his death-bed. This world has been his hope. To secure its riches he has even descended to crime. How fondly he loves gold. See, he is counting it over in the hour of death. Here is a highwayman who has been one of his confederates in the robberies by which he has accumulated a fortune. The rob-

ber stands at the foot of the old man's couch, as if he would raise his courage by making jokes on the awful realities of death.

But there is an anxious look and a sinister purpose expressed in his countenance. Besides, you notice a deadly weapon in his hand. He has feared that his master in crime might falter at this last sad hour, and discover his accomplices. The exhibition of the weapon tells a purpose the like of which the old man has been too familiar with in his active life. His own hand had not, indeed, shed human blood. But he had shared in the plunder which his accomplices had taken from those they had killed at night, in a wild forest path that led through a notch of a neighboring mountain. The past calls up to his remembrance a long train of the victims who fell a sacrifice to his avarice in one way or another.

I have heard of happy and triumphant songs at life's last hour; but here are only groans that remind one of the creaking of the gates that bar the soul from bliss for ever.

A benevolent lady has come in to administer to his wants, and to comfort him in view of his approaching death. But he turns away, and seems to loathe her kind and comforting words, and utters curses while convulsed with death's last struggle.

My little readers, think of such a life, and such a death! and pray that Christ may early be your friend. J. M. S.

"He who knows useful things, and not he who knows many things, is the wise man."

The Mountain in the Plain.

One of the most interesting, and, perhaps, most effective methods of teaching moral and religious truths, is through the medium of fables and allegories. Our Savior taught a good many precepts in this manner. His parables are rich in the extreme. In the course of our reading the other day, we fell in with an article of this character, with the above caption, which pleased us very much; and thinking it would please our readers too, and perhaps illustrate a very important scriptural truth, we determined to copy it. We cannot tell who was the writer, nor where the allegory was originally published; but we think it is exceedingly well written. It savors a little of the quaint style of a past age; yet it may have been written quite lately for all that. Here it is:

There was once a mountain in the midst of an extensive plain. The plain was a wild common, on which lived many people, some of them very hard-wrought, some of them very wicked, and most of them very wretched. They busied themselves rooting out the furze, the thistles, and briars that grew plenty on the plain. But it was amazing how fast these weeds grew up again, and what scanty crops repaid their toil. And besides all this, hardly a day went by but some one was torn by wild beasts which infested the neighboring forest, or plundered and beaten, and possibly murdered, by robbers who haunted there. Yet they took little notice of the mountain. Its sides were rugged. None of the people in the plain had ever been on the top of it. But a few

of the more noticing had made some observations on it. They remarked that a perpetual sunshine settled on its summit, and they inferred that it must be a very genial clime, for by the help of their prospect-glasses they could make out golden fields and gardens bright with blossoms, and over the mountain's edge folded thick bunches of verdure heavy with purple fruit. Still nobody had been on the top, and few paid much attention to the mountain in the plain.

One day as a man was musing on the common near its foot, and was grudging to think what a very toilsome life he was leading, he heard a solemn whisper in his ear. It was such a startling whisper that it raised him to his feet. It said, "Tarry not in the plain." And he began to move before he had time to deliberate. He cast an eye at the mountain, and as he saw high up and far away some of its inhabitants walking in its light, he said to himself, "Happy people! Would that I were with you." And he wandered round and round the hill, but found nowhere that he could go easily up. At last he came to a sort of gully or ravine that promised to take him to the top. He went winding up some way without much difficulty, till suddenly he came out upon a ledge which overhung a dark lake far below. But still the rocky pass promised to conduct him higher, and determining not to look down if he could help it, he began again to clamber upward, till at last he found himself in a niche of rock beyond which he could not go. He looked up and saw cliff hanging over cliff, and not even a thread of pathway by which to scramble higher. He looked down, and the moment he did so the sweat began to ooze from his finger-points, and his heart to flutter with faintness and fear, for he was clinging by a jutting crag, and he had scarcely courage to draw a single breath, lest it should loosen his slippery hold, and send him and the rotten rock a-spinning to the lake below. Just then the same voice which had startled him on the plain, whispered in his ear, "Cast thyself down hence."

The proposal was a strange one, but the voice was so friendly and encouraging, that he almost hesitated whether he would not comply, when it spoke again in a sweet whisper as before, but this time such a secret might went with it, that the man could not refuse, though he almost wondered at himself. "Cast thyself down." And he let go his hold, when instead of bolting down to the abyss, a powerful arm caught hold of him; he felt himself securely borne, and wafted upward on viewless wings, was landed safe on the mountain's crown, and as soon as the amazement of deliverance had somewhat subsided, he flung himself on a fragrant bank, where some fruits newly shaken from the tree were lying. He was full of blessedness, and wept awhile. That evening one of the people of the plain passing near the mountain, thought he heard the voice of an old neighbor singing far up on the summit. But it was a new song, not known thereaway, and except one verse, the man could remember none of it:

"He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay:
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way."

The Child and the Dew-drops.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"FATHER! there are no dew-drops on my rose.
I came to seek them, but they all are gone.
Was night so niggard? or did morning steal
Those diamonds, ere her time?"

"Be patient, boy."

Soon, the soft falling of a summer shower
Drew quiet music from the quivering leaves,
And thro' the hollows of the freshen'd grass
Drew lines of silver.

Then, a bow sprang forth,
Spanning the skies.

"See, child! those glorious hues,
Violet and gold. The dew-drops thou didst mourn,
Mingle and sparkle there. Remember well,
That what is pure and beautiful on earth
Shall smile in Heaven."

He knew not that he spake
Prophetic words. But ere the infant moon
Swell'd to a perfect orb her crescent pale,
The spirit of that fair and loving child,
Which briefly on the parent's breast had hung,
And trembled like a dew-drop, was exhal'd,
And went to Heaven.

Hartford, April, 1847.

The Walk.

BY ROBERT EUGENE BOYD, AGED NINE YEARS.

ON a fine afternoon in the month of May, Mary and Jane went out to take a short walk. As they strolled along, all nature appeared green and beautiful to the eye. They came to a narrow stream of water.

"Oh, dear me!" said Jane, "how shall we cross this stream?"

"Why," said Mary, "if we could get a long board, and put it across, we could get along in that manner."

While they stood thinking, there came a man leading a horse.

"Pray, sir," said Mary, "will you be so kind as to tell us how we shall get over this stream?"

"Why, miss," said he, "if you would get on my horse, I would carry you over."

"Thank you, sir," said Mary. So

he took them both on, one in front, and one behind. So when they reached the other side of the stream, they got off. He asked if they would be so kind as to tell him when they returned; he would meet them at the stream, and take them over again, he said.

"Thank you, sir," said Mary, "but we will take the other road. We are only now going a very short distance to yonder cottage. You can see part of the roof. The old woman is very sick, and we are going to give her these lemons and oranges we have in our basket, which will refresh her very much."

"Why, miss," said the man, "that is my wife you are talking about. I have just been buying some medicine for her."

They walked along with the man, who led his horse by the bridle. When they reached the cottage, they found the old woman sitting up. They asked her how she felt. She said she felt a little better.

"Please to take a seat."

Jane then took the lemons and oranges from her basket, and laid them on the table for the sick woman.

May my little readers copy after Jane and Mary in their kindness to the sick.

A Remedy for War.

MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD has lately written several letters from New York to the Boston Courier, about matters and things in general, in one of which, in speaking of the follies and evils of war, she relates the following anecdote, the principles of which need only to be universally observed, to put a final stop to the ravages and desolations of war.

I have read of a certain regimen ordered to march into a small town, (in the Tyrol, I think,) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that the troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "if they WILL take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with flying colors, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course none of these were in a proper position to be shot at.

"Where are your soldiers?" they asked.

"We have none," was the brief reply.

"But we have come to take the town."

"Well, friends, it lies before you."

"But is there nobody here to fight?"

"No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which nc bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed.

"If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses' heads to be turned about.

Hunting.

THIS is a very ancient sport, as well as one of the earliest employments of mankind. It has furnished the rude savage with his meat, and occupied the pastime of kings. As a sport, it affords many incentives to skill and exertion, while it partakes, in too great a degree, of the element of cruelty. As seen in the picture, the poor fox excites all our sympathies. Though he has proved himself so often a sly rogue, we conceive a sort of interest that he should elude the scent of the hounds and the guns of the sportsmen who press so hard after him. Alas, poor fellow! what chance is there for him! He is like a poor scape-grace from the pursuing indignation of some offended village. There is none to explain his conduct, or to apologize for his frailties. There is much of desperate purpose and energy depicted in the hounds and their galloping followers. We can, for the moment, imagine that we hear their deep baying commingled with the tramping of horses and the shrill horn of the hunters ringing through the forest with mingled and strange echoes. But when we perceive that all this confusion, like the noise of a battle-field, is excited in chasing a poor little fox to death, the enchantment of the scene is dissipated, and the sport of hunting appears to be very tame and ridiculous, not to say revolting, to the better feelings of our hearts.

In Great Britain this sport has usually been confined to kings and nobles. Cruel and arbitrary laws have been enacted against those who, by accident or design, killed or destroyed game without a license from the king, or those intrusted with the care of his forests.

So cruelly have these laws been executed, that even poor women and children have been severely punished for

taking a few bird's eggs from some hedge, when, for this same hedge, they paid rent and tithes to their lord and the clergyman of the parish.

Large tracts of some of the richest lands in the kingdom have been sequestered or appropriated as royal deer-parks and hunting forests. It seems to us, in this country, republicans as we are, that this is very bad policy. Since the increase of population has ceased to be cut off by the drains of foreign wars, and emigration to her distant colonies, the folly and wickedness of such an appropriation of the soil must be apparent to every one who will think of the matter candidly. Famine, with his dark visage, has walked in the trail of the hunters, and whispered in tones deep and awful, and the nobles of England are beginning to see the danger of oppressing the poor to pamper the rich. The wail of famishing millions has broken in on the quiet of Windsor forest, and haunted the night dreams of royalty in Buckingham palace. The two houses of parliament have rocked from their old foundations at the fearful cry, and the decree has been written in the purpose of the British ministry, that man's primitive right to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, and to appropriate the soil for the support of human life, shall again be restored. It has been decreed that the famine in Ireland is one of those severe visitations which justify the government in assuming control over the unjust and unreasonable land-owners, which have come down from former generations, so far as to commend their appropriations to the production of food to provide against the future necessities of the people.

Nunnery of the Hotel Dieu.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

Two summers ago, I visited the Black Nunnery, or the Nunnery of the *Hotel Dieu*, at Montreal. The account of my visit, which I then published in a very excellent periodical in this city, may be interesting to my young readers of the Cabinet. It is slightly altered for their benefit. This is the nunnery long notorious as the scene of Maria Monk's disclosures. The impression, I think, now, among all candid Protestants, who have taken the trouble to inform themselves in respect to this matter, is, that this nun is an impostor; and that though she may have told the truth in some instances, her statements cannot be relied upon implicitly. Such is the opinion almost universally among the Protestants of Montreal. But be that as it may, the enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century needs not the evidence that these institutions are, as a class, schools of vice; and that the Black Nunnery of Montreal should be an exception, is not, to say the least, a very plausible supposition. I for one want much more proof than that which the lamented William L. Stone furnished, (which, by the way, was only negative,) to convince me that the Hotel Dieu is in every respect a proper place for the education of young females. As often as I think of that exhibition ostensibly of the whole interior of the convent to this gentleman, which was so satisfactory to him and others, I am reminded of M. Maëlzel's manner of exhibiting his famous automaton chess-player. Really, according to

the Colonel's account of the Hotel Dieu, there is a striking similarity in the two exhibitions. It is a long time since I saw a game played by this automaton Turk; but I well remember the artifice of the ingenious Maëlzel to convince us that there was no man—no living, breathing specimen of flesh and blood, to guide the fingers of the Turkish figure. First, one door of a large box on which the automaton reclined, was opened, and a lamp placed inside. You saw nothing but machinery. Then another was thrown open, and again it was clear that there was nothing to be seen but a collection of cylinders and cog wheels, essential to the working of the automaton, of course. Four doors were thus successively opened, and the same result followed. Hence the idea that there was a man inside of the old Turk's trunk, who actually moved his fingers, was preposterous. Now let who will believe otherwise, I cannot help thinking there are *chess players* at the Black Nunnery in Montreal.

But of this no more. In company with a clerical friend, more a stranger in the city than myself, I rang the bell of the nunnery early in the morning, and we were soon admitted. There were but few of the nuns visible. One who might have been a porter, a woman somewhat past the meridian of life, met us, and accosted us in French. I never understood French well, and the little knowledge I have is rather rusty, and my friend was no better off. So we made haste slowly for a while, in the communication of our wishes to be shown the interior of the institution. At length, however, we were introduced to a young lady whose tongue had been taught to discourse a little English, and as soon as she was informed of the object of our visit, she very politely offered to escort us through the nunnery, or rather, through that part of it which heretics, such as we, were allowed to see.

I must say a good word for the politeness of this sister Agatha. She acted the part of a cicerone to perfection The dress of the nuns of this order is black. Hence their name. There is a black gown of coarse bombazine, or some similar fabric, and a hood fitting close to the head, with a very curious cape reaching about half way down. This, with a crucifix suspended from the neck, is mainly the attire of a nun of the Hotel Dieu. You must know that a nunnery is a charitable institution; and if you don't know, and ever visit one, the inmates will take good care that you learn the fact before you leave. We were shown into room after room occupied by invalids, some but slightly ill, others apparently near the hour of death. My attention was directed to the circumstance that over each bed in these sick rooms was the name of some saint, as St. Ursule, St. Antoine, Notre Dame, etc. On application to our guide for a solution of this enigma, she informed us that these were patron saints of the invalids. As soon as there is a vacancy from recovery or death, in any of these situations, there are scores generally ready to secure it, let the particular saint who has a place at disposal, be who she may; but that saint is to be especially invoked for his or her temporal or spiritual well-being or well-becoming. Our guide informed us, moreover, that the objects of their

charity were not Catholics alone, but that all the recommendation a person needed in order to insure the benefits of the institution was to be sick, and the more sick the greater the recommendation. Very like.

Through a window opening from one of the rooms appropriated for the invalids, we were shown the interior of the chapel. We were not permitted to enter; probably it is too sacred for the feet of the uninitiated. The Virgin occupied a very prominent place. Indeed, I have often noticed that while Romanists ascribe to Christ thousands, they seem to give tens of thousands to the Holy Mother.

It is difficult to give the account of such an absurd system seriously, and yet it is a serious subject; and ever since my visit to the Hotel Dieu, my heart has bled for those sisters whenever I have thought of them. Shut out from God's own beautiful world, never allowed to gaze upon the charms of nature; their minds darkened; their imaginations depraved; their hearts corrupted; they need our sympathies, though they ask them not. Sadly and silently we left the gates of the Hotel Dieu, and as I mingled with the world again, I resolved that I would remember more frequently and devoutly the wretched votaries of superstition whom I had left behind.

"A donkey carrying a load of books," said Amru, the conqueror of Egypt, "is as respectable an animal as the person whose head is crammed with learning that he does not understand."

Hymn for a Sunday School.

BY REV. E. F. HATFIELD.

I.

Blessed Jesus, children's friend!
To our worship condescend:
In thy name we meet to-day—
Hear us when we praise and pray.

II.

Thou didst once reside on earth,
Meek, and of a lowly birth;
Thou wert once a little child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled.

III.

Like thyself may we obey,
Minding what our parents say,
Striving how to please them best,
Making all around us blest.

IV.

Wiser, holier, may we grow,
Loved by all above, below;
Busied, like our blessed Lord,
With our Father's work and word.

V.

Little children Thou dost love,
Though enthroned in heaven above;
When to thee they once were brought,
Thou did'st say,—"Forbid them not!"

VI.

Gracious words!—how sweet they be!—
"Suffer them to come to me;
"Little ones delight me much,
"Heaven itself consists of such."

VII.

Jesus, Lord! receive us thus,
Lay thy blessed hand on us;
Take away our hearts of stone,
Give us hearts of flesh alone.

VIII.

Wash our many sins away,
Keep us clean from day to day;
While we live may we be thine
Then in glory may we shine.

Garden Flowers.

LITTLE girls, do not forget to plant the seeds of the flowers that smell so sweetly in the garden. Let us see. Which among the annuals are prettiest? That is a difficult question to answer, and we could almost fancy some of the modest little creatures would be jealous, if we could answer it. But there are some you should have by all means. Do not neglect the Pink, the Variegated Pink. It is desirable aside from its beauty. It blooms early in the spring, and continues in bloom after the frosts of Autumn have withered its sisters. Then you should obtain the Morning Glory,

THE PETUNIA.

the Cypress Vine, the Mignonette, the Madeira Vine, the Sweet Alyssum, and the Petunia. The last is very beautiful, and continues in flower a long time. Above is a picture of it. There are several varieties of it, with different colors, all pretty. There are a great many other flowers, too, which will well repay your attention. Take care you do not forget them. If we should happen into your garden during the summer, we should be very sorry to miss their sweet faces. Take care, too, that these flowers do not suffer from the encroachments of the weeds. Little boy! can't you spare time enough from your play to help your sister weed the flower-beds? What is the reason you cannot get up a little earlier in the morning, and spend half an hour before breakfast in the garden? Do so, and you will have a better appetite.

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

How closely are sunshine and storms, joys and sorrows, smiles and tears, intertwined in the life this side of the grave! Hearts are bleeding to-day that were bounding with gladness yesterday; and other hearts, that are now light and gay, will to-morrow be pining in anguish. The theatre of this world enacts but a drama of April. It is but a braiding, so to speak, of bright skies and frowning clouds. How often the mourners go about the streets! Reader! has God ever bidden you to weep sad tears over the grave of one you tenderly loved? Have you ever felt, as the remains of that cherished one were slowly deposited in the cold earth, that your fondest earthly hopes were buried? If you have, then can you weep with those that weep:—

"For to the soul that ever felt the sting
Of sorrow, sorrow is a sacred thing."

We had a sister—we *had* a sister—alas! that tells the tale. *We have no sister now.* Heaven is dearer to us, for it has received the spirit of that cherished one; earth is more desolate, for it holds her ashes only. We have no sister now. We saw a slumber steal over her fair features—an unearthly, dreamless slumber—we could not call it death. Ere the grass was green above the chambers of the dead, ere the first flowers of spring unfolded, ere the robin's notes were heard in the silent sanctuary, we laid her to rest. Gently we laid her where her mother has long been sleeping; and there, by the side of the streamlet where we used to play in the sunny days of childhood, there is now the form of her we so tenderly loved, and whose memory we so fondly cherish.

But we ought scarcely to bring our grief, unbidden, into the breasts of our friends, still less ought we to dwell upon the theme when admitted there. We alluded to this painful topic more for the purpose of expressing our gratitude, than to excite any new sympathy. For the many, many consoling words which have been spoken by present friends, and written by absent ones, we are sincerely grateful. Some drops from the overflowing cup of grief have thus been removed by those who love us. We thank them cordially, but we thank God more. There are springs of comfort which he has opened, that the sandy desert of this world can never yield.

We are indebted to a lady, less acquainted with us, personally, than with our efforts for the little folks, for a bouquet composed of a great variety of the choicest and most beautiful flowers. Well, the road which the poor editor has to travel, though a weary one, and a little cold and dusty sometimes, is not so very bad, after all. This kind token of friendship—this generous mark of approbation—more than compensates for a score of complaints. And the bouquet is such a bountiful one, too. It is the richest thing, in its way, which has ever made our acquaintance in a similar manner; and there are some

pretty verses accompanying it—which are worth reciting at the editor's table. They run thus:

LINES TO THE EDITOR.

The sweetest flowers of early spring,
I've culled for you to-day;
'Tis friendship's offering that I bring—
Accept the gift—my sweet bouquet.

While through life's thorny path you rove,
May flowers still blossom on your way;
But may your happiness ne'er prove
As fading as my sweet bouquet.

I called upon the fairy Nine,
To aid me with this simple lay;
They all refus'd, unless I'd twine
A wreath for them from your bouquet.

I left them, then, the surly maids,
Alone to find my crooked way.
The fairest flower soonest fades;
So quickly take my sweet bouquet.

We came very near committing a blunder the other day, which would have been ludicrous enough. We discovered a little article headed, "Singing in the Family," snugly stowed away in one of those depositories of all kinds of lumber, the *miscellany* of a country newspaper. We liked the caption pretty well, and made up our mind to transfer the little thing to our own pages. Our scissors were in the act of clipping it, when we glanced at a sentence or two. It seemed familiar, and, upon a closer inspection, we found it was one of our own articles, copied without credit, and robbed of its collar and wristbands, so that we did not recognize it! Since then, we have seen this fellow in the same dress, making a tour in three papers in this city, and more than twice that number in the country. He is getting to be quite a traveler—and that is all very well; but, friend editor! pray spare the ear-marks—an' thou lovest us, spare them—if thou wilt, we will promise to keep quiet about the pilfering. But we do want to know our own articles, when we see them going the rounds, whether anybody else knows them or not.

The Hutchinson Family, some few weeks since, gave their farewell concert at the Tabernacle, and have now returned to the "Old Granite State." They were, if possible, more popular in this city during the winter than ever before. Their music is, perhaps, better appreciated, and more admired by all classes of society, than that of any other vocalists; and it is cheering to think that they have earned their popularity without the expense of principle, in the least degree. The moral and social influence of their songs is one of the happiest features connected with their concerts.

By the way, very handsome lithographic likenesses of these singers have been published by J. Britton, of this city, in separate vignettes on one sheet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications, which we have not had time to examine. Among them are, The Blind Fiddler, Disappointment, Our First Blue Bird, and The Poor Orphan Child.

Several articles are accepted, which will appear when we can find a place for them. In this catalogue are, The Little Star Gazer—beautiful, very beau-

tiful—The Brook and the Bubbles, The Motto, The Editor's Dark Pigeon-hole, Autobiography of a Rain-drop, and The Dying Child's Vision of Heaven.

The following articles we are obliged reluctantly to decline: Lines on the Death of a Friend, Pleasures of Childhood, and The Time has Come.

A LETTER FROM THE SCHOOL GIRLS.

MR. EDITOR,—In the YOUTH'S CABINET for March, you expressed a wish that correspondents in different parts of the country would give you sketches of life in the section in which they reside. Now we, a group of School Girls, ranging from two to sixteen years of age, will endeavor to comply with your request, by attempting to give you a faint picture of the vicinity of Lewisberry, in which we reside.

Lewisberry is situated in a pleasant valley in the upper end of York county, Pennsylvania, in the fortieth degree of latitude, and consists of about sixty dwellings, besides stores and shops, with two churches in the vicinity, the one belonging to the Methodists, and the other to the Lutherans. The society of Friends have also a meeting-house near the lower end of the valley. A stream of water, which turns three or four grist mills, winds gracefully through the valley. The face of the country is somewhat rolling, or hilly, with meadows, fields, and woodlands alternating. In the spring of the year the white blossoms of the dogwood, with the lilac-colored ones of the red-bud, give to the forests a beautiful and variegated appearance.

About two miles distant from Lewisberry, in the forest, stands what is called the "Indian Mill." It consists of two rocks, the nether one being concave on the upper side, and the upper one, which is round or globular, lies in this concavity, or upper surface of the under one, and is so nicely balanced, that though one man can roll or move it, yet half a dozen would not be able to displace it. We do not, however, suppose that the Indians ever used it for grinding their corn.

Another thing which strikes us as being a little curious, is two Sycamore trees standing upon opposite sides of the little stream, before mentioned, which have been engrafted together, forming a complete arch across the stream.

Although we style ourselves school girls, yet it is only in winter we can have time to attend the school, as in summer we have to assist our mothers in the various occupations of rural life, such as washing, ironing, baking, and gardening; though, by way of recreation, we are sometimes permitted to meet together, and take excursions to the fields and woods in search of amusement; and we enjoy these rambles very much, as they are not only a source of pleasure, but are conducive to health, and have a tendency to unite us more closely in the bonds of friendship.

And now we come to speak of the YOUTH'S CABINET, which some of our parents have procured for us. We like it very well, but think we would like it still better if you would give us more of Natural History and Botany in its pages. However, we do not wish to dictate, but would say, in conclusion, that if you think this our first attempt at essaying, possesses any merit, you may

publish it—if not, you are welcome to commit it to the flames. And if you, Mr. Editor, should ever pass this way, please to call on the "Social Group," and we will endeavor to make your visit a pleasant one. Yours, etc.

NEWPARK SCHOOL, Pa., April, 1847.

We think it quite probable that many of our subscribers failed to receive their April number, until the month was somewhat advanced. If so, they must not blame us. We were ready with our usual promptness, but from a deficiency of mail-bags in our city post-office, great multitudes of magazines and periodicals were delayed nearly two weeks. In this stack of literature, unfortunately, our magazine for April found a resting-place.

A FRENCH AFFAIR OF HONOR.

ALEXANDER DUMAS, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, recently sent a challenge to the Marquis de Maleville, for words spoken in debate on the floor of the chamber. The messenger who bore the challenge was M. Viennet, a mutual friend of the parties. The Marquis de Maleville seems not to have been very deeply in love with certain chivalrous notions which are so current among many gentlemen in France, as well as some in America, and he returned the following answer to the challenge:—"Sir, I thank you for having afforded me the opportunity of seeing the agreeable and excellent M. Viennet. As to the proposal which you are good enough to make to cut my throat, I am chagrined beyond measure at not being able to accept it." Would it not be wise for some of our members of Congress to save a copy of this reply for future use? Unless we are greatly mistaken, they may get a valuable hint from it; and perhaps it is as *honorable* to answer a challenge in this way, as it would be to blow a man's brains out with a musket.

ANSWER TO THE LAST ENIGMA.

Botany is a most interesting study. Ebro is the name of a river in Europe. Sin is the cause or occasion of all evil. Daniel was one of the prophets. The Rhine is a river in Europe. Tyre was a celebrated city. Paradise is the home of the pure in heart. Ural is the name of a chain of mountains in Europe. Isaiah was one of the prophets. Happiness is the pursuit of all mankind, and I may add that the most sure way of finding it is in the path of duty. I should add, too, if the author of the enigma had not suggested it, that truth is essential to a happy life. Fear is a Cape in North America. Youth is the spring-time of life. Georgia is one of the United States. Darius was a Persian king. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," is a most tender and comforting promise of the Savior.

CHARADE.

MY first is a very significant abbreviation, more used in commercial language than elsewhere.

My second is a veiled sacrifice in the Romish church.

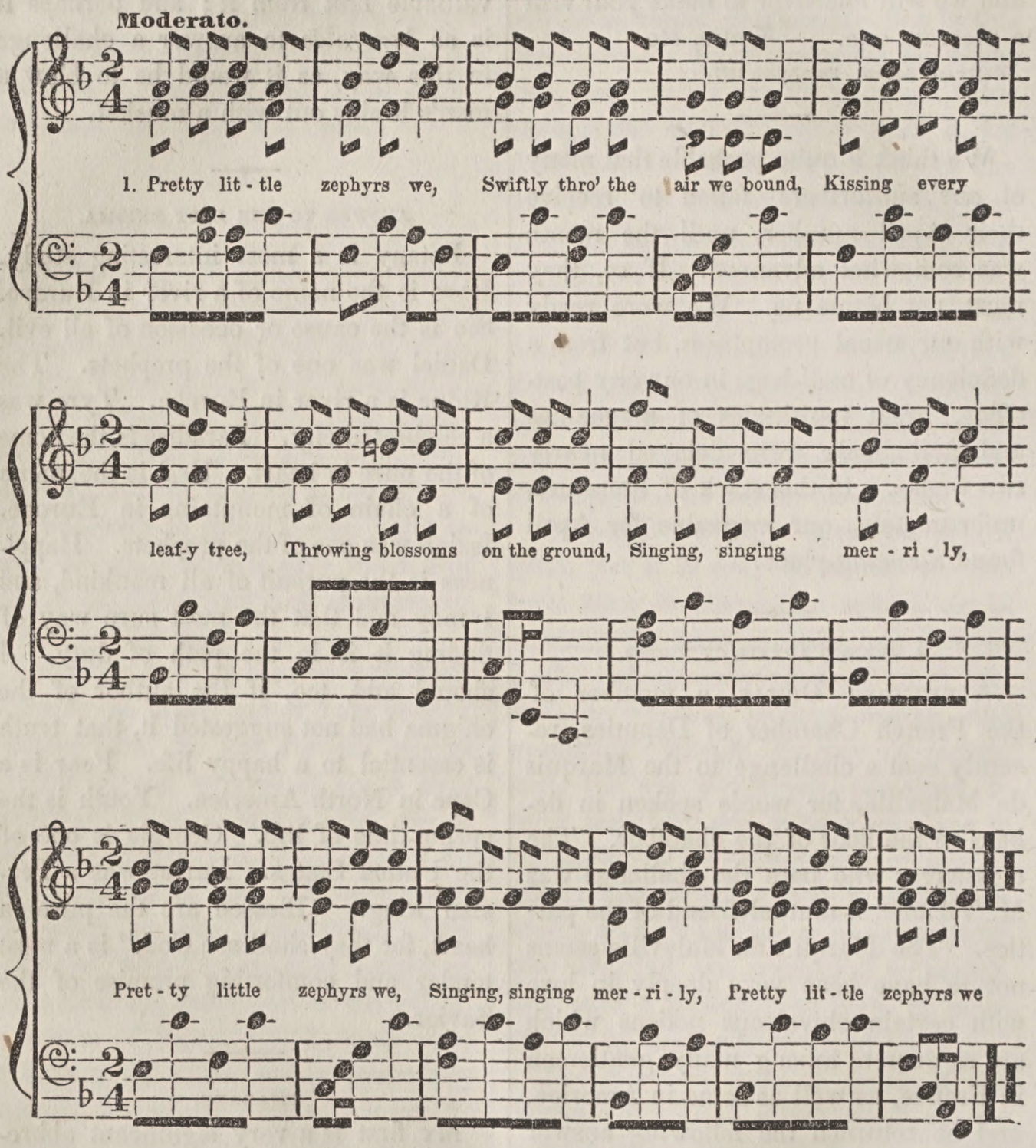
My third is an organ in the human frame, and its music is heard in Mexico

My whole is the puzzle of wits. A.

The Song of the Zephyrs.

FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

COPIED, BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS, FROM BRADBURY'S FLORA'S FESTIVAL.



2. How we love the budding flowers,
Tossing round their pretty heads,
Let us play around your bowers,
Breathing on your grassy beds.

3. Welcome, welcome, zephyrs light,
Welcome to our feast of flowers;
Smiling ever with delight,
Welcome to our fairy bowers.

Old Jack, the Favorite Horse.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

MY FATHER had a horse, when I was a little boy, that was quite a pet with the whole family. We called him Jack, and he knew his name as well as I did. The biography of the old veteran would be very interesting, I am sure, if any body were to write it. I do not mean to be his biographer, however, though my partiality for him will be a sufficient apology for a slight sketch.

Old Jack was a very intelligent horse. He would always come when he heard his name called, let him be ever so far distant in the pasture; that is, if he had a mind to come. Of course, being a gentleman of discernment, he sometimes chose to stay where he was, and enjoy his walk. This was especially the case when the grass was very green, and when the person who came for him chanced to be a little green also. Jack had his faults, it cannot be denied, and among them, perhaps, the most prominent was a strong aversion to being caught by any body but my father, whom he seemed to regard as having the sole right to summon him from the pasture. I used occasionally to try my hand at catching him. In fact, I succeeded several times, by stratagem only. I carried a measure containing a few gills of oats with me into the field, and his love for oats was so much stronger than his dislike of the catching process, that I secured him. But after a while the old fellow became too cunning for me. He came to the conclusion that the quantity of his favorite dish was too small to warrant him in sacrificing his freedom. He had some knowledge of arithmetic, you see. Certainly he must have cyphered as far as loss and gain. One day I went into the pasture with my bridle concealed behind me, and just about enough oats to cover the bottom of my measure, and advanced carefully toward the spot were old Jack was quietly grazing in the meadow. He did not stir as I approached. He held up his head a little, and seemed to be thinking what it was best to do. I drew nearer, encouraged, of course. The cunning fellow let me come within a few feet of him, and then suddenly wheeled around, threw his heels into the air, a great deal too near my head, and then started off at full gallop, snorting his delight at the fun, and seeming to say, "I am not quite so great a fool as you suppose."

Still old Jack was kind and gentle. My father never had any trouble with him, and many a long mile have I rode after him, when he went over the ground like a bird. I loved him, with all his faults, I loved him dearly, and when he was sold, we all had a long crying spell about it. I remember the time well, when the man who purchased our old pet came to take him away. I presume the man was kind enough, but really I never could forgive him for buying the horse. He

PARTING WITH OLD JACK.

was rather a rough-looking man, and he laughed a good deal when we told him he must be good to Jack, and give him plenty of oats, and not make him work too hard. I went out, with my sister, to bid our old friend a last sad good bye. We carried him some green grass—we knew how well he loved grass, he had given us proof enough of that—and while he was eating it, and the man was preparing to take him away, we talked with old Jack with tears in our eyes; we told him how sorry we were to part with him; and he seemed to be sad too, for he stopped eating his grass, and looked at us tenderly, while we put our arms around his neck and caressed him for the last time.

I have had a great many pets since—cats and dogs, squirrels and rabbits canary birds and parrots—but never any that I loved more than I did old Jack; and to this day I am ashamed of the deception I practised upon him in the matter of the oats, when trying to catch him. I don't wonder he resented the trick, and played one on me in return.

"THERE is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying. I will therefore be prepared for that, at all times, which may come at any time, and must come at some time. I shall not hasten my death by being ready for it, but may sweeten it."

Caroline's Story and Dream.*

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I HAVE at times found it difficult to determine whether my enjoyment was greater in my sleeping or waking hours. Not a dear friend have I loved—not a pleasant moment enjoyed, that has not again been revived in the hour of sleep. When I retired to rest, after the visit of which I have told my young friends, the moment that drowsiness had taken possession of me, I felt myself gently wafted along upon the water. Not a breath of wind seemed stirring, and everything seemed resting in loveliness. The sun was shining brightly; but his light seemed to have been mellowed, so as to be pleasant to the eye. We passed along by banks where the grass looked like the softest velvet, sprinkled with violets. The little vessel I was in was so elegant, I am afraid I cannot describe it to you well. You may have read about one that belonged to a beautiful, but wicked queen, called Cleopatra. This was more perfect than that. The body of it was pearl, ornamented with groups of flowers; men and animals were pictured with wreaths of roses, lilies, and other flowers—the whole composed of rubies, amethysts, emeralds, and other precious gems. The oars, spars, and seats, were of gold, beautifully chased. When the sun fell upon the boat, you saw reflected the most dazzling colors. What is called the figure-head, was the image of a little child, wrought in alabaster, so life-like, it seemed to have closed its eyes but an instant, from weariness. The sails of my boat were of so delicate texture, that they seemed of fairy workmanship; and I am sure none but such tiny weavers could have made them.

Do you know, children, what fairies were? I will tell you, for fear you do not, though there was something about them in a recect number of the Cabinet. People in olden times thought there were little busy-bodies—some good and some very bad—that lived every where, under leaves and in flowers—even in the tiny cups of the blue hare-bell. They could say and do for or against people whatever they chose. They were so small that they could have dancing parties under mushrooms; and one person relates that he once saw a fairies' funeral, and the body was wrapped in a rose-leaf. Some pretty stories are told about these little people, but I am afraid they are not true ones, however. But I must not forget to tell you about my boat.

There were beautiful little seats, covered with crimson velvet, for me to rest upon, and the air was filled with sweet music. I did not at first know who the minstrels were; but they soon appeared. My little sailors came from their hiding-places. They were little boys with laughing eyes, dressed in white; holding their harps, upon which they played soft airs, accompanied by their voices, full of melody.

I closed my eyes, and cared not to open them again; while they sang to me sweet songs of the bright land to which we were going. When they had finished, a sweet voice whispered in my ear, "Lady, see our home." I opened my eyes, and soon stepped

* Continued from page 146.

ashore upon a land which seemed a mimic paradise. We passed along under trees bending with golden fruits—oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and others which I never had seen before. From bough to bough, hung vines which swung to and fro in a gentle breeze, rocking the thousands of birds who seemed vieing with each other in making sweet sounds.

On we went, till we came to a little gate, which flew open at our touch. Then we saw for whom all these lovely things were made. I had heard the voices of children, and we now saw them. Under a canopy of flowers and vines, loaded with luscious fruit, were a party of dancers, their feet scarcely touching the carpet of moss beneath them. My little sailors were welcomed with caresses. At a little distance another group were crowning, with a coral coronet, one of their number, while their companions near were preparing a dainty feast with which to celebrate the event.

All were happy; even the smallest were decking each other with garlands, and seemed to think it a pleasant thing to love and be loved. Now and then, as a cooling breeze swept among the trees, little silver bells hanging among the branches would sound sweetly upon the ear.

While I was enjoying this delightful scene, one appeared among them whom all seemed to recognize, although I could not tell from whence she came. Her face was as beautiful as those of the children of whom I have told you, except that it was disfigured by anger and envy. She began to tear down the festoons from the trees, and to snatch the garlands from the little ones. She dashed the crown of their queen upon the ground, and overturned the table from which some of them were feasting.

At first her companions tried not to notice her unkindness; but it was in vain. The music grew fainter, and finally ceased; the song died away; the dancers stood silent and sad; and even the sunshine seemed less pleasant. As the one who caused this change continued her unkindness, those who had but a short time before made the place vocal with gladness, buried their faces with their hands, and wept. A slight noise, caused by some new act of mischief, waked me. I recalled the faces of those I had seen in my dream, and recognised them as those of the children with whom I had played during the evening. Even the face of the figure-head on my boat was that of little Alice D——.

I thought I would tell you this story, dear children, that you might see how the ill temper of one person spoiled the comfort of so many. I hope you will think of the story, and particularly the dream, whenever you are tempted to do anything that may make those around less happy. If I have used any words you do not understand, you must get some friend to explain them. I should have explained them myself, but I was afraid I might tire you if I wrote too long a story.

"MANY," says Newton, "have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is *a way to escape it;* and with this I begin and end."

To Lavinia, in Heaven.

Spirit from yon pearly skies,
Whither dost thou roam?
With those soft and pleading eyes,
Wherefore hast thou come?
Is it upward thou wouldst call us,
Is there aught that may befall us,
Breathing with a magic spell,
Thou in dreams art come to tell?
Gentle spirit, say.

Sainted one, we weep for thee,
Though thy home is fair;
And our hearts will lonely be,
Till we meet thee there.
Was there naught thy love had cherished,
Had thy dearest ones all perished,
That the summons thou couldst meet,
With a smile in death so sweet?
Gentle spirit, say.

Spirit with the golden lyre,
Touch those cords again.
Thou hast joined the heavenly choir,
Free from toil and pain.
Strike once more those notes of gladness,
Chase away our gloom and sadness.
Tell us on yon flowery plain,
We shall meet in peace again.
Gentle spirit, tell.

D. A. J.

A Musical Ghost.

In the end of summer, a family residing a few miles from Aberdeen, Scotland, and at the time, consisting of females, were thrown for one or two successive nights into no small consternation, by the unaccountable circumstance of a piano being set a strumming about midnight, after all the inmates of the house were in bed. The first night the lady of the house rose when she heard the unseasonable sounds, thinking some member of the family had set about "practising her music" over night. She went cautiously to the room door, which she found shut; but although she heard the tones of the instrument when her hand was upon the handle of the door, on entering she was astonished to find no one in the room. The piano was indeed open—as it was generally—for a young girl to practice when she had a mind. But where was the midnight musician? The room was searched, but to no purpose—there was no musician visible. Next night the same sounds were heard, and a search was made, but with no better success.

One or two nights of quietude might intervene between those on which such sounds were heard; but they still broke at intervals through the stillness of midnight—at one time with note by note slowly,—at another, like the quick loud thundering of a battle-piece; till the horrible conviction filled every mind, that the house was haunted. Now, although a musical ghost was perhaps preferable to one with clanking chains, a hideous gash in his throat, or any thing of the ghastly contingents usually ascribed to the fraternity, yet still—even at the best—a nocturnal visitor of the kind could have been very pleasantly dispensed with.

One morning, the piano was heard sounding away much louder than usual; and the dawn having begun to peep through the window-blinds, one or two of the family, summoning up the courage that comes with the light of day, resolved that, "ghost, if ghost it were," they should at all risks have a peep at

it, and cautiously descended to the door of the apartment, which was slightly ajar. The musician was fingering the instrument with the greatest industry and energy, and apparently at his own entire satisfaction.

Well, after much demurring, in they peeped; and most assuredly, through the dim dusk of the morning, a gray figure was seen exerting itself most strenuously. They looked closer, when, behold, there was—what, think you?—the cat, pawing away first with her fore feet, and then with her hind; now touching one note gently, and then dancing with all fours across the keys. There was a solution of the enigma—a bringing to light of the imagined ghost. *Aberdeen Herald.*

A Story for Little Children.

I WILL tell you a story about a little boy. It is a pretty story. I have read it in the Bible. Once there was a basket found in the rushes by the side of a river. It was made tight, so that the water could not get into it. There were a number of women near, when the basket was found. One of them was a princess, and her father was the king of that country. When they looked into the basket, they saw there a little child. Strange, that any mother should leave her babe in such a place. I will tell you the reason she left him there. She was a Hebrew woman. The king of the country where the child was found, was wicked, and hated all the Hebrew people. He hated them so much, that he gave orders to have all their children killed as soon as they were born. The mother of this babe put him in this basket, or ark, to save his life. She thought, I suppose, that somebody would come and have pity on him. And there was a friend of hers very near, to see what would become of the child. Well, the king's daughter heard the babe cry, and she did pity him. The woman who was watching him, asked if she should not go and call a nurse for him. The princess said yes; and the woman went and called his mother. So the child was saved, and lived many years, and the Lord made him a very great and useful man. The name of this child was Moses.—*Theodore Thinker.*

The Fruit Woman of Normandy.

THE fruit women in Normandy, France, are a very interesting class of people. The engraving represents one of them, selling or trying to sell her articles of merchandise. Do you notice what a queer kind of dress she has on? The peasantry or poor people do not dress the same in that country as they do here. This fruit woman has a hat or bonnet, which would be quite a curiosity if seen on the head of any of our countrywomen. We wonder what fruit she has to sell. We cannot make out whether they are apples, peaches, or melons, can you? Poor woman! sometimes people do not buy enough of her fruit to enable her to get food for her children, and then she has to resort to begging. There are a great many beggars in Normandy. A man who has traveled there, says, the beggars

THE FRUIT WOMAN OF NORMANDY.

station themselves upon the side of every hill, and sometimes they let people know that they want money, by throwing a bouquet of flowers at them. They get a great deal of money, sometimes, by flattery. They will address every lady as a princess, and every gentleman as a lord. Perhaps they will compliment them about their fine appearance. There is a great deal of power in flattery.

But we must leave the poor old fruit woman, though we hope she will sell her fruit. She seems very patient, does she not? Now we think of it, children, did you ever notice the lame and decrepit old apple woman, who sits all day long on the steps of Stewart's dry good store, in Broadway? If you have not, she is worth going to see. But don't go without carrying a penny or two along. Buy one of her apples, too. There is nothing you can do which will be more likely to bring a smile upon her wrinkled brow; and it is pleasant to see such a person smile. Do not forget the poor and the distressed. A little money, often a kind word, when you have nothing else to give, will often cheer and gladden their hearts.

The First Bluebird.

BY PROF. J. ALDEN.

As Francis Hale was on his way home from school one evening, in the latter part of March, he heard the sweet note of the bluebird, and looking up, he saw the stranger that uttered it, sitting on one of the branches of a maple tree. The sound and the sight rejoiced his young heart. For several long months he had looked on the leafless forests and snow-covered hills, and heard the roar of the winter wind. Now he saw a sign of life, he heard the first voice of spring. Soon she would spread her robes on the trees and hill-sides, and cause her numerous musicians to give forth their varied harmonies. "Oh, you dear little fellow," said he to the bird, as he stood and gazed on his beautiful blue coat, "how glad I am to see you! I wish you would go home with me, and let little sister see you."

Observe that the feeling of happiness had no sooner sprung up in his own heart, than he desired to share it with his little sister. This was habitual with him, and in consequence all his joys were nearly doubled.

"What are you looking at?" said Hiram Fowler, as he came along and saw Francis standing still, and gazing at the bluebird, who sat still, as if aware of the admiration he had excited.

"A bluebird," replied Francis, with a good deal of animation.

"Did you never see one before?"

"Not since last summer."

"Not since last summer! that isn't a great while ago, and a bluebird is a bluebird wherever you see it, and it isn't much of a bird after all."

Hiram had stopped while he made these remarks, and his eyes had naturally followed the direction of Francis', which continued fixed on the bird. Two boys who were at some distance, seeing them standing still and looking up into the tree, concluded there must be some curiosity there. So they came upon a

run, and cried out as they drew near, "What do you see?"

"A bluebird," said Francis.

"Where is he?"

"On that limb."

"Oh, I see him. He won't sit there long." So saying he hurled a stone at the bird, before Francis saw what he intended to do. The bird looked at the stone as it passed him, and then down at the boys, as if he had said, "I don't quite understand what that was for," and then hopped up on a higher bough. James Blanchard, for that was the boy's name, began to gather some more stones to throw at him.

"Don't stone him," said Francis.

"Why not? He don't belong to you," said James.

"He belongs to the good Lord, and you have no right to hurt him."

"Let the Lord take care of him, then," said the wicked boy, drawing back his arm, and preparing to throw. Francis seized his arm, and shouted with the purpose of frightening the bird. "Shoo! shoo! he wants to kill you," said he to the bird; but the bird was either so wrapt up in the fancies of coming spring, that he did not hear him; or, if he heard him, he did not understand English. Probably the bluebird's language was the only one he had ever learned. James shook himself clear of Francis, for he was much the stronger of the two, and taking careful aim, he hit the poor bird, and brought him to the ground. The tears came to Francis' eyes as James picked up the bird which a little while before was so full of life and joy.

"Don't cry," said Hiram, "it's nothing but a bluebird, and there will be plenty of them about in a few days. He isn't dead—is he?" This question was addressed to James, as he drew near with the bird in his hand. The bird began to open his mouth, and to give signs of life. Pretty soon, he gave a cry of distress. "Let him go, do," said Francis, "he is alive."

"His leg is broken," said James. "He will make a good supper for the cat."

"You had better kill him," said Hiram, "and put him out of pain."

"The cat had rather have a live bird than a dead one;" so saying he gave the bird a swing, which caused him again to scream with pain. Francis rushed upon James, and struck him with all his might. James dropped the bird, and began to fight back. Hiram soon interfered, and parted them; not because he thought it wrong for boys to fight, but because, as he said, they were not equally matched. He killed the bird to "put him out of misery," and the boys went their several ways.

Francis felt very bad, and at first he thought it was wholly on account of his sympathy for the bird; but ere long another feeling made itself distinctly felt. It was a feeling of guilt for having suffered his angry feelings to rise so high, and for having assaulted James. He tried to satisfy himself that his motives were good, that he had been influenced only by a proper sympathy for one of God's innocent creatures; but he could not make it out that motives, good at the outset, could make a wrong act a right one. He said to himself that James deserved to be flogged, and that was a truth not to be disputed; still it was by no means

clear that he had been commissioned to punish him. He concluded to tell the whole matter to his father, and see if he would not think he had done right. He did so. His father warmly approved his sympathy for the bird, but told him he had done wrong in resorting to force, under the circumstances of the case.

"What is to be done with such boys, then?" said Francis.

"They must be left for punishment to those who have a rightful authority over them."

"Suppose they won't punish them?"

"Then we must leave them to the Lord. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' Do you wish to see James punished?"

"Yes, sir, I think he ought to be punished."

"Would you rather see him punished for his fault, or see him penitent for it?"

"I would rather see him penitent—a great deal rather."

"That is right; do not forget to exercise penitence for your own fault in the matter."

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, May, 1847.

Pride must have a Fall.

PRIDE exhibits itself in very young persons, as well as older ones. My little sister feels it as strongly, when she struts about in her new and gaudy dress, as the rich lady does when she treads her soft carpet. But, alas! "pride must have a fall." Nelly trips her foot, and slips down. Now her new dress is soiled and torn. The haughty lady, too, is perhaps in one week transferred to a humble dwelling, and the costly furniture passes into the hands of another.

I recollect reading a story not long since, which illustrates the truth of the proverb, "pride must have a fall:" A lady riding out one day in London, ordered her coachman to stop upon the cross-walk in front of one of the principal shops. He did so, and she was about getting out, when several persons came along, and wished to cross the street where the carriage stood. They requested the coachman to drive along a little farther; but the haughty lady put her head out of the carriage, and ordered him not to do so. While she was engaged purchasing some articles at the store, one of the individuals who wished to cross the street, opened the carriage door, and walked through it; another, and another followed, and when the lady came to get in, she found her splended carriige muddy and soiled, and was of course very angry. But years flew by, and that lady, by a sudden transition from prosperity to adversity, was occupying a miserable dwelling in the vicinity of the place where she had exhibited so disobliging a disposition, and her children were glad to earn a few pennies by sweeping that very cross-walk.

Let all be warned by this story, and remember the truthful proverb, "Pride must have a fall." E. H. W.

"THE fishes are mute, lest they should reveal the secrets of the great deep. Solomon knew them, and yet he died."

The Voice of Nature.

WHO has not delighted in the contemplation of nature, in the glories of a summer night? The grove or wood, lawn and stream, and the wild rural hill, reflect the glories of an evening sky so charmingly, that one almost fancies that paradise derived its richest enchantment from the lights and shadows of night.

Who that goes out from the din, the smoke, and the dust of the city, to ramble at night-fall over meadows and fields, does not feel that nature has new charms, that never before fascinated his spirit? Yes; a new moon is hung in the sky, shedding a novel and strange brilliancy over all the landscape. The stars look down, as it were, through the dim twilight, and look up again from the face of the little lake at the bottom of the shadowy valley. What an hour, and

THE SHEPHERD IN REPOSE.

what scenes for meditation! Napoleon, infidel as he might have been, felt inspired with the natural instincts of the poet, in favor of God and religion, while walking with a friend one beautiful night, in one of the public squares or promenades of Paris. "Look up," said he to his friend, "and tell me who has spread out these beautiful heavens over us. There must be a God, and the people must have a religion!"

The works of God have surely taught religion to man. We know that the wilds of nature have taugh the rude sojourners in the wilderness truths, which the refinements of infidel philosophy could never gainsay, nor the high-wrought bigotry of the schools illustrate or honor. The prophets of old sojourned in the wilderness, to gather the inspirations of their sublime ministrations. And shepherds, watch-

ing their flocks by night on the mountains of the East, received the first intimations of the advent of the Savior. While speaking of shepherds, there is in this picture, a representation of confidence in God.

The flocks are secured in their folds; the tender care of their keepers have discharged their faithful trust. They are beyond the attacks of the prowling wolf. But who careth for their keeper? They think not of danger to themselves. Sitting down on the green turf, the head is pillowed on a mound of stones, under the open sky, and the thought of the howling wilderness is lost in dreams of peaceful rest—in confidence in God, so deeply cherished in the heart. Who would not wish thus to live in the confidence of Heaven's protection? Who would not delight to be above the fear of flood, and fire, and storms, nor be left to tremble at the howling wolf, or the roaring lion, or savage beasts of prey? In obeying God, there is this confidence for the present time, and the hope of eternal peace in the world to come.

J. M. S.

Importance of Culinary Knowledge.

YOUNG ladies now-a-days, seem to consider that the less they know of this important branch of housekeeping, the more accomplished they are. But I think I can very easily show that they will bitterly repent their false and foolish ideas on this subject, when it becomes necessary for them to direct, and perhaps even perform those duties, the knowledge of which they have despised.

The modern misses, who have gained, by years at school, a smattering of French and music, and have learned to dance beautifully, and warble Italian songs delightfully, will find that none of these things assist them to sweep and dust a room, direct the making of bread and preserves, or the management of servants, who soon discern whether their mistress knows what she pretends to teach.

I once heard of a lady who had always been so very busy learning these accomplishments, of which we have been speaking, that she would devote no time to the important art of learning to keep house, but left this to her mother's watchful care. In due time, she was married, and then began the sorrows, which only those who have experienced them can know, of miserable servants, or no servants at all. One day, finding herself entirely alone in the kitchen department, having discharged her saucy Irish cook, not knowing who else to advise with, she inquired of her *husband* how she should cook a piece of corned beef. Her husband, being provoked at her because she did not know how, told her to roast it, of course. Accordingly she did so, and when her husband returned to dinner, bringing with him an old friend, whom he had chanced to meet with, he had to eat a piece of corned beef roasted! It is needless to say how mortified she was at this exposure of her ignorance.

Some think it very degrading to assist in household affairs, and leave it all to their servants; and then sometimes things are not done exactly as they wished them; whereas, if they

had lent a helping hand, it might have been done properly.

Suppose a person should be asked to make some broth for a sick friend. How badly she would feel if she had to refuse, on the plea that she did not know how. I should advise all young ladies to learn this art; for theory is not so good as practice. M. E. S.

Aunt Betsey, the Gossip.

Of all the habits least to be encouraged, I should rank among the first that of tale-bearing or gossiping. A trifling thing has sometimes been so magnified by persons addicted to this practice, that discord has been sown in families, and resentment, bickerings, and estrangements have followed in its path. I can no better illustrate this than by a brief sketch:

Aunt Betsey was a very important personage in the village of Roseville; for if any people wanted news manufactured to order, Aunt Betsey could satisfy any demand they might make. She was usually dressed in a rusty black gown, a tremendous bonnet, and a red wig. Rain or shine, she carried a huge cotton umbrella, and the very twinkle of her grey eyes said as plain as could be, "I know a thing or two."

One day, having nothing particular to busy herself about at home, (she always had plenty of leisure,) she sallied forth to visit at the house of one Mrs. Highflyer, a kindred spirit, and one with whom she could indulge her passion for scandal. As she slowly walked along, she passed the house of Mr. Timotheus Spriggins. Mr. Timotheus Spriggins was a very exemplary man indeed, somewhat inclined to be prim in manners and dress. His neck-handkerchief was always tied just so; and Sundays, when he put on his best hat, and blacked up his best Sunday boots, to appear at the little white meeting-house, which stood in the centre of the village of Roseville, there was not a more respectable looking man for many miles around. But then, Mr. Timotheus Spriggins was a keeper at home, and was particularly severe sometimes, when he had an opportunity, upon those who meddled with every body's business. His wife, too, was a help-mate for him, and his children were all little patterns.

As you may imagine, Mr. Timotheus Spriggins was any thing but a favorite with Aunt Betsey. She sought, and sought in vain, to find something out of the way in the conduct of this good man and his family. As she was walking by his house, on this memorable day, she stopped a moment at the gate, where Mr. Spriggins was standing, looking at half a dozen little urchins, who were merrily engaged at play. She saluted him; and while he answered her briefly, one of his children came running up from the opposite direction, with a plant in his hand, and asked his father if it was good to eat, at the same time putting a leaf of it into his mouth.

Now Aunt Betsey, unfortunately, was a little deaf, so that she did not hear the question, but she saw Mr. Timotheus Spriggins spring towards the child, and exclaim, "It will kill you." This was enough for her; off

she posted to Mrs. Highflyer, and was soon ushered into the dingy parlor.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Highflyer!" she exclaimed, when that lady appeared, "I have something dreadful to tell you."

"Indeed!" cried Mrs. Highflyer, in breathless anxiety, "what is it?"

"Why," said Aunt Betsey, "just now I was passing Timotheus Spriggins' house, and he was standing in the yard scolding his children. I do believe he'd been drinking, if he does pretend to be such a saint. I stopped a moment to speak to him, and he answered me gruffly enough, which is'nt surprising, you know, as he'd taken a drop too much. While I was standing at the gate, one of the children ran up and said something saucy to his father, I suppose, though I could not rightly hear, but Mr. Timotheus Spriggins flew into a dreadful passion, and ran after the child, crying, 'I'll kill you! I'll kill you!' Upon this, I hurried away as fast as possible, but I could hear the child scream all the way here; and you know I'm a little deaf in one ear. I am really afraid the barbarous wretch has killed the poor child; for there's no knowing what a man won't do, when he's fond of the bottle."

"La me!" exclaimed Mrs. Highflyer, "what is our town a coming to? As I used to tell Mr. Highflyer, poor man! the world gets worse every day—it's well he's dead and gone."

Several gossiping neighbors, seeing Aunt Betsey entering Mrs. Highflyer's house, and knowing there was news afloat, happened in, and the story was eagerly told and commented on. At last, one old lady thought it would be best to send for the sheriff, who lived next door, and have him investigate the matter. Accordingly, Johnny, a grand-child of Mrs. Highflyer, was despatched for Solomon Seizum, who was ushured into the company of the mysterious spinsters.

"Oh! Mr. Seizum!" they all exclaimed, with one voice; and then followed the story, with double the exaggeration.

Mr. Solomon Seizum, with much importance, stated to the company that he should immediately wait upon Mr. Spriggins, and if he found him guilty, put him under arrest. Accordingly he left, and many sighs and good wishes, as to the success of his mission, followed him. But alas! fifteen minutes had not elapsed, when Mr. Solomon Seizum returned, bringing with him the veritable Mr. Spriggins. This gentleman made a low bow to the ladies, repeated the story concerning his murderous intent, as he had heard it from the sheriff, explained to them that his little boy was about to put the leaf of a poisonous plant in his mouth, and he had cried out to him, "It will kill you." He concluded his remarks by something of a lecture on the habit of gossiping. I have never heard the particulars about that lecture—probably the notes of it are not extant—but the old gentleman was undoubtedly very severe.

As might be expected, the company were somewhat mortified; but I've heard it said that none of them relinquished the habit, and that Aunt Betsey exclaimed to Mrs. Highflyer, that she "did'nt believe, after all, but that Mr. Spriggins *did drink*." A. C. A.

Thoughts of the Little Star-Gazer.

BY REV. C. H. A. BULKLEY.

I'm looking on the stars, mother,
That shine up there, all bright,
So like a brilliant string of beads
Around the neck of Night.

I love to greet their smiles, mother,
That fall soft from the skies;
They seem to gaze on me in love
With their sweet angel-eyes.

It seems to me, sometimes, mother,
That they are windows bright,
Through which the happy spirits look,
And shines Heaven's holy light.

Oh! are they not the gates, mother,
Of radiant pearl and gold,
By which we enter heaven at last,
To rest in God's dear fold?

I often think I see, mother,
The angels moving there,
And leaving, in their circling course,
Their radiant footsteps' glare.

I doubt not that the sun, mother,
In his bold eagle-flight,
Hath from his glittering wing let fall
Those dew-like drops of light.

I ofttimes look to see, mother,
Those sparks flash in the sky,
As though Love at his forge had made
Their circled radiance fly.

Each time I see one shoot, mother,
And die in darkening space,
I think that some loved light of life
Hath left its earthly place.

They look as if they were, mother,
Bright golden bells that ring,
And make accordant music-tones
Whene'er the angels sing.

Oh! I should love to hear, mother,
Their notes close to my ears,
For I have read full often of
"The music of the spheres."

But ah! the sweetest sounds, mother,
Of love and truth are known,
Like those rapt songs of morning stars,
In that far realm alone.

Yon sky a garden seems, mother,
All full of flowery beds,
Where sunbeams sleep, and summer's breath
Its incense ever sheds.

Oh! I could almost leave, mother,
My happy home and thee,
To roam amid that starry field,
And in that garden be.

At night I seem to sit, mother,
Beneath a great tree's shade,
Upon whose limbs grow golden fruits,
And buds that never fade.

Why doth not that bright fruit, mother,
Sometimes to earth fall down?
Will never one come near my grasp
When 'tis to ripeness grown?

Oh! I do often strive, mother,
To catch one glowing gem,
And place it with the dearest hearts
In Love's bright diadem.

Oh! thus it often is, mother,
The brightest things we see,
Though ever loved and long desired,
Too far from us will flee.

I would be like a star, mother,
Far from the touch of sin,
And ever own a heart that glows
All full of light within.

I love those isles of light, mother,
In that wide, shoreless sea,
The azure sea, where floats the moon
So cloudlessly and free.

Oh! I would joy to glide, mother,
A bark of light among
Those angel-homes, or moor me safe
Where radiant raptures throng.

Oft have I heard it said, mother,
That sailors, on the sea,
By those sweet lights have steered their barks
Safe o'er that billowy lea.

Oh! how would I rejoice, mother,
To cheer such lonely eyes,
Or be a star of Truth to show
The home of paradise.

Did not so blest a light, mother,
Shine on the magi's way,
To lead them to the manger where
The infant Saviour lay?

Full well do I believe, mother,
That on the wall of night,
God's pen of fire, in wisdom dipp'd,
Hath traced these words of light.

I read in God's dear book, mother,
That they whose love divine
Turns many unto righteousness,
Like stars forever shine.

Is not each lustrous world, mother,
A glorious kingdom given,
To all who here by truth and right
May win the prize of heaven?

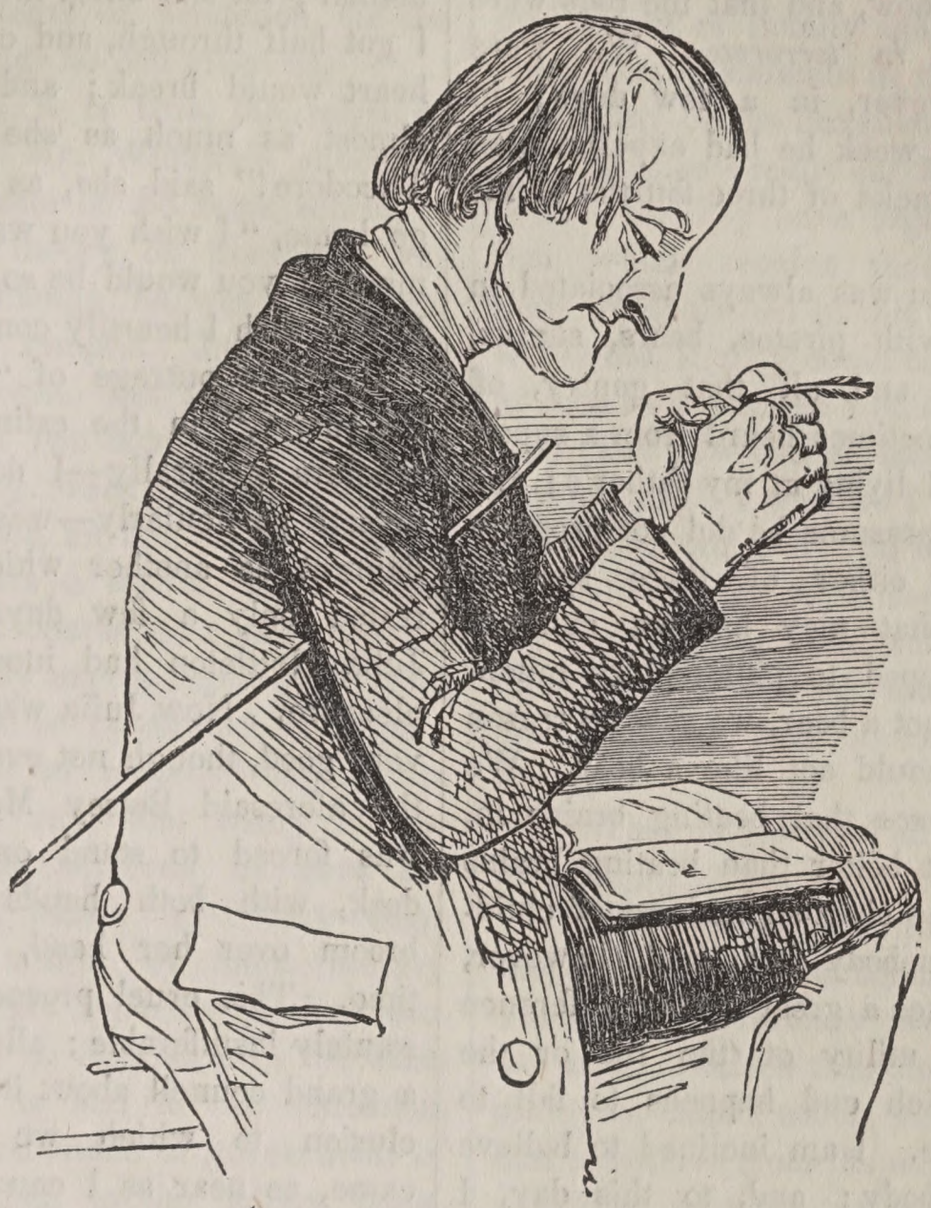
Oh! I will ever strive, mother,
To love God and all things,
That I may dwell and reign above
Where Love's light ever springs.

Yes! I will pray for all, mother,
And bless with truth each soul,
That, like a star, my name may shine
In heaven's immortal scroll.

The Praying little Girl.

Such a little girl once asked how she could pray with the heart, as one had told her she must. I will tell her how, but I must ask her one question, too. What are some of the things you pray for? You often say, "Give us our daily bread." Now suppose you had just returned from school very hungry, what would you do? You would go at once to your mother, and ask her for bread. You would ask, believing that she would give it to you, because she had done so often before. In the same way you should ask your heavenly Parent, not only for food, but for protection and life.

You often say, "Forgive us our sins."—Suppose, again, that you had offended your mother. Your heart would be very heavy; you would have no peace. If at study, you would think of your kind mother's just displeasure; and if at play, you would stop and remember that no sweet smile would meet you when you went home. Would you then expect her to pardon you, if you went to her and said carelessly, "Mother, do forgive me?" No, you could not; but you would go with tears in your eyes, and entreat her to forgive you; you would remind her that she had always been kind to you, and you would promise to do better in future, and you would not be happy until you were sure she was satisfied with you. Now, my child, think of this the next time you kneel down to pray; and ask God for daily bread, with as much confidence that he will hear you, as you have when you ask your mother.—*Selected.*



The Testy Schoolmaster.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face."

AT a very early period in my school history, we had one William Wildfire for our teacher. He was not a remarkably handsome man, as I think you will see by his profile, which is here pretty faithfully sketched, as he appeared in repose, mending a pen, with his favorite cudgel under his arm. He was a most enthusiastic admirer of the ultra flogging system. The very first day of school, he sent a delegation of some dozen boys into the woods, for a large bundle of tough rods; and these were laid up to season for use. There were just as many as there were children in the school, and each one was exclusively appropriated to a particular individual, and bore his or her name. We had supposed that all this parade

was mere show, and that the rods were only kept *in terrorem*. We were wiser, however, in a few days; in less than a week he had experimented upon the backs of three-fourths of his charge.

That man was always associated in my mind with pirates, bears, sharks, hobgoblins, and all that gentry, of which I sometimes heard from a superstitious girl living at my father's; and yet I dare presume he did not properly belong to either of these species. However that may be, we children seldom stopped to philosophize much. If he was not a bear, we saw no reason why he should act like a bear. We could not see that beating brains in, was a whit better than beating brains out. O, the short-sightedness of children! Somebody has said, however, that it makes a great deal of difference about the utility of the rod or the ferule, which end happens to fall to one's share. I am inclined to believe that somebody; and, to this day, I have not been able to see that I was ever made much better by the way in which Master Wildfire's hickory sprouts came in contact with my back and shoulders.

I recollect what a holy indignation I felt one day, when that bear of a schoolmaster made Betsey Morgan hold the heavy tongs at arm's lengtn for some minutes, striking her with his ruler every time she let her arm fall. When school was out, I went half way home with Betsey, all the way using my eloquence against the naughty schoolmaster, who could punish so good a girl as she was. She did not need much eloquence of this kind neither; for she burst into tears before I got half through, and cried as if her heart would break; and I cried too, almost as much as she did. "Oh, Theodore!" said she, as I left her to go home, "I wish you was the schoolmaster; you would be so good to me." In this wish I heartily concurred.

But this outrage of "William the Conqueror," in the estimation of the scholars generally—I cannot say of myself particularly—was not near so flagrant as another which he perpetrated only a few days afterwards. Julia Nettleton had incurred his displeasure. Now Julia was a good girl, very good, though not *quite* so good as the aforesaid Betsey Morgan. Julia was forced to stand on the writing desk, with both hands holding the broom over her head, a long, long time. This cruel proceeding was absolutely insufferable; all the boys had a grand council about it, and the conclusion to which we unanimously came, as near as I can recollect, was very like the conclusion of that famous council of rats, convened for the purpose of devising measures of defence against their common enemy, the cat.

It happened, very opportunely for us poor fellows, that our master found out that he could make more money by mending shoes than he could by beating knowledge into the rising generation, and so he left us. There were merry hearts in the old schoolhouse, when he delivered what he called his farewell oration. I saw no tears shed, but one or two which fell from his own eyes; and I never could conjecture what these were for, unless

they were tears of penitence for the many floggings he had given us.

This was, it is true, the reign of terror; but Mr. Wildfire's successor was a governor of the same school, so far as the theory of discipline was concerned, though he was a different man in his temper. Indeed, in the whole catalogue that followed, I cannot recollect two schoolmasters that I loved. They were obtained, with a few exceptions, for ten, or at the most, twelve dollars a month, board inclusive; and of course their patrons could not reasonably expect much from them. I would not be censorious—I hope I shall not be so regarded—but I am prepared to say, that many of the common schools, even in good old Connecticut, fifteen or twenty years ago, were taught by mere literary quacks, grossly ignorant of their profession; and so it must ever be, when less regard is had to the education, character, and mode of government of a teacher, than to the dollars, cents, and mills, paid for his services.

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

NUMBER II.

GEORGE. Now, Mr. Thinker, will you tell us a little about the breathing and eating of plants? I wonder if they don't sleep too; how is it?

T. I remember I made you something like a promise, at our last meeting, that I would talk a little about the habits of plants, when we took up the subject of Botany again. Vegetables resemble animals in more respects than many people imagine.

G. Do plants really eat, Mr. Thinker?

T. Yes, they have organs of digestion, which receive their food, and they are nourished in this way. They would die, if they could not eat, almost as soon as an animal would.

G. But how can a plant eat without any mouth? I am sure I could not.

T. Vegetables live on fluids. They cannot masticate solid food, it is true; but they take up liquid substances, and these are converted into sap, very much as our food is converted into blood.

J. What is the food of plants, Mr. Thinker?

T. Their principal article of food is supposed to be carbonic acid gas. This they get through the medium of the roots. Besides this, there is another principle, called azote, which they are said to receive from the earth.

E. But pray tell us how these fluid substances get into the plant; and after they get into the root, how do they run all over the plant? Water never runs up hill, does it?

J. Why, Emma, how does water go through a whole sponge, when you wet only the lower side?

E. That is done by capillary attraction, of course. But this is quite a different thing. I doubt if you could get water to rise a hundred feet in a sponge, and some trees are higher than that, and the sap must go to the top.

T. There have been different theories respecting the circulation of the sap. But the most common, and I think the most probable, is this: The fluids in

plants circulate upward and downward, as the blood is carried to and from the heart in animals. The principle of capillary attraction alone, however, will not explain the rise of the sap. The little sponglets of the roots do not take up the liquid from the earth in dead plants. It has been ascertained that heat is a powerful agent in the circulation of the sap. Indeed, many suppose this to be the principal agent. An experiment has been made of placing two plants of the same kind in two similar vases of water, leaving the stem of one plant in the open air, and introducing the stem of the other through the glass into a hot-house. In the latter case, the buds will soon expand, and the water will be rapidly exhausted; while in the other case, the buds will swell slowly, and it will take a much longer time to exhaust the water. During the day, also, and particularly when the heat is greatest, the rise of the sap is most rapid. At night, there seems to be a cessation, certainly in part. Cloudy weather, too, will diminish the ascent, and a gleam of sunshine will increase it.

J. I do not quite understand this.

T. Well, wiser philosophers than you have made the same confession. There are many things about the circulation of the sap which are mysterious; but I think I can see one way in which heat and cold can affect the circulation. Evaporation, of course, goes on more rapidly in the day time, and when the weather is comparatively warm. It is supposed that plants lose by evaporation through the leaves, in a clear, warm day, about two-thirds of the fluid they receive. At night, evaporation being checked, and perhaps ceasing altogether, the sap must accumulate, and if it circulate at all, would be likely to descend rather than ascend.

E. But what becomes of the other third of the sap—that portion which is not thrown off by evaporation?

T. It is supposed that very nearly this proportion is purified by ascending to the leaves, just as the blood is purified by the air it receives from the lungs, and that it returns into the body of the plant by a different set of vessels from those through which it ascended, and that in this way nourishment is communicated to the system. But we are left somewhat to conjecture here, after all; for these vessels, if such exist, are so minute that they cannot certainly be detected with the aid of a microscope.

Now shall we talk about something else, and resume this subject at another time?

The Precious Gem.

An affectionate father, on returning from a distance, placed upon the neck of his darling, but sightless child, a jeweled necklace. While in the act of fastening the clasp, he dropped a scalding tear upon her arm; it warmed her heart; she immediately kissed it off, and thanking her father for his costly present, remarked, that she possessed one gem, infinitely more precious. On being asked "what is it? and to what place consigned?" she feelingly replied, "I wear it on my heart. It is my father's tear."

E. S.

The Brother's Farewell.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

"Thy rest is won, sweet sister!—praise for this!"—HEMANS.

DEAD! art thou dead?
Loved one! dost thou not listen to my blessing?
Canst thou not feel a brother's fond caressing?
Has thy soul fled?

Oh, have I now
No sister?—Yet thy spirit seems to linger,
For death has left few traces of his finger
On thy fair brow.

Alas, how soon
The things of earth we love most fondly perish!
Why died the flower our hearts had learned to cherish,
Why, ere 'twas noon?

I cannot tell—
But though the gloomy grave be now her dwelling,
And though my chastened heart with grief is swelling,
I know 'tis well.

'Tis well with thee—
'Tis well with thee, thou pale and silent sleeper!
Though I am left a stricken, lonely weeper,
Alas for me!

How sweet the smile
I saw, when we love's last sad office paid thee—
Methought thy spirit blessed us, as we laid thee
To rest awhile.

'Tis well for me—
'Tis well—my home, since thou art there, is dearer—
The grave is welcome, if it bring me nearer
To heaven and thee.

I'll not repine—
No, blest one! thou art happier than thy brother;
I'll think of thee, as with my angel mother,
Sweet sister mine.

I'll check this tear—
'Tis sweet to my sad heart, with sorrow riven,
To think that thou wilt come to me from heaven,
And bless me here.

Still would I share
Thy love, and meet thee where the flowers are springing,
Where the wild bird his joyous note is singing—
Come to me there.

O come again,
At the still hour, the holy hour of even,
Ere one pale star has gemmed the vault of heaven—
Come to me then.

I shall not dwell
Long in this stormy world, so full of weeping—
Soon shall I sleep where thou art calmly sleeping.—
Sister, farewell!

New York, May, 1847. Christian Parlor Magazine.

The Brook and the Bubbles.

My young friends, the other day as I walked over the green fields, I came to a little brook that poured itself joyously over a pretty waterfall; and then it ran into a foaming stream near by, whose water rushed onward with impetuosity, and left its foam upon the shore. But the little brook appeared more pleasing than the large stream, and as it was pretty and interesting, it greatly attracted my attention. Here I seated me down and began to muse. I observed a number of beautiful bubbles formed by this little waterfall. Some were small and delicate; others large and gorgeous. They beautifully reflected the colors of the rainbow; for the morning sun was shining upon the sparkling waters. These bubbles, though of different sizes, were all formed alike and looked alike beautiful on their joyous way. They all started, I observed, from the same point, and moved gently towards the same place—the junction of the brooklet with the stream. But many of them were of short continuance, and soon vanished away. Some came in contact with a spire of grass, or with one another, and suddenly burst and disappeared; others, borne on the smooth surface in the midst of the brook, found their meandering way to the stream that came sweeping by. Here they were lost, and I saw these beautiful little creations no more!

Ah! thought I, here is a touching emblem of life—of time and eternity! The brook I will liken to the stream of life, and the wide and deep waters into which the little brooklet fell, the ocean of eternity. I compared the beautiful bubbles, floating along, to the barks in which we sail down the stream of life to our eternity. We all start from the same harbor—for a while we sail along together gaily and pleasantly; but soon some of the fragile barks are missing, and we see them no more. Others venturing nearer the shore, founder upon the

quick-sand, and are dashed against the rocky coast, and totally wrecked. Some that set out upon the voyage together, on loving and peaceable terms, run their little barks against each other and sink them amidst the deep waters. Others still, sailing farthest from danger, glide on safely and securely, till engulfed in eternity's ocean. Life's voyage soon ends, and eternal things then burst upon our vision!

Now, my little friends, do not forget the lesson here taught you. Remember life is like a stream that glides softly away—we are as bubbles upon this stream—like a shadow, like a vapor; life appeareth but a little time, and then vanisheth away. Do not sport along life's rapid river, catching at shadows till life is clean gone. Life is uncertain. Time is short. Improve its golden moments; for they are precious. So you will be wise; your life will be useful and pleasant, and the ending of your voyage will be glorious.

CAMELLA.

The Wolf.

THE WOLF is usually regarded as a species of wild dog, yet naturalists have found little save the mere structure of his body and some of his domestic habits, to favor this opinion. The strong natural antipathy subsisting between the two animals, with the fact that they never associate together, and never meet save as mortal enemies, and the different periods that they go with young, are proofs that nature has constituted the wolf as a distinct race. Many of the affinities between the two animals are common to other distinct species of carnivorous quadrupeds.

The wolf is larger than the largest dog, being from the tip of the nose to the insertion of the tail, about three feet seven inches long, and about two feet five inches high. His color is a mixture of black, brown, and grey; the hair being extremely rough and hard, but mixed towards the roots with a kind of ash-colored fur. His qualities and habits, as a beast of prey, are thus graphically described by Buffon:

"The wolf is one of those animals whose appetite for animal food is the most vehement, and whose means of satisfying this appetite are the most various. Nature has furnished him with strength, cunning, agility, and all those requisites which fit an animal for pursuing, overtaking, and conquering its prey; and yet with all these, the wolf most frequently dies of hunger, for he is the declared enemy of man. Being long proscribed, and a reward offered for his head, he is obliged to fly from human habitations, and to live in the forest, where the few wild animals to be found there, escape him, either by their swiftness or their art; or are supplied in too small a proportion to satisfy his rapacity. He is naturally dull and cowardly; but frequently disappointed, and as often reduced to the verge of famine, he becomes ingenious from want, and courageous from necessity. When pressed with hunger, he braves danger and comes to attack those animals which are under the protection of man, particularly such as he can readily carry away—lambs, sheep, or

even dogs themselves; for all animal food becomes then equally agreeable. When this excursion has succeeded, he often returns to the charge, until having been wounded or hard pressed by the dogs or the shepherds, he hides himself by day in the thickest coverts, and only ventures out at night; he then sallies forth over the country, keeps peering round the villages, carries off such animals as are not under protection, attacks the sheepfolds, scratches up and undermines the thresholds of the doors where they are housed, enters furious, and destroys all, before he begins to fix upon and carry off his prey. When these sallies do not succeed, he then returns to the thickest part of the forest, content to pursue those smaller animals which, even

THE WOLF.

when taken, afford him but a scanty supply. He then goes regularly to work, follows by the scent, opens to the view, still keeps following, hopeless himself of overtaking the prey, but expecting that some other wolf will come in to his assistance, and then content to share the spoil. At last, when his necessities are very urgent, he boldly faces certain destruction; he attacks women and children, and sometimes ventures even to fall upon men; becomes furious by his continual agitations, and ends his life in madness."

The wolf combines in his nature almost every bad quality, with scarcely a redeeming trait in his character. While the weak and defenceless are sufficient to satisfy his appetite, he, coward-like, skulks from danger and even turns to devouring his own disabled kindred, rather than expose him-

self to the risks of an equal contest with other animals disposed to resist his aggressions. Cruel, ferocious, and selfish to the last degree, he has ever been referred to as a figure of all that is hateful in character. "The wolf in sheep's clothing," has been a proverb from antiquity, in describing the character of a hypocrite.

Wolves are more or less plenty in every part of the world; though they are thought to be exterminated in Great Britain and Ireland, where they formerly were very numerous and troublesome. In New England, the tales of wolves and their attacks on the early settlers, were the terror of our boyhood, inspiring scarcely less horror than the traditions of the Indian wars. The story of Gen. Putnam and the wolf is familiar to every schoolboy. Even to the present time these ferocious animals make occasional attacks on the farmers' flocks; and the excitements of a wolf-hunt may be enjoyed by the people of the same district, for two or three times during a century. The large bounties offered by the State legislatures, have, however, caused them to be hunted by individual huntsmen in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the unerring rifle gives the remnant of the species a more modest exit from the world, and the skillful marksman an undivided reward for his toil.

The title of *majesty*, in addressing the sovereigns of England, was first used in the time of Henry VIII. Previous to that period, the title of *highness* was employed.

Boiling Ponds in New Zealand.

On the edge of a great swampy flat, I met with a number of boiling ponds; some of them of very large dimensions. We forded a river flowing swiftly toward the lake, which is fed by the snows melting in the valleys of the Tongariro. In many places in the bed of this river, the water boils up from the subterranean springs beneath, suddenly changing the temperature of the stream, to the imminent risk of the individual who may be crossing. Along whole tracts of ground I heard the water boiling violently beneath the crust over which I was treading. It is very dangerous traveling; for if the crust should break, scalding to death must ensue. I am told that the Roturua natives, who build their houses over the hot springs in that district, for the sake of constant warmth at night, frequently meet with fatal accidents of this kind; it has happened that when a party have been dancing on the floor, the crust has given way, and the convivial assembly have been suddenly swallowed up in the boiling cauldron beneath. Some of the ponds are ninety feet in circumference, filled with transparent pale blue boiling water, sending up columns of steam. I also observed small, deep holes or wells, here and there among the grass and rushes, from two inches to as many feet in diameter, filled with boiling mud, that rises up in large bubbles, as thick as hasty-pudding. The steam that rises from these boiling springs is visible at a distance of many miles, appearing like the jets from a number of steam-engines.—*Angas's Savage Life.*

Scotland.

MY YOUNG FRIENDS, have you ever read of Scotland—the land of the mountain, the torrent, and the dell? I have been there, climbed its heath-clad hills, sailed upon the beautiful lochs which diversify so pleasingly the romantic scenery of the Highlands, visited many of its cities and towns, and passed many an hour, in admiring wonder, among the moss-covered ruins of its ancient, time-worn castles.

This country, which has given birth to so many eminent men, and stands so conspicuous on the page of history, is, in extent, much less than the State of New York, comprising an area of but twenty-nine thousand square miles, and containing but little more than two millions of people; and yet the Scotch, with so few men, successfully resisted the power of the Romans, who invaded their country more than eighteen hundred years ago, and afterwards repeatedly repulsed the Saxons, and their descendants, the English, who made repeated attempts, during many centuries, to subjugate the country.

Scotland is divided into the Highlands and Lowlands, by the Grampian hills, a rugged chain of mountains, which, communicating at the head of the Frith of Clyde, runs in a north-east direction until they terminate at Murray Frith. That portion of the country north of the Grampians is inhabited by the Highlanders, a brave and hardy people, wholly distinct in their origin, manners, and customs, from their southern neighbors, the Lowlanders, but agreeing with them in two important characteristics,—a deep reverence for the sacred truths of religion, and a fondness for schools and learning.

In this country lived at different times, Wallace and Bruce, and Burns and Walter Scott. The two former were great warriors and distinguished patriots; but, like our own beloved Washington, they fought not for fame, but to rescue their loved land from the power of its invaders—to preserve the liberties of their country. The latter two were distinguished for their writings. Walter Scott's works are chiefly fictitious, and consist of both prose and poetry. Burns also was a poet, but most of his productions are written in "broad Scotch," which makes them almost unintelligible to American readers; but to the Scotchman, and especially to the Scottish emigrant, the poems of the Caledonian bard are doubly interesting, from the associations they awaken. I might speak of many distinguished men who were natives of Scotland; I might dwell on the traits of character which distinguish the people of this country; but that feature in the Scottish character, most worthy of notice and imitation, is the attention paid to the cultivation of the moral faculties.

The Scotch are emphatically a moral and religious people—a church-going people—a people with whom the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest and veneration; and here, my young friends, is the grand secret of national prosperity. No people can be prosperous and happy unless they are virtuous; and at no period can the moral and religious feelings be cultivated better than in early

youth, while the young mind is unbiassed by prejudice, and untainted by the contagion of evil example. N. C.

HIGHLAND MILLS, May, 1847.

Story of a Lion and a Dog.

IT was customary for those who were unable to pay sixpence for the sight of the wild beasts in the Tower of London, to bring a dog or a cat, as a gift to the beasts, in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a man had brought a pretty black spaniel, which was thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, crouched, and threw itself on its back, put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, as if praying for mercy. In the meantime, the lion, instead of devouring it, turned it over with one paw, and then turned it with the other. He smelled of it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance. The keeper on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner. But the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him, as it were, to be his taster. At length, the little animal's fears being somewhat abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly, and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently, and began to partake, and they finished their meal very quietly together.

From this day, a strict friendship commenced between them, consisting of great affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep, within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favorite was asleep. He would continue to smell of him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paws. But finding that all his efforts to wake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end, at a swift and uneasy pace. He would then stop, and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard, and again lift up his head, and roar for several minutes, as the sound of distant thunder. They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcass from him. The keeper then endeavored to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered, with loathing. They then put several living dogs in his cage, which he tore in pieces, but left their members on the floor. His passions being thus inflamed, he would grapple at the bars of his cage, as if enraged at his restraint from tearing those around him to pieces. Again, as if quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, lay his paws upon him, and take him to his bosom; and then utter his grief in deep and melancholy roaring, for the loss of his little playfellow. For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance or admitting any comfort, till, one morning, he was found dead, with his head reclined on the carcass of his little friend. They were both interred together.—*Blake's Juvenile Companion.*

The Discontented Bittern.

A FABLE.

A BITTERN was dissatisfied with his condition. He did not love to be living in swamps, and eating all manner of reptiles. He wanted to live in the orchard like the robin, and be a favorite with every body. "Bitterns can sing as well as robins," said he; "and I have no notion of being confined to a marsh, and catching fever and ague all my days." So he started for the orchard, partly flying and partly running at full speed, and determined to build him a house like the robin, on an apple-tree. He was engaged in this business the next day, when some one from the cottage near by, saw him, and shot him, so that his wing was broken. Then he was glad to hobble back to his old home in the swamp, and go to eating frogs and worms again.

MORAL.

Sometimes, when we complain of our condition in life, Providence allows us to change it, but shows us that we were perhaps quite as well off before. *Theodore Thinker.*

"KNOWLEDGE lies deep in a well, but there is a way to draw it up, and diligent scholars will find it out."

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

We have received a long and very interesting letter from Miss Mary M., one of our young subscribers at Chaumont, in this State. We would gladly insert the whole of it, for the benefit of other readers, if we could spare the room. As it is, we must be content with presenting a few extracts. She says, "Chaumont is a charming little place, with water scenery as beautiful, I am told, as any in the State; and, moreover, it is the home of as many as eight of your subscribers."

She threatens to tell us how to pronounce *Chaumont;* but before she gets through with her letter, she finds so many other interesting things to say, that she forgets the threat. She closes with a question which we must try to answer. "I know you," she says, "as the author of 'Chick-a-de-de,' which I sing with so much pleasure; but there are some things about you which I do not understand; and if you will not think it too bold for a little girl twelve years old to ask you a question, I want to inquire why you are called the 'Man with the Magnet?' But oh dear! I am making my letter a great deal too long, and you like short letters!"

If Miss Mary will look carefully at the picture on the cover of the Cabinet, she will find a man apparently very busily and pleasantly engaged in conversing with a group of children and youth. The room occupied by this group is a cabinet, or collection of rare and curious things, just such things as are most adapted to interest, amuse, and instruct the young. Here you see an ancient vase, doubtless taken from the ruins of Herculaneum, which you know was buried by an eruption of ashes and lava from Mount Vesuvius, a great many years ago. Here, too, is an old chest, which may have come over in the good ship Mayflower, for aught we know, or it may have contained Kidd's money, or served some useful purpose hundreds of years ago. Then you see an Indian's bow, an electrical machine, and several other objects in the room. The man, who seems to be somewhat at home in this cabinet of curiosities—as he is dressed in his gown, and sits in an arm-chair,—is amusing his young friends with some experiments in magnetic attraction. He holds in his hand a magnet, which attracts a pair of scissors, so strongly that they are clinging to it, while a little boy is about to touch the magnet with his pen-knife, so that the latter will become magnetic, and so that small needles will cling to it. Now, Miss Mary, do you understand why the editor of the Cabinet is sometimes called the "Man with the Magnet?" We shall be glad to hear from you again, at any rate.

Another correspondent wishes to know if the editor is the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket?" No, sir. That touching ballad, one of the sweetest of its kind in the Anglo-Saxon tongue, is immeasurably higher in the scale of excellence than the best of our poetical efforts. In our brightest

dreams—and we have had some in our day—we never aimed so high.

"It were all one,
That we should love some bright particular star,
And hope to wed it,"

as to attempt so lofty a flight. That charming production, so dear to every heart that has not been rusted and petrified by the world, and especially dear to every New-Englander's heart, was written by SAMUEL WOODWORTH, in semi-lyrical composition, one of the sweetest bards on this side of the Atlantic. He was long a resident of this city, and died only a few years since, universally lamented. He was a relative of ours, though a distant one. We knew him well, and loved him. To us he was even dearer as a friend than as a poet. Among the circle of our intimate acquaintances, there were very few with whose society we were so greatly and so generally delighted; and when he left us—we trust for a brighter world—we felt how strong had been the cords that bound us to that kindred spirit. Perhaps we may say more of SAMUEL WOODWORTH at another time.

We shall be obliged to decline the "Vain Rose." The idea of the writer is a good one, and the poetry has some merit. But the article needs pruning, to fit it for our pages. At some future time, however, if we have leisure, and our obliging young correspondent desires it, perhaps we may make such a change in its dress as will render it acceptable.

There is true poetry in "The Wanderers." The writer must not be discouraged, if, in the exercise of a pretty severe criticism, we do not transfer her effort to our pages. We have seen scores of poems in newspapers less worthy than this. In the following stanza, for instance, the writer is very happy:

The stars looked dimly through the trees,
And all was lone and still,
Save the night-bird's song, borne on the breeze—
The mournful whip-poor-will.

The following articles are accepted: "The Employment of Time," "Biography of the Dog Bancho," "Scotland," "The Hunter's Story," "Mining," "Oh Dear!" "The Seasons," and "An Hour with the Deaf and Dumb."

The enigma of T. F. S. is defective. The commandment he has employed is mis-quoted. It is made to read, "Honor *your* father and mother," which is not the precise language of the text.

The articles in this number, entitled severally, "Pride must have a Fall," page 176, "Importance of Culinary Knowledge," page 178, and "Aunt Betsey, the Gossip," page 179, were written by different pupils in the school of the Misses LINSLEY, of this city. We think our readers will agree with us in the opinion that the articles are very creditable, alike to the writers, and to the young ladies under whose excellent training these early buds of genius are developed. The story of the Gossip is the production of a girl only ten years of age.

We were not mistaken when we said, a month or two ago, that we hoped to persuade Prof. ALDEN to write for our pages. The appearance of "The First Bluebird," in the present number, is proof enough, we think, of our power of persuasion. At any rate, it affords additional evidence of the correctness of our opinion that Prof. ALDEN is one of the best writers for children, all things considered, in this country.

If any of our readers should have occasion to take a night boat up the Hudson during the season, we are very sure they will be pleased with the RIP VAN WINKLE. We went up in her a few days since, and were delighted with the boat itself, and with all the arrangements on board, for the comfort of the passengers. She is not so large as some others on the river; but she is elegantly fitted up, and no pains are spared on the part of the commander, or any of his assistants, to make every passenger feel at home. We have never witnessed more marked politeness on board of any steamer on the river, than that shown by Captain RIGGS and his associates, while we were on board. The little state-room we occupied, was the very picture of neatness and comfort. On the whole, we never enjoyed a trip to Albany so much. We hope our friends will patronize this boat. There are other reasons, apart from her intrinsic excellence, why they should give her a preference. She is independent of the old monopoly, and was placed on the line as a systematic, permanent, principled opposition.

CHARADE.

THE statesman's hope my first proclaims,
And oft the hope of staid divines;
The joy of laughter-loving dames,
And every belle who through me shines
A venial scourge, religion's bane,
A country's despot bought and sold,
Though often conquered, never slain!
Who can this Hydra's name unfold?

As pure as the unopened flower,
That died before it learned to bloom,
My second spurns all human power,
And soars above the reach of gloom.
Should sin then fetter, evil stain,
This impulse felt, but never seen—
Another's death can break the chain,
Another's blood can make it clean.

My first and second, pure and vile,
In bands unholy often bound,
Will banish virtue, nourish guile,
And scatter desolation round.
A foe to truth, the good man's scorn—
A sund'rer of domestic ties,
By demons nursed, in Hades born
Mildews the heart, but never dies.

E. A. C.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADE IN No. 5.

B. G. M. has given a correct answer to the charade in the last number of the CABINET. It is as follows:

1. Co
2. Nun } CONUNDRUM.
3. Drum.

The same subscriber who sent us this answer, desires us to insert the following

CONUNDRUM.

Was not Moses the most wicked man that ever lived in the world? If so, how?

☞We must repeat the request, that editors who exchange with us will direct to the YOUTH'S CABINET only.

The Rice Plant.

HERE is a sheaf of rice. It looks something like wheat and rye; but it is a very different kind of grain. Its habits are different when it is growing, and it is very different as an article of food. Rice does not flourish in latitudes so far north as New York, though it is abundant in our Southern States. It prefers low, marshy soils, in general; but there are some species of it which grow equally well in dry soils. That species which is principally cultivated, requires a great deal of moisture.

Rice is much less nutritious than wheat or rye. The reason of this is, that it has a very small proportion of that property in grain which is called *gluten;* it being principally composed of starch. It is probable that rice is a native of Asia.

The cultivation of rice was but lately introduced into this country. It is said that about the end of the seventeenth century, a brig from the Island of Madagascar happened to put in at some port in North Carolina, having on board a little seed rice, which the captain gave to a gentleman there, by the name of Woodward. This he sowed; and, as it was very productive, in a few years it was scattered all over the province. About the same time, Mr. Dubois, the Treasurer of the East India Company, sent a bag of rice seed to this country; and from these two parcels, it is supposed, originated the two varieties, now so extensively cultivated in the Southern States. From what a small beginning this rice growing sprung! Yet, it is now the principal article of food for millions of our race.

My First Hunting Excursion.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

I SHALL never forget the first time I sallied out into the woods to try my hand at hunting. Carlo, the old family dog, went with me, and he was about as green in the matter of securing game as myself. We were pretty well matched, I think. I played the part of Hudibras, as nearly as I can recollect, and Carlo was a second Ralph. I had a most excellent fowling-piece; so they said. It began its career in the French war, and was a very veteran in service. Besides this ancient and honorable weapon, I was provided with all the means and appliances necessary for successful hunting. I was "armed and equipped as the law directs," to employ the words of those semi-annual documents that used to summon me to training.

Well, it was some time before we—Carlo and I—started any game. Windmills were scarce. For one, I began to fear we should have to return without any adventure to call forth our skill and courage. But the brightest time is often just before day, and so it was in this instance. Carlo began presently to bark, and I heard a slight rustling among the leaves in the woods. Sure enough, there was visible a large animal of some kind, though I could not determine precisely what it was, on account of the underbrush. However, I satisfied myself it was rare game, at any rate, and that point being settled, I took aim and fired.

THEODORE'S FIRST SHOT.

Carlo immediately ran to the poor victim. He was a courageous fellow, that Carlo, especially after the danger was over. Many a time I have known him make demonstrations as fierce as a

tiger when people rode by our house, though he generally took care not to insult them until they were at a convenient distance. Carlo had no notion of being killed, knowing very well that if he were dead, he could be of no service whatever to the world. Hudibras said well when he said,

"That he who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

That was good logic. But Carlo went farther than this, even. He was for running away before he fought at all; and so he always did, except when the enemy ran away first, in which case he ran after him, as every chivalrous dog should. In the case of the animal which I shot at, Carlo bounded to his side when the gun was discharged, as I said before. For myself, I did not venture quite so soon, remembering that caution is the parent of safety. By and by, however, I mustered courage, and advanced to the spot. There lay the victim of my first shot. It was one of my father's sheep! Poor creature! She was sick, I believe, and went into the thicket, near a stream of water, where she could die in peace.

I don't know whether I hit her or not. I didn't look to see, but ran home as fast as my legs would carry me. Thus ended the first hunting excursion in which I ever engaged, and though I was a mere boy then, and am somewhat advanced now, it proved to be my last.

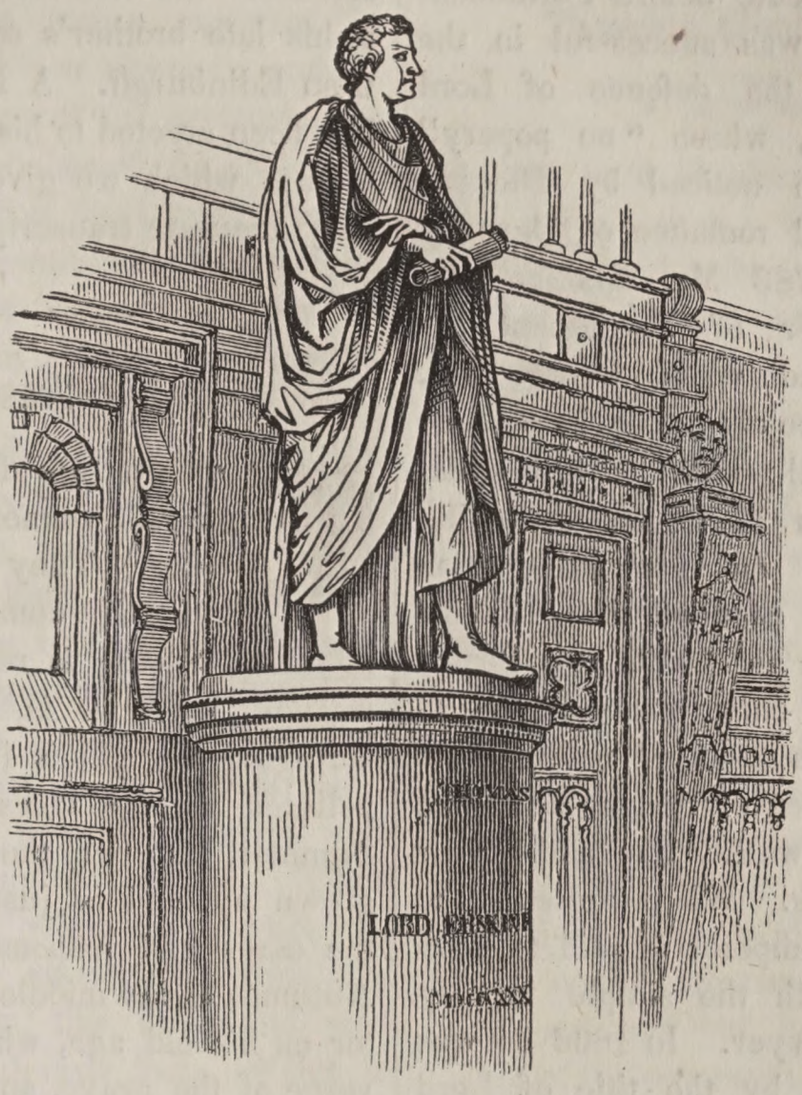
The Editor's Dark Pigeon-Hole.

We incidentally told our readers some time ago, of a depository where sundry candidates for insertion in our pages were immured, and never saw the light again. This prison we called "the dark pigeon-hole," or some such name. Since then, we have received several very playful allusions to it, one of which we have published. Here is another. It would seem that those have the least fear of the pigeon-hole who are most in danger of falling into it. Mr. Fearing, in the Pilgrim's Progress, was not the worst traveler on the road, by a good deal:

I've often thought I'd like to write
Something to meet the printer's sight;
But then the thought has o'er me stole,
Remember, Miss, that "pigeon-hole."
I see the name of A and B,
Whose vanity's a match for me;
They send along their little roll,
Not thinking of the "pigeon-hole;"
Then when the Cabinet comes round,
Their verse or prose is nowhere found.
The reason why? They pay no toll,*
And so they find the "pigeon-hole."
Then others, try with all your might,
You can't decipher what they write;
The fates, of course, we can't control,
So that helps fill the "pigeon-hole."
Could that depository speak,
The words would not be few or weak;
But from that dungeon sad and lone,
The light of genius never shone.
But one might moralize all day,
And throw his scanty thoughts away,
In telling tales both sad and droll
Connected with that "pigeon-hole."
Ne'er think that I shall tell-tale prove
Concerning some I dearly love,
Though 'tis a gloomy place to lie,
And pine away alone and die.
Now if you like my simple song,
I'll send another soon along,
And then, if sense combine with grace,
I shall not fear the hiding-place.

THE PALE FAWN.

* That is, we suppose, persons of poor memory, who never think to pay their postage.—Ed.



Lord Erskine.

HERE is an elegant statue of a very distinguished man, THOMAS (Lord) ERSKINE. He was the son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, in Scotland, and was born in 1750. He received his education partly at the High School at Edinburgh, and partly at the University of St. Andrews. He married early on leaving school, and subsequently served six years in the army, being stationed for most of this time in the Island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean. By the perseverance of his mother, who had imbibed the conceit that he was destined to distinguish himself as a lawyer, he left the army, and returned home to seek the necessary qualifications for admission to the bar. To facilitate this purpose, he obtained a degree from the University of Cambridge, through courtesy of his being a nobleman, without pursuing any course of study, and while he affected to hold university learning in the highest contempt. He was called to the bar in 1777. In 1779 he was employed as counsel for Admiral Keppel, in an important state trial, from which time he became a leading member of the bar, and was employed in nearly all the important trials prosecuted in the court of King's Bench, and other high tribunals. He was a

successful advocate before Parliament in 1781, and was successful in the same year in the defence of Lord George Gordon, whose "no popery" riots have been noticed by Dickens in his historical romance of Barnaby Rudge. In 1783 Mr. Erskine was elected member of Parliament for Portsmouth, and when George IV. was made Prince of Wales, he became attorney general; but this last situation he lost in 1792, for defending Thomas Paine on his prosecution for the second part of the "Rights of Man." But in 1802, the Prince of Wales not only restored him to the office of his attorney general, but made him keeper of the seals for the Duchy of Cornwall. The same year he visited Paris. When presented to Napoleon, the emperor is said to have passed him with the simple inquiry if he were a lawyer. In 1806 he was elected a peer by the title of Lord Erskine, of Restormel Castle, in Cornwall, and raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. This terminated his public career.

Lord Erskine was the most successful advocate of his time. On his defending successfully Hardy and Took and others from the charge of treason, the populace showed their enthusiasm by dragging the advocate home in his carriage. But popular favor, in this, as in many other cases, was not entirely disinterested; for some one on the occasion stole one of his horses, which he never afterward recovered.

The latter part of his life was embittered by misfortunes and troubles, growing out of some unsuccessful land speculations and other circumstances. He died November 17, 1823, at his late brother's seat, a few miles from Edinburgh. A full length statue has been erected to his memory. The picture which we give is said to be a very accurate transcript of it.

The Seasons.

THE seasons are four in number: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They have been very graphically compared to the life of man. Spring is represented as his infancy, when he is, as it were, first springing up, and is innocent and unpolluted by the vices of the world; Summer, as the time when he has grown up, and is just entering upon the cares and responsibilities of life; Autumn, as his middle age; and Winter as his old age, when he is on the verge of the grave, and only waits for some tempest which shall sweep him into the abyss upon the brink of which he has been long lingering. In the spring, which is the first of the seasons, the trees put forth their leaves and blossoms; the flowers spring up; the grass appears; and gentle showers descend, which make all nature assume a fresh and lovely appearance. Then, too, may be seen birds of every description, who have returned to enjoy with man this pleasant and salubrious part of the year. If we pursue our investigations further, and go into the country, we will see the farmer driving his horses, and turning up the earth with his plough—thus preparing the land to receive the seed which shall, in its proper time, yield him an abundant

harvest. Then comes summer, in which the fruits are ripened; and, if we take a survey of the orchards, we shall see the branches of the apple tree laden with golden fruit, and bending almost to the ground with their weight, seeming to invite man to eat and be refreshed. I can almost fancy myself seated on the branch of some tree which I have climbed with difficulty, and while enjoying the mellow fruit which hangs so temptingly displayed to the view, looking with delight over the crops of corn waving gracefully in the breeze, and gazing with admiration upon all nature. As I gaze, I feel how mighty must be the power, and how great the wisdom of Him who made such beautiful things. Then follows autumn, when the flowers decay and wither away, and when the leaves fall from the trees and are trampled beneath our feet. "But a short time ago, nature was clothed in a robe of deep green, ornamented with flowers of every shade and color. Now she has laid aside this dress for a plainer one, but with a far richer ground. It is true that there are fewer flowers at this time of the year, but those which we have are far more beautiful and showy." After autumn has departed, winter comes with his bitter frost, and sweeps away what few plants autumn has left—letting fall his white curtain, and thus closing the scene.

J. C. H.

"He that goes to the tavern first for the love of company, will at last go there for the love of liquor. Remember that, young man."

Thoughts about Mining.

BY AUNT MARY.

Look here, children. See this jeweller's shop. What a splendid display! One is almost dazzled. These are the real fairy palaces, where all is gold and silver. So much to please the eye—so much that is ornamental, beautiful, useful, to be admired, enjoyed, but not coveted. Those who possess a great deal of plate and jewelry are not to be envied. They have a great charge. They are obliged to guard and secure their houses almost as if they were jails, "lest thieves break through and steal." They sleep more sweetly in pleasant farm-houses, where they have but little silver, and hardly need a lock. Such costly treasures bring much care, and add but little to the happiness of the possessor.

One of the late queens of England said she was married when she was sixteen, and when, as a royal bride, she first wore the splendid jewelry which belonged to her as queen of Great Britain, she enjoyed it all exceedingly: she was probably as much elated as a country girl with her first silk dress; but before a month had passed, her ornaments became a burden. They were so heavy they made her head ache; they were so valuable she was in continual fear of losing them, or of their being stolen from her; and her jewel-box was a great charge and trouble to herself and ladies, when the court visited the different palaces, or made short excursions. We need not envy the crowned head.

But does it not seem wonderful to remember that all these brilliant, glittering, splendid treasures, are found in the dark mine? In the depths of the earth, hidden from the light of the sun and the eye of man, the diamond and the precious stone, the silver and the gold, and the different metals are found. There has God, by his own wonder-working power, in the secret process of his own laboratory, made them and deposited them; and man can only obtain them by hard labor and painful effort, and great denial and exertion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and grains, to cheer the heart, and delight the eye, and sustain the life—these all grow upon the surface of the earth. But the precious metals and minerals are found in its bosom, and must be dug out and brought up with difficulty and toil. Miners lead very laborious and dangerous lives.

INSIDE OF A MINE.

This is a picture of a mine. Here you see a miner at work. I think it is a copper-mine. Here, too, you see a curious kind of lamp. There are gases in the mine, which take fire sometimes, and this lamp is so constructed as to prevent such an accident. It was invented by Sir Humphrey Davy, I believe. There is such a copper-mine in Wales. The country around this mine is sterile and desolate, hilly and rocky. Fires are used to smelt the ores, and the noxious air checks vegetation, while the miners, blackened by smoke and dust, often crippled by accidents, or found dead by hard labor, scarcely seem to look like men. That should be very valuable, surely, which is only to be gained by such exertions and sacrifices. So we find

that gold and silver are ranked by men among their highest treasures. They give the means of procuring all other things desirable in this world, and therefore they are sought and coveted, and men give their strength and time, and health, and even lives, to acquire them.

But there are higher pleasures than those which can be purchased by silver and gold. There are treasures far more valuable than those taken from the deep places of the earth. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding;" and Solomon says, "If thou seekest for wisdom as for silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures, then thou shalt understand the fear of the Lord, and thou shalt find the knowledge of the Most High." When we think of the miners patiently toiling in the deep, dark places of the earth, where they never see the light of heaven, and have only the faint light of lamps and torches, exposed to so many dangers, and surrounded by so many difficulties, and all for that which cannot satisfy, let us apply ourselves to the search for true riches—for that which can alone make this life happy, and which can prepare us for heaven.

"A STEWARD wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library in the following terms:—'In the first place I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio.'"

Employment of Time.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,—This is an important subject—one which will probably decide your future happiness or misery. If it is spent in the improvement of your minds, you will make wise and good men, and leave the world better for having lived in it. But if it is spent in idleness, without regard to your future welfare, I fear the result, as you will probably end a miserable existence. Would that I could impress upon your youthful minds the necessity of early forming correct habits; for "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." By striving to acquire knowledge, you will succeed, and become an ornament to society; you will occupy the places of the good and great; and future generations will remember you for your many virtues. You are little aware how much you can do for yourselves: by perseverance and study strive to acquire knowledge, and your efforts will be rewarded. Great men are not so by nature; their greatness is the result of having made a proper use of time. It is not essential to be of illustrious origin, in order to become distinguished. No, my little friends; many of the wisest men that have ever existed were of humble parentage—in poverty—who surmounted all obstacles by perseverance, and their efforts were crowned with success. Pause not, then, in the pursuit of knowledge—remembering your duty to your God, yourself, and country. Persevere; and when you shall have arrived at manhood, you will have cause to rejoice that while young your time was not misspent.

E. H. H.

Our Dog Prince and his Enemy.

BY E. DE VOE.

MR. EDITOR,—Your very amusing "Stories about Dogs" remind me of a very sagacious animal of the canine race owned by my father when I was a youngster. We called him Prince; and although I cannot inform the reader of what blood he was, yet I am persuaded, if we could trace his genealogy, it would be found that he had many illustrious ancestors. He was, at all events, a very princely dog, about fourteen inches high, with fine glossy hair, fancifully divided into black and white spots.

Prince was a universal favorite; yet he was not a fawning flatterer, like some boys you may perchance be acquainted with, who will make any sacrifice of dignity to gain temporary applause. On the contrary, he paid very little court to any body except to old and tried friends. He preferred the society of men to children; but if required to attend a child as a guardian on any excursion, he never forsook his charge, and was always ready, if occasion required, to fight for those who looked to him for protection.

He was very neat in his habits—I suppose a dog may have habits—never lying down in dirty places—refusing, with singular uniformity, all decayed or filthy meats. He would never take any thing to eat from the ground, when thrown to him: it must come from the hand, or be placed upon a plate or clean board.

He was very particular in the selection of his friends; for, notwithstanding there were many dogs of his acquaintance in the neighborbood, with whom he met occasionally, there were very few that could boast of any intimacy with him. Still, he had friends, and very firm and reliable ones, too, as will appear in the sequel.

Prince had all the accomplishments that usually distinguish quadrupeds of his species. He would fetch and carry, hide and seek, hold up one foot and walk lame, hop along on his two right or two left legs, sit up in a chair, and hold a newspaper with his paws. He could walk quite around the room on his two fore feet—though I will acknowledge that he always showed an unwillingness to perform this last exploit, seeming to consider it undignified. He could perform many other amusing tricks; but it is not to exhibit these ornaments of education that I have introduced him to the reader. I could relate many anecdotes illustrative of his courage and sagacity, but will content myself with the following, which may be relied on for its truthfulness.

About two miles from my father's house dwelt a large mastiff. The care of his owner had provided for Bruin (that was the big dog's name) a house. Some folks call them kennels. This surly bear of a dog had a very cowardly, ugly disposition. He carefully avoided dogs of his size, while he invariably attacked every small dog that chanced to pass his residence. He had a particular spite at the hero of my sketch, and always pitched at him whenever they came in sight of each other. I have thought that Bruin's ex-

cessive animosity toward Prince was partly owing to the fact that Prince would never run for him, but was on all occasions ready to give him battle, though the brave little fellow was sure to get the worst of it in these unequal encounters.

Prince had borne these infringements on his personal rights as a citizen dog with a moderation worthy his reputation. But he began, at last, to think that forbearance was ceasing to be a virtue; and having been one day the object of renewed insult from his old enemy, he determined to chastise that overgrown bully, and make his case a warning to all future bandit mastiffs, who might otherwise presume to interfere with quiet passengers.

About half a mile from my father's house was the home of an agile, spirited dog, called Clinger, about the size of Prince, and the two dogs were intimate friends. Prince called upon his associate Clinger, and they agreed upon the plan of campaign against the warlike Bruin. The reader must imagine the language in which this remarkable conference was conducted, as I find myself unable to translate it, and, to tell the whole truth, not being very familiar with it myself. Having settled the conditions of alliance to their mutual satisfaction, they united their forces and set out for the enemy's encampment. Arrived at the field of conflict, Clinger retired into ambush behind a large log, while the gallant Prince advanced to excite a hostile movement from Bruin. No sooner had the advanced forces of General Prince driven in the outposts of his bombastic adversary, than that illustrious warrior opened upon him a tremendous cannonade of growls and snarls. Prince retired in good order until he had drawn his pursuer opposite his ally in ambush, when, with a skillful and energetic onset, he attacked with his flying artillery the enemy's right advanced wing, or perhaps I should say the big dog's right fore leg; and now the action may be said to have been fairly commenced. This successful sally called forth repeated howls of pain, which may be set down as the roar of his long thirty-twos.

Here Bruin began to concentrate his forces for a new manœuvre, which he hoped would be entirely decisive; but at this stage of the engagement Clinger, springing from his covert, pounced upon his rear, and charged him to the teeth with *gripe* and *caninestir*. The battle raged with sanguinary fury, and for a long time the great weight and size of Bruin rendered the issue extremely doubtful. At length, however, the spirit, activity, and perseverance of the two small dogs completely triumphed; and, leaving their discomfited foe so disabled that he could not drag his lacerated limbs from the field of conflict, they trotted side by side quietly homeward.

"Look Before you Leap."

THERE is an incident in my own history which, more than any thing else, impressed upon my mind the adage, "Look before you leap." I will relate it; for it may be of some service to other little girls, as it certainly was to me.

When I was a very little girl, I went over from New York to Brooklyn, one afternoon, to walk on the Heights. While my sister and my nurse were very busily engaged in talking, I slipped away from them, and ran to look down the almost perpendicular bluff near which we were. I was very much pleased with the view, and thought it would be a nice thing to get down to the cool water so warm a day. But not being exactly willing to take such a leap as that, and seeing a little footpath, I commenced running down that.

At first, I thought it was fine fun. But soon I began to go faster and faster, and was frightened almost out of my little wits. I tried to scream, but all my efforts were in vain. I was surrounded by water on one side and steep banks on the other, and I could not see a single human face. At last I reached the foot of the Heights, and fell down senseless with my fright.

When I came to myself, I was in my own little bed, and my mother was sitting by my side. I made a resolution then, that I would always observe the maxim, "Look before you leap."

The Curassow.

THE curious bird called the Curassow is a native of the warmer portions of this continent. There are several species of the Curassow, and some of them are well worth attention. They have all hooked bills, and are generally about the size of a small turkey. There is one species which is distinguished by a crest of feathers which curl at the ends. This crest can be raised or depressed, at the will of the bird. The species is called the Crested Curassow.

The plumage of this bird is very beautiful. It is of a deep black, with a slight gloss of green on the head, crest,

neck, back, wings, and upper part of the tail. Underneath, there is a strip of white.

There is another species which is called the Cashew Curassow, or Cashew Bird, from a large blue gibbosity, resembling a Cashew nut, and as large as a pear, which is situated at the base of the forehead. Nearly the whole bird is of a shining bluish color, reflecting purple glosses. In Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil, these birds are very numerous, both in a wild and tame state. The flesh is excellent.

THE RAZOR-BILLED CURASSOW.

There is another species still, which is called the Razor-Billed Curassow. It is distinguished from the rest of the species of this bird by the form of its bill, which rises above the level of the head, is flattened on the sides, and runs into a sharp edge, spreading out at the base.

"Oh! Dear!"

OH DEAR! has been an expression in use from the earliest ages. The peasant and prince alike make this exclamation at their various vexations and trials.

The poor author, returning in the evening with his rejected work, as he enters his garret, divested of all furniture, save a chair and table, throws the manuscript on the floor, and "Oh! dear!" swells from his inmost heart.

The laborer, after having been employed all day in searching for work, returns home disheartened with his fruitless endeavors. His poor wife and starving children cluster around him, and many are the "Oh! dears!" that are uttered at the recital of his varied disappointments.

The king, newly come to his throne, fatigued with the cares of government, as he casts his eye upon the piles of papers waiting his signature, and the thousand petitions for as many favors, exclaims, "Oh! dear!" as feelingly as any of his subjects.

The poor seamstress, working until

the midnight hour, laboring in poverty, hunger, and dirt, that others may gain admiration, sighs forth, "Oh! dear!" with a bursting heart, as she gazes upon the work that lies before her unfinished, which must be ready for her customers upon a certain day.

"Oh! dear!" is hourly on the lips of the poor school-girl, as she surveys the task before her, be it a lesson to learn, or the more dreadful duty of a composition to write.

I have one piece of advice to give on this subject, if my readers will not accuse a little girl of preaching before she has learned to practice. It is simply this: Substitute *I'll try* for *Oh! dear!*

A.

The Butterfly's Advice.

A FABLE.

A BOY was chasing after a butterfly, but could not catch him. By and by the boy became tired, and sat down to rest, when the butterfly thus addressed him:—"My little master, you are very unwise; you could not catch a butterfly if you should try a whole week. Besides, if you succeed, the prize would not be worth your trouble. I advise you to find a more profitable employment, and a more sensible amusement."

MORAL.

Many people spend their lives in pursuing something which they think will afford them pleasure, but which they will never obtain, and if they should, they would find it very dearly purchased.—*Theodore Thinker.*

The Motto.

ONE evening, while George M—— was seated by the fire engrossed in thought, his father entered the room, and observing him, remarked:

"You seem in deep thought, my son; may I know the subject?"

"Certainly, father; I was trying to select some motto upon which to act, to aid me in doing right, and becoming a useful and happy man."

"I am very happy to find your thoughts so well employed. Have you found one, or would you like some assistance?"

"Our teacher said to us the other day, that if we would take for our motto, 'I will try,' we might accomplish great things. I think it a good one; but perhaps, father, you could think of a better."

"I do not know about finding a better; but I am inclined to propose one, which would be equally good for you, George; besides, it has the advantage of being somewhat shorter."

"Why, father, my motto has but eight letters!"

"But mine," said his father, "contains but two words, and only four letters. But do not think it insignificant on account of its brevity; for if

strictly followed, you will find it possesses an almost magic power to mould the character to all that is good and praiseworthy."

"But, father, I am becoming very anxious to know what this motto may be."

"I will tell you, my son. My motto is, 'Do it.' You look as if you thought it needed explanation. I mean by it, whenever a duty to be performed presents itself, that you should not talk about it, or dread, or defer it, but simply *do it.* But how do you like my motto, George?"

"Why, father," said George, after some hesitation, "it seems as if it would be a hard kind of life to be always obliged to do *at once* whatever one found to be done."

"Well, my son, if you are disposed to try it for one week, you may perhaps at the end of that time be able to determine for yourself whether it is really more irksome to perform a duty at once, than to attempt to defer or avoid it. But I see," continued his father, smiling, "that you are somewhat afraid of these two little words, and I readily acknowledge they are somewhat formidable. Indeed, I would honestly forewarn you, that with your present love of ease and habits of procrastination, you cannot adopt my motto, and act upon it, without a determined effort and strong resolution to do so. But recollect, my son, it is not forced upon you. Do not adopt it unless you choose to do so."

"Well, I believe your motto is a good one, if I can but adhere to it; and I am resolved to try for one week at least."

"Very well, my son; I wish you success."

During the week George found abundant opportunities for putting in practice his motto. One or two instances of his efforts and success will serve as specimens of the rest. One morning his father handed him a package, with directions to deliver it during the day to a gentleman who resided some distance from his father's house. It was a bitter cold morning, and as George looked upon the glowing coals in the grate, he asked if he must go before school. His father replied, "You must deliver it some time during the day or evening; but you can choose your own time." I will wait till evening, thought George. But just then his motto came to mind, and, taking his cap, he said, "No, if it must be done, I will *do it* now." In the evening, as he looked out upon the fast-falling snow, and then turned to the cheerful fire, and took up the last number of the YOUTH'S CABINET, which had just been laid upon the table, he thought of his morning's walk, and said to himself, "How much better to do a thing at once, than to defer it until another time."

Another morning during the week, George started early for school, that he might have time to join with some of the boys in some of their winter sports before school commenced. On the way he met little James W—— taking home a loaded basket to his mother. Now it was icy, and the basket was very heavy for a little boy, and poor James found it hard work to make his way ahead. I ought to return with him and help him home, thought

George; but if I do, I shall have no time for play before school. He was about to proceed on his way, when he thought of his motto, and turned back, saying, "I ought to assist him, and I will *do it.*" James was very grateful; and those of my young readers who have experienced the luxury of denying themselves to do good to others, need not be told that when George afterward thought of the service he rendered little James, he was not sorry he *did it.*

George often found it required no small degree of resolution to adhere to his motto; but he never afterwards repented of doing so. He was surprised to find how much it aided him in overcoming habits of indolence and procrastination, for which he had often been reproved.

At the close of the week his father inquired how he liked his motto. "Very much," said George. "I feel so much better when I have done a thing I know should be done, than I used to when I tried to avoid doing it. I am resolved to take it for my motto in future."

"I am pleased with your resolution," said his father. "I have no doubt if you act upon it your usefulness and happiness in this world will be secured. But, my dear son, I wish you to apply your motto to duties and interests which reach beyond the boundaries of time. There are sacred duties you owe to the Author and Preserver of your being. Will you not *do them?* You are destined for immortality; but you are a sinful being. As such, God calls upon you in his Word to repent and believe on his Son, Jesus Christ. *Do it.* Defer it not, and you will escape the fearful doom of the servant who knows his Master's will and *does it not.* M.

Ancient Books.

THIS engraving represents a group of ancient books. Some of them, as you see, are sealed, and some are loose. Here you observe, too, the ink-horn and the pen used in ancient times. A great many years ago, long enough before the art of printing was invented, books were very rude things compared with the books we have. They were then generally rolled, not folded, as at present, being made of palm leaves, the inner bark of trees, the Egyptian papyrus, whence comes the name of paper, and the skins of animals. In the very earliest times writing seems to have been on stone, wood, lead, iron, linen, and copper. God's law was written on stone; Hesiod's poems on tables of lead; Solomon's laws on planks of wood. The printing of books was invented about 1450. A sealed book is one whose contents were not to be known, until by competent authority the seal was removed. Writings were

often hidden in the earth for safety in times of war and confusion, and were consequently enclosed in boxes or jars to preserve them from the dampness. You see a specimen of these boxes and jars in the engraving.

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

NUMBER III.

THE last time we had a talk about botany, I think we inquired a little into the habits of plants, how they eat and drank, and how the blood circulates in their veins.

J. Oh, yes! and now we want to hear about the breathing of plants. I wonder if they do not have the consumption sometimes, as men do. I should think they would, if they have lungs, and breathe.

T. Certainly. Pulmonary affections, or diseases of the lungs, are quite common in the vegetable kingdom. The sickness of the sycamore tree, which, for several years past, has been almost universal in this country, is supposed to be one of the lungs; and if it continues much longer, I am afraid it will become *chronic*, as the doctors say.

G. What is a chronic disease, Mr. Thinker?

T. Well, I am not much of a physician; but I believe when a disease is of long standing, and becomes very difficult to manage, it is called *chronic*, to distinguish it from a disease that is of recent origin, which will soon be decided one way or the other, and which is called *acute*.

E. Mr. Thinker, are the flowers the lungs of plants? If they are, I do not wonder people talk about their breathing sweet perfume.

T. No, my dear. The leaves act as lungs.

E. I should like to know how. Do they take in air, and is it distributed all over the plant?

T. No, nothing like it, though, from the manner in which animals breathe, you might suppose this was the case. In animals, the air is taken into the lungs in breathing, and is decomposed. It gives up part of its oxygen, which unites with the blood, and receives from the blood a portion of carbonic acid and vapor. But in plants the process is almost exactly the reverse. The blood, or sap, mounts up into the leaves, and a part of it becomes decomposed there. Some of the oxygen is set free from the carbon in the sap. The former is given off into the air with a large part of the undecomposed water in the sap, which escapes by evaporation, as vapor rises from a pond. The carbon remains in the leaf.

J. What is the reason plants do not seem to flourish in the dark?

T. I am glad to hear you ask that question, Josephine. It shows you are in the habit of thinking. George, can you throw a little light on this subject? You are something of a chemist, I believe.

G. I never thought of the matter before; but, as you say the sap must be partly decomposed in the leaves, so as to separate the oxygen from the carbon and other substances, I think the air needs some assistance from the light, does it not?

T. Precisely so. Do you remember

what constitutes the principal food of plants?

J. I think you said carbonic acid and a principle called azote.

T. Not quite. I think you should rather say carbon than carbonic acid. The leaves, it appears, are a kind of machinery, with which these two mechanics, light and heat, manufacture the food which nourishes the plant. You can see the reason now, why plants that are exposed to a great deal of light are harder and tougher than those which grow in shady places. They have more to eat. Their food is more nourishing, and so it makes them stronger, and more able to endure extremes of heat and cold. There are but very few hardy plants growing in swamps, unless we except the trees themselves, and they are so tall that their leaves come in contact with the direct rays of the sun.

J. But there is one thing I do not quite understand yet. It seems that plants take in carbonic acid. Why is it not proper, then, to say that they live on that?

T. For the same reason that it is not proper to say that, because you drink water at your meals, the water must act the part of food, and make blood, and support the system. George, what are the elements of carbonic acid?

G. Oxygen and carbon.

T. Very well. The plant receives carbonic acid because it cannot get carbon in its pure state. It rejects the oxygen in it, and appropriates to its use only the carbon.

J. I should like to know how any body can ascertain such a fact.

T. I see you are a little inclined to skepticism, Miss Josephine. You forget the old truism, "Where there is a will there is a way." An experiment has been made like this: a plant is confined in a close vessel in the dark; the vessel, of course, contains atmospheric air. Now the plant converts all the oxygen in that air into carbonic acid. This can only be done, as we have seen, in the absence of light. It performs this process by first absorbing all the oxygen. That combines with a portion of the carbon already in the leaf, and then the gas is thrown off. So the oxygen in the vessel is converted into carbonic acid. Let the plant now be exposed to the direct rays of the sun in the same vessel, without admitting a fresh quantity of air, and this gas will all be absorbed again. But the carbon will be retained, while the oxygen will be returned to the vessel.

G. Mr. Thinker, you told us the other day that it was dangerous to sleep in a room with plants. I think I now see the reason. Is it not because they throw off carbonic acid during the night?

T. Yes, that is a part of the reason, though not the whole of it. Plants in the night not only part with carbonic acid—which is quite injurious when taken into the lungs in any considerable quantity—but they inhale the oxygen, which we need in breathing.

J. I think I have made a discovery, too. I see why it is the house-plants reach forward toward the light. It is so they can throw off their oxygen, and so that, by this process, they can get more carbon to eat.

T. No doubt you are right; and is it not by the agency of this hunger,

so to speak, of the seed, when it is planted under ground, in the dark, that it is forced up to the surface, so that the light can act upon it, and assist in its nourishment.

But we must bring our present conversation to a close. How plainly does the wisdom and goodness of God shine out in all his works. In the economy of vegetation—in the very process by which vegetable life is sustained—the health of man is promoted. Plants throw off more oxygen than they receive from the air, and take in more carbonic acid than they return to it. Thus they purify the air, and render it more healthful for mankind to live in.

Edward VI.

Of all the monarchs that ever sat upon the British throne, none have so strong a claim upon the gratitude and attachment of young people, from his youth, his disposition, and those tender memories which attend an early regretted death, as Edward VI.

He was but nine years and three months old when he ascended the throne; he had an extraordinary memory, and excellent sense for his age, while he was indefatigable in his studies, to render him the better able to fulfill the duties of his exalted station. When eight years of age he was capable of writing Latin letters to his father, Henry VIII.; and French was as easy to him as his mother tongue. He applied himself to the arts and sciences, and became master of the French, Greek, Spanish, and Italian languages.

His coronation was solemnized on the 20th February, 1547, on which occasion a general pardon was granted

to all persons, excepting the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Pole, Edward Courtney, son of the Marquis of Exeter, and some few others.

Among many institutions established by his wishes and under his authority, for good and charitable purposes, that of Christ's Hospital stands foremost for the high character of the education which it bestows, and for the men of first-rate ability and talent it has sent forth into the world.

Archbishop Cranmer, the godfather of Edward, on one occasion brought a present to him, saying, that no one but himself was to touch it, or it would soon be spoiled. "Then, my dear, kind brother," replied the child, "I would rather not have any plaything at all." And again, when trying to reach something beyond his height, one of his companions handed him a Bible to stand upon; but this the young prince mildly refused, saying, that such an act would be a desecration of the Scriptures. His reverence for the Word of God is worthy of imitation.

His latter days were particularly employed in the contemplation of all that was suited to fit him for a better world, and he expired on the 6th July, 1553.

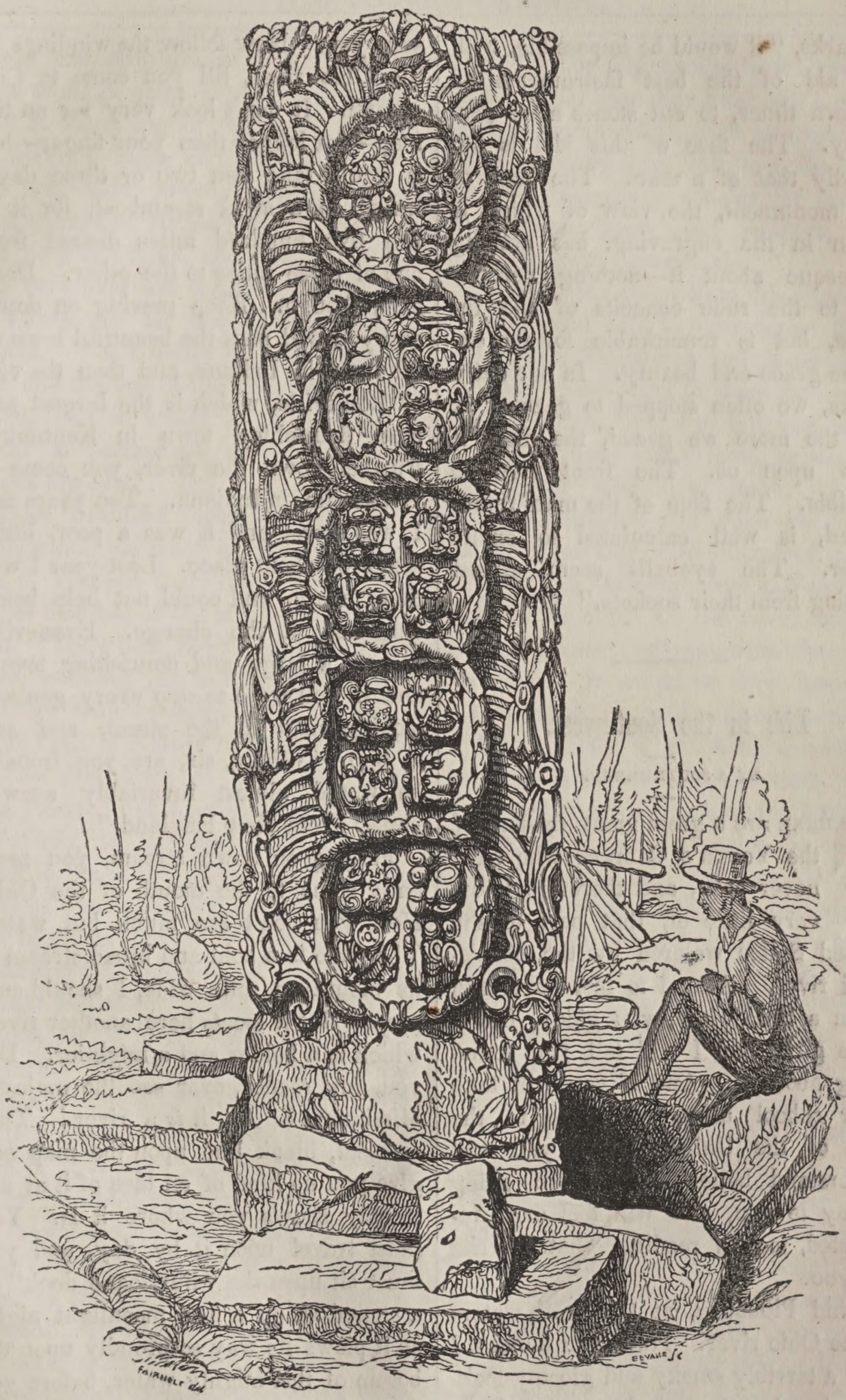
It has been stated, that poison had been administered to the young sovereign; but there can be little doubt that disease of the lungs was the real cause of his death. Physicians of the day prescribed for him in vain; and in accordance with the superstition of the time, some old women were called in, who, it may be supposed, did more harm than good.—*London Juvenile Library.*

Wonders of Central America.

THERE is much reason to believe that a portion of this continent was settled by a very intelligent and refined race of people, before it was occupied by the Indians whom the Spaniards found here in the latter part of the fifteenth century. In Central America, especially, a great many works of art have been found, which must have had a very ancient origin, and which bear marks of more ingenuity and skill than are possessed by the Indians. Other circumstances, too, contribute to strengthen the probability that a race of people, now extinct, once lived in that country.

Mr. Stevens has done more than any other man to enlighten us in regard to the antiquities in Central America. Some years since, he spent a long time in that country in examining them, and took Mr. Catherwood, an excellent artist, with him, who made drawings of many of these curious relics. Mr. Stevens published the result of his observations in two large volumes, with the engravings of Mr. Catherwood's sketches. The appearance of this book created quite a sensation in this country and in Europe. It opened a new field of inquiry in relation to the history of the western continent, and set in motion a great deal of speculation.

The engraving represents an idol which Mr. Stevens found in Copan, Central America. It is hewn out of stone. Mr. Stevens says, in regard to this idol, that it is the most beautiful in Copan, and in workmanship is equal to the best Egyptian sculpture. "Indeed," he



ANCIENT IDOL IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

remarks, "it would be impossible, with the aid of the best instruments of modern times, to cut stones more perfectly. The face of this idol is decidedly that of a man. The back of this monument, the view of which is given in the engraving, has nothing grotesque about it—nothing pertaining to the rude conceits of the Indians, but is remarkable for its extreme grace and beauty. In our daily walks, we often stopped to gaze at it, and the more we gazed, the more it grew upon us. The front view is horrible. The face of the man represented, is well calculated to excite terror. The eyeballs seem almost starting from their sockets."

Life in the Southwest.

BY A SOUTHERNER.

THERE are a great many readers of the YOUTH'S CABINET who have never seen, and therefore know very little of, that part of the United States watered by the Mississippi river. Attend to me, boys, and listen a little while, you giddy, frolicsome girls, and I will tell you something about it. And if you will take your school atlas, and turn to the map of the United States, you will understand better what I am going to say to you, and will feel more interested, too, in reading what I write for you.

Find Pittsburg, at the head waters of the Ohio river. Have you found it? 'Tis a terribly smoky and gloomy-looking city, but a very busy one, I assure you. Now follow the windings of the Ohio river, till you come to Cincinnati. It don't look very far on the map—not longer than your finger—but it would take you two or three days' travel in a swift steamboat, for it is full five hundred miles distant from one of these cities to the other. Don't stop, though. Keep moving on down, and you will pass the beautiful town of Madison, in Indiana, and then the city of Louisville, which is the largest and most flourishing town in Kentucky. Further down the river, you come to Evansville, in Indiana. Ten years ago I was there, and it was a poor, little, scattered about place. Last year I was there again, and could not help being surprised at the change. Evansville is now a large and flourishing town; and if you were to stop every genteel-looking man in the street, and say to him, "Where, sir, are you from?" he would almost invariably answer you, "From New England."

Passing on down stream, you presently come to the mouth of the Ohio. Here you don't see much but water. The Ohio is a bold and broad stream at its mouth—a mile wide, I should suppose. But it meets here another river, which is a bolder and a mightier. Did you, my reader, ever see the majestic Mississippi? Ah, it *is* a river! That crooked, black line upon the map can give you no kind of an idea of it at all. It only shows you where it is. You must travel upon it by day, and you must sit upon the "hurricane deck" of a steamboat on a fine moonlight night, as it plows its way so proudly upon the bosom of this mighty water, before you can have even a faint notion of how

great and how grand it is. It gives you feelings quite new and peculiar; and in the spring of the year, when it is booming high, and all around you, far and wide, above and below, is a vast torrent of rushing water, you cannot help but think, and feel, too, that it is a very mad and dangerous stream.

There are but few towns upon its banks. The country is thereabouts so flat, and the bed of the river changes so often, that it would be impossible to build a permanent town where the banks are low.

How beautiful appear the islands with which the river is profusely studded! You see them lying embosomed in the channel of the stream far before you. They look fresh, and green, and pure, seeming just to have come forth, teeming with verdure, from the bounteous hand of Nature herself.

The first town of any importance you reach, after leaving the mouth of the Ohio, is Memphis. This is far down in the southwestern corner of the State of Tennessee, not many miles from the northern border of the State of Mississippi. Memphis is a very important place, furnishing, as it does, a market for a large scope of wealthy country. Take your map again, my children, and I will tell you. You see that Memphis is in Shelby county; back of it is Fayette county; and then to the eastward and northward of these are Hardeman, Madison, Haywood, and other counties. In the State of Mississippi, to the south, there is De Soto, Marshall, Tippap, Pontotoc, Lafayette, and other counties, all well settled with thriving cotton farmers, who carry their cotton bales to Memphis, and either sell them there or ship them to New Orleans. But in either case they must buy a great deal of merchandise, such as groceries, negro clothing, iron, salt, and the hundreds of necessary articles for family use, which your good mothers, my children, have occasion for.

I direct your attention to this region of country, and call to your notice these counties in Tennessee and Mississippi, because I have lived in them for five or six years, and intend to tell you hereafter something about them, as well as the people who live there. After leaving Memphis, you dash on down the big river four or five hundred miles or more, and then you come to Natchez. Natchez is quite an old town, and is still a wealthy and somewhat flourishing place. It would be very interesting to gather up stories from this town of Natchez, for it has been a central and important place a great while, and has many reminiscences of the French and Spanish dominion in the southwest connected with it. One story I must tell you now; it was told to me by an old gentleman who witnessed the incidents more than twenty years ago.

A Mexican, who was very skillful in throwing the *lasso*, happening to find his way up the river, was employed by the farmers about Natchez in catching wild cattle, or stray cattle which had become wild. One day, Signor Mexicano was sitting quietly on his horse, *lasso* in hand, watching a steamboat that had newly arrived from the up-countries. In those days the arrival of a steamboat was more of a rarity than now, when you can see, on any day, a dozen boats passing up and down between sunrising and sunset. As the boat

neared the wharf, a real live Kentuckian jumped ashore, and, as was customary, began vaporing and blustering at a great rate. According to his own telling, he was "all sorts of a fellow,"—could outjump, outwrestle, and outdo all creation; and finally, pulling off his coat, dared any "gentleman" to a fair fist-fight, and all for the honor of "Old Kentucky."

In the midst of this very eloquent harangue and self-laudation, the Mexican coolly gathered up his *lasso*, and by one unerring throw caught Mister Nimrod securely around the waist, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed off up the hill. Never was mortal man so completely arrested in his "high career," and never did any poor crest-fallen creature beg harder or beseech more earnestly than did the Kentuckian, who, although he was "half horse and half alligator," was by no means a match for a tight noose and a fleet horse. Seizing the rope by both hands, he struggled, almost vainly, to keep his feet, and before he had half reached the top of the hill, declared, most vociferously, that there was "not even a 'sprinkling' of the wild cat in him, but that he was plain John Snooks, bound to Orleans on a trading trip." Whereupon, after many concessions and promises of a more quiet behavior in future, he was loosened and allowed to depart, amid the shouts of the multitude.

Bayou Sara, La., June, 1847.

"Think twice before you speak once—or, at least, think once before you speak twice."

Our Neighbor, Uncle Barnabas.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

Reader, with your kind permission, I will introduce to you my old friend, Mr. Barnabas Willoughby, alias Uncle Barnabas. He was a man of the old style; and when he walked out, if you had seen him, you could almost have fancied that a representative of a past age was coming. He loved the old fashions and customs much better than the new ones, and his hat and coat would cut a curious figure on Broadway, if they should happen now to appear there. He never stirred from home without having a small army of boys and girls around him. All the little folks in our village loved him. They would all leave their play, whatever it was, as soon as they saw him coming, and run up to him.

I wish you could have seen Uncle Barnabas, reader, just as he appeared when he used to walk out with his staff, his pockets lined with nuts and sugar-plums for distribution among his little favorites—I wish you could have seen him then, or in his old arm-chair, telling stories of a winter evening. His head was very white when I first knew him, and he was bent a little, though not as much as those of his advanced age usually are. He was as regular in his habits as

The ancient clock that click'd behind the door.

If he was ever in ill humor, it was when, from some unavoidable disaster, Aunt Sally had failed to set the dinner on the table when the venerable time-

piece before mentioned was striking twelve.

He always had worship in his family morning and evening. Nothing was allowed to interfere with this arrangement. It was astonishing what a familar knowledge he had of the Bible. I have known him repeat chapter after chapter, almost verbatim, for an hour at a time, while some of us followed him in the old family Bible, right glad to detect an error. As for the Assembly's Catechism, he did not need a prompter from beginning to end, so inwrought

UNCLE BARNABAS WALKING OUT.

was that good old compend of Christian doctrine into the frame-work of his mind. And he was almost as familiar with the Pilgrim's Progress. That book and the Saint's Rest always lay on the stand within reach, close by the inspired Word. There, too, was Watts' Psalm Book, which looked as if it had "seen some service;" and these four volumes constituted a sort of aristocracy, to whose society the few other books in his library rarely gained admission.

I never met him in my life but he stopped to speak to me; and many a time has his beard, not particularly soft, come in contact with my cheek.

He had evidently seen better days, or, rather, he had been "better off in the world," as the phrase goes. Whether he had been happier, may admit of a question, for the wealthiest man is not always the happiest. There were marks about him which indicated that he had been somewhat higher on the wheel of fortune, and that the change in his condition had had a chastening effect, as some fruits—to employ a comparison borrowed from a beautiful writer—become mellower and

more generous in their flavor from having been bruised and frost-bitten. But, with the reader's permission, I will reserve the remainder of my sketch of Uncle Barnabas till next month.

The Hunter's Story.

If my readers will turn their attention to the map of Pennsylvania, and find MacKean county, they will perceive it occupies a position in the northwest part of that state, and that some of the principal branches of the Alleghany river take their rise in this county. It is a hilly country, and abundantly watered with springs and brooks.

As late as the year 1804, it was an unbroken wilderness, trod only by the Indian and white hunter. The hills were covered with a noble growth of beech and maple trees, and the lower valleys heavily timbered with pine and hemlock.

Soon after this, some adventurous lumbermen from the banks of the Susquehannah and Delaware rivers made a settlement, hazarding every hardship to gain a home in this wilderness. After clearing sufficient land to produce the necessaries of life, they constructed mills, and sawed the pine trees into boards, which they rafted to Pittsburgh, where they found a good market. The lumber business has increased with the rapid settlement of the west, and now the whole valley of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers is supplied from the country lying on the head-waters of the Alleghany river. Every small stream in this country, that affords sufficient water to propel a mill, has been put in requisition, and the wilderness of 1804 has been transformed, by the active energy of industrious and enterprising men, into a cultivated district, thickly studded with saw-mills and grist-mills, dwellings, churches, and school-houses. Now, in the place of deer and elk, cattle and sheep occupy the forest.

During the summer of 1832, I visited an obscure corner of the county; civilization had just commenced its inroads; lands were being cleared, houses raised, mills erected. Some of the new comers were searching locations to settle upon; all exhibited enterprise and activity. Attracted by the beauty of the forest, I took a gun and stole away from this busy scene, to indulge in a few hours of solitude. Following the course of the main branch of the valley for two miles, I came to a brook of pure water, up which I proceeded some three miles. It flowed through a sequestered valley, the rays of the sun scarcely penetrating through the branches of the hemlocks. I suddenly came upon a small opening, embracing some three or four acres of cleared ground, part of which was occupied with a crop of corn and potatoes. Near the centre stood a small but neatly constructed log hut, upon the timbers of which were stretched a number of deer-skins to dry.

I met the owner at the door. He was an elderly man, in the garb of a hunter, composed entirely of dressed deer-skins. He saluted me kindly, and invited me into his forest home, the furniture of which, like his dress, displayed the primitive simplicity of his life. A bedstead, constructed of pieces of saplings, supported on natural crotches,

strewed with a profusion of hemlock boughs, and covered with a few tanned deer and bear-skins, formed his couch. A large round block, hewed smooth on the top, answered for a table, and two smaller ones for chairs. A bucket, wooden bowl, and camp kettle finished the inventory.

I paid the old hunter several visits, spending many days with him, and became much attached to him. I found him intelligent, honest, kind-hearted, and happy. He proved very communicative, relating many thrilling scenes of his back-wood's life, for he had spent sixty years in the wilderness. I will relate one of the earliest of his adventures, as nearly as possible in his own words:—

"You may wonder that I have not chosen some fine tract of land, out of the vast portions I have passed over in my rambles, and turned farmer; but my pursuits it this life were decided by an incident, which I will relate to you in a few words. When I was nine years of age, my father resided on the waters of the Susquehannah. We had a fine clearing, planted with corn, then in ear. A bear had visited it several times, destroying much of it, having escaped the vigilance of my father, who had watched very perseveringly for the thief. On a Thursday afternoon (I well remember the day, though sixty years have passed over my head since), a meeting was to be held at the house of one of our acquaintances, about four miles distant; my father, mother, and elder brother went, leaving my younger brother, Edwin, at home with me. They concluded not to return until the moon rose, which would be at about eleven o'clock. As soon as they were out of sight, I took down the gun, and went to the corner of the fence, near where the bear generally entered to steal the corn. My brother Ned concealed himself in the bushes next to the fence. We watched patiently until near dusk; but no bear appeared. We returned to the house, kindled a fire, ate a piece of corn bread, and returned to our post. About one hour after dark, I heard a light rustling of leaves, and then the snapping of small twigs. The sound came from the same direction in which the bear was in the habit of approaching. Soon I saw a dark object appear; I raised the gun, being as much as I could well lift, at arm's length, and fired. I dropped it, and ran for the house. I heard my little brother cry, which caused me to run back. He had not moved, but pointed through the fence I saw a small black object, and mustered courage to get over. I raised it, and found it a small bear. It was alive. I pushed it through the fence to my brother, and we bore it in triumph to the house, where we shut it up in a chest. Many a peep we took in that chest before my father and mother returned. By and by they came. I ran out to meet them, and related my exploit. As soon as my father entered the house, he took out the little cub, examined it, and laughed heartily at me, as it was not wounded. He then asked me for the gun. I remembered I had left it at the fence. We all went to the scene of the encounter. The moon was up, and it was very

light. As we looked into the field, a large bear lay there lifeless. I had wounded her, and she had probably run at first from the pain of the wound, but had returned to seek her cub, and died within a few feet of where she was shot.

"My fame soon spread all over the settlement. I was complimented by all. This excited my pride, and I procured a rifle. From that day I have done little else but hunt, passing my whole life in the woods. I really think I could not have spent it as contentedly elsewhere. You may perhaps think me ignorant. I am ignorant of books; but I assure you there is an excellent school in this forest, and one which teaches the wisdom of the Almighty in the most impressive manner. Perhaps I shall convince you that I have studied in this school to some purpose."

N. W.

The Cormorant.

The Cormorant belongs to the family of gulls. It is about the size of a large Muscovy duck, and may be distinguished from all other birds of this kind, by its four toes being toothed, or notched, like a saw, to assist it in holding its fishy prey. The head and neck of this bird are of a sooty blackness; and the body thick and heavy, more inclining in figure to that of the goose than the gull. The bill is straight, till near the end, where the upper part bends into a nook. They are very expert in catching fish, and used to be trained in England so that they would fish for their masters. Indeed, if we mistake not, they are still used in China for this purpose.

A gentleman who had visited China several years ago, described the manner in which these birds performed their task. He says, "The birds are educated as men rear up spaniels or hawks, and one man can easily manage a hundred. The fisher carries them out into the lake, perched on the gunnel of his boat, where they continue tranquil, and expecting his orders with patience. When arrived at the proper place, at the first signal given, each flies a different way to fulfill the task assigned it. It is very pleasing, on this occasion, to observe with what sagacity they portion out the lake or the canal where they are upon duty. They hunt about, they plunge, they rise a hundred times to the surface, until they have at last found their prey. They then seize it with their beak by the middle, and carry it to their master. When the fish is too large they give each other mutual assistance; one seizes it by the head, the other by the tail, and thus carry it to the boat together. There the boatman stretches out one of his long oars, on which they perch, and on being delivered of their burden, they fly off to continue their sport. When wearied, he allows them to rest for a while; but they are never fed till their work is over. In this manner they supply a very plentiful table; but still, their natural gluttony cannot even be reclaimed by education. They have always, while they fish, a string fastened round their throats, to prevent them from devouring their prey, or otherwise they would at once satiate themselves, and discontinue their pursuit the moment they had done so."

The great activity with which it pursues, and from a vast height drops down to dive after its prey, offers one of the most amusing spectacles to those who stand upon a cliff on the shore.

It sometimes happens that the Cormorant has caught the fish by the tail, and consequently the fins prevent its being easily swallowed in that position. In this case, the bird may be observed to toss its prey above its head, and very dexterously catch it, when descending, by the proper end, and to swallow it with ease.

The Oak and the Insect.

An oak was tormented with a worm that had eaten into his vitals, and was gnawing at its very heart. In vain did the haughty tree wring, and twist, and groan in the wind; it had no means of reaching the insect. At last, a little woodpecker alighted on the tree, and heard its grievous wailing. Guessing the cause of the trouble, he began to drum with his long bill upon the bark of the tree, and soon he heard the worm shrinking from detection. Thus he discovered his prey, and putting his barbed tongue into a hole, he lanced the worm through the body, and pulled him out in an instant. Thus the mighty oak was relieved by a very humble bird, and thus the great and the powerful may be benefited by the weak and insignificant.—*Selected.*

"That man best deserves a kindness, who, when he is put off, beareth it patiently; when he is refused, excuses it; when he receives it, is thankful."

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

OUR friend, Rev. C. H. A. BULKLEY, to whom our readers are indebted for the beautiful poem in our last number, under the caption of "Thoughts of the Little Star-Gazer," has written a poem of considerable length, entitled "Niagara," which will probably be published in a volume. We have examined portions of it, and if a judgment of the whole can be predicated from these specimens, we have not a doubt that this will be acknowledged to be one of the most successful efforts of the kind that have been recently attempted. We hope the poem will soon be published. There certainly is very much of the soul of poetry in Mr. Bulkley's efforts, or we are sadly mistaken. He does not write to make a book. This is evident enough, to even a careless reader. He writes because he cannot help it. And, after all, it is difficult to create a poem worth reading in any other way. You cannot manufacture poetry as you would a spade or a wheelbarrow. It must come from the heart, very like the flowing of water. It must not be ground out of the intellect, as flour comes from the grist-mill. People may think what they please, and say what they please, about this same matter of poetry; but, in our way of thinking, just the stupidest, dryest, huskiest piece of literary nonsense that ever blundered into this planet, is your merely intellectual poem; and we advise all men, women, and children, who do not want a chronic literary dyspepsia, to keep clear of those who teach metaphysics, plain and spherical trigonometry, and conic sections in their poems. In this connection, however, it is proper to state, that, not exactly belonging to the faculty, we give advice gratis.

By the way, speaking of second and third-rate poets, reminds us of an impromptu which has just come under our observation, written on a recent robbery. It runs thus:

> My friend, I've been robbed!
> "How I pity your grief!"
> All my manuscript's gone!
> "How I pity the thief!"

By the way, again—or in other words, perhaps, still farther out of the way—Coleridge has written a pretty caustic couplet about certain gentry of the same school:

> "Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing,
> Did certain persons die before they sing."

We had a most delightful visit the other day, at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in this city. The occasion was one of interest, it being the quarterly examination of the Board of Directors. The day was very pleasant, and a party, consisting of upwards of two hundred guests, were entertained in a manner which reflected great credit on the managers of the institution and the pupils. The exercises in the chapel were of a character so interesting, that we should give a detailed account of them to our readers, if it were not for the account of a similar meeting furnished by a correspondent, which we will publish in our next number. At some future time, however, we mean to tell our own story

about this institution. By the way, of these pupils, two hundred and eight in number, upwards of sixty are subscribers to the Youth's Cabinet.

Mr. BRADBURY, the gentleman who is so successful in teaching the little folks to sing, has just sailed for Germany. He had a farewell concert before leaving, and some eight hundred of his juvenile singers delighted a very large audience with their music. During the evening, a beautiful gold watch was presented to Mr. Bradbury, by his pupils. The singing of the following farewell song, written for the occasion, by one pretty well known to the readers of the Cabinet, the music of which may be found on the last page, closed the entertainment:

Now ere we part,
With voice and heart,
We would our kindest wishes tell—
We come to say
Farewell to-day;
But, oh! 'tis sad to say farewell.

We ne'er shall let
Our hearts forget
Our absent teacher, fond and true—
We'll think of thee,
When o'er the sea
Thy bark is wafted from our view.

Heaven bless the gale
That fills thy sail,
While thou art bounding o'er the main—
For thee each day
Shall children pray,
Until we greet thee home again.

Each cherished song,
Remembered long,
As oft we sing it o'er and o'er—
Shall speak of thee,
Beyond the sea,
Far from thy home and native shore.

'Tis sweet to know,
Where'er we go,
Bright angels may our steps attend—
O from above,
May God in love
To thee some guardian angel send.

When life is o'er,
And we no more
Shall sing the strains we love to hear—
Then may we rise
Above the skies
And sing the song of angels there.

But must we say
Farewell to-day?
Must we our last sad greeting tell?
Then as we part,
From voice and heart,
Receive our kind, though sad *farewell*

MR. EDITOR,—Please to correct an error in the June number, page 191. You inform little folks that the title of Majesty, in addressing the sovereigns of England, was first used in the time of Henry XIII. I suppose you mean Henry VIII. My son could not recollect when Henry XIII. reigned, and I had to explain the matter, by assuring him it was an error in the printing.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MR. EDITOR,—As your Long Island correspondent has requested some of your readers to arrange the numbers from one to twenty-five, or the square of five, so as to make sixty-five, if added together in eight different ways, and has given the rule for solving all such cases, I have been occupying some of my leisure moments in trying some different numbers, and find that the square of five can be made, not only to add up

and make sixty-five in eight, but in twelve, different ways. I would not think of troubling you, however, was I not of the impression that I had made an additional discovery. If I have not, and any of your numerous readers are ahead of me, you may consign this to the rubbish department, as I do not intend it shall cost you any thing but the trouble of reading it. Here is my diagram:

65					65
11	24	7	20	3	65
4	12	25	8	16	65
17	5	13	21	9	65
10	18	1	14	22	65
23	6	19	2	15	65
65	65	65	65	65	65 65

An examination of this diagram will show that the figures can be added together, consecutively, in twelve different ways, and the sum will be sixty-five.

Yours, truly,

CAROLINE TERESA.

ENIGMA—No. IV.

I am a sentence of sixty-one letters. My 13, 61, 45, 6, 16, 40, 3, 44, 31, 25, 58, was a distinguished philosopher. My 60, 50, 7, 19, 15, 24, 41, 10, 26, 49, 6, 24, 33, 39, 23, 4, was a scholar and soldier, who suffered tyrannical punishment in the reign of James I. of England. My 51, 43, 35, 7, 23, 54, 19, 2, 30, 41, 54, 34, 13, 59, 24, 12, was a remarkable preacher. My 32, 55, 14, 57, 61, 3, 53, was an eminent Frenchman, and distinguished as an excellent preacher and a good historian. My 11, 38, 12, 28, 60, 47, 20, noted as a poet and moralist, flourished in the seventeenth century. My 42, 36, 37, 53, 10, 17, was the name of two brothers, distinguished as anatomists, who lived in Great Britain in the eighteenth century. My 16, 21, 36, 20, 13, 12, 54, 32, 56, 22, 48, 18, 58, was a French naturalist and historian, and the author of a work on natural history, in fifteen volumes. My 9, 27, 38, 3, was distinguished as a statesman and a politician. He was chancellor of England, and the author of a celebrated history. My 52, 10, 40, 49, 8, was a gentleman, by whose eloquence the great ball of the "revolution" was moved. W. M. K.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CONUNDRUM.

A correspondent says, in answer to the conundrum in the last number, that he much doubts that Moses was the most wicked man that ever lived in the world, though he did *break all the commandments at once.*

CHARADE—No. III.

My first—a Latin word—advances civilization, and is equally strong in breaking or binding human ties.

My second is most important to myself.

My third is indispensable to some watch-wheels.

My fourth it pleases better to give than to take.

My fifth is a feminine objective.

My whole aids in giving significance to language. H.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.

Thy first no statesman can control,
If he possess the patriot's soul,
While the divine who hopes to win
A fallen man from depths of sin,
To PARTY favor ne'er will bow.
Sacred with God, he keeps his vow,
And belle and dame need never roam,
To shine beyond the sphere of home.

Then in thy second, plain we see
Our likeness to divinity.
Redeem'd, the SPIRIT pure will rise
To seek its home amid the skies.
'Tis vile, and doom'd to suffer where
Are heard the wailings of despair;
How great the power for good and ill,
That work'd in us to do God's will.

But strife and direful discord spread
Whene'er thy first and second wed.
The altar PARTY SPIRIT rears,
Receives the sacrifice of tears;
Since all that can imbitter life
Is mingled with the demon strife,
In which, to win a transient fame,
Men barter truth, and peace, and name.

Q

The little sketch of "The Seasons," on page 202, was written by Master T. C. Havemeyer, of this city, one of our subscribers, of about the age of fourteen years. Though not written with any view of publication, the article is well worthy a place among the efforts of heads somewhat older.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several articles, on file for insertion, will appear soon. "An Hour with the Deaf and Dumb,"—already, from having been mislaid, too long delayed—shall be published in our next number. "The Autobiography of an old Cat,"—we don't know about that. The veteran has had some hair-breadth 'scapes, truly. The grammatical article shall appear in our next. So of "Wood-Gathering,"—perhaps—perhaps not.

Now we think of it, we wish our friends, who write to the editor and publisher on the same sheet, would remember that both wish to preserve separate files of their letters respectively.

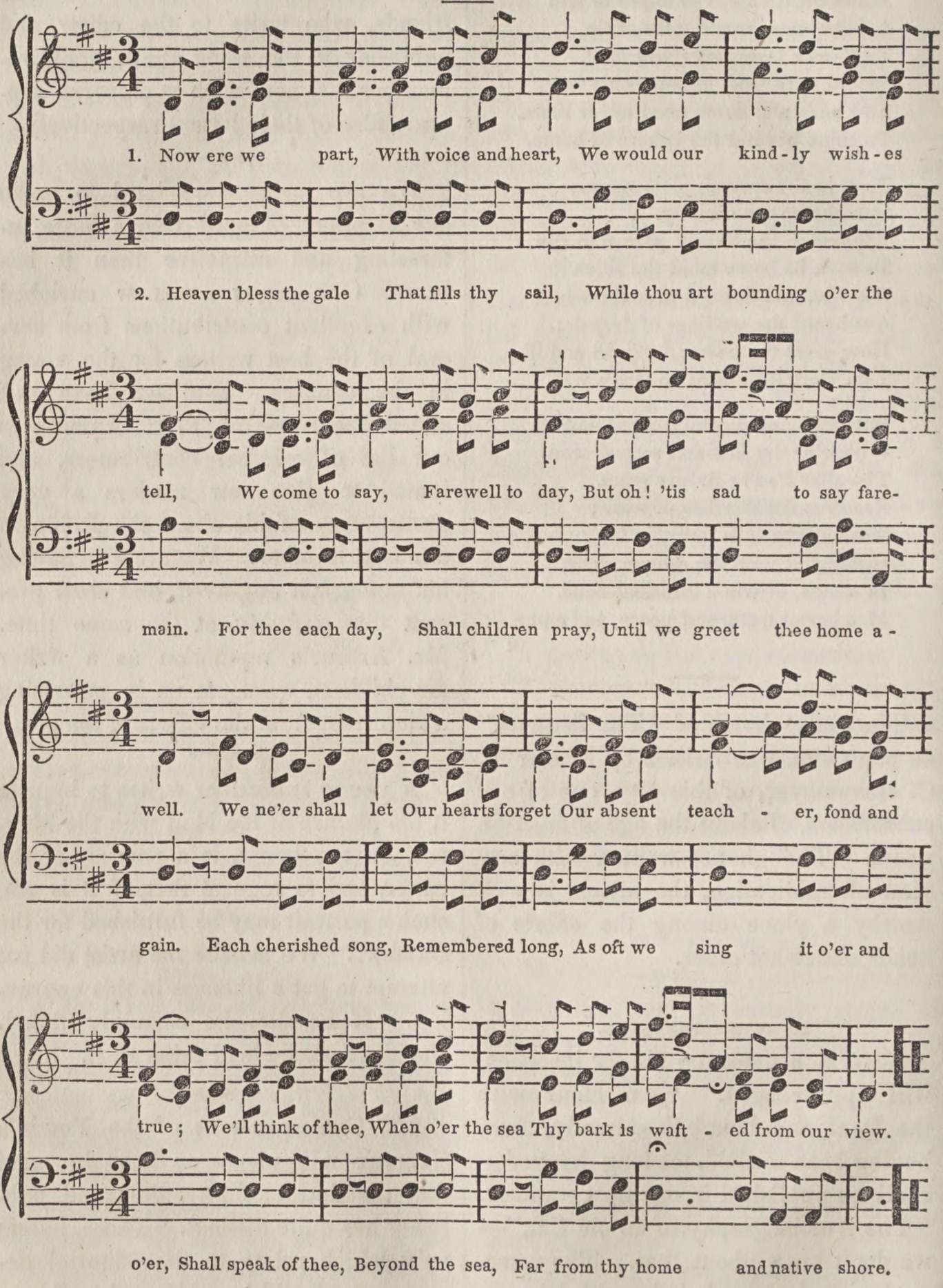
We are trying very hard to make our CABINET of good things more interesting and attractive than it has been. Our pages are now enriched with excellent contributions from several of the best writers for the young in the country. But we have just added the name of T. S. ARTHUR to our list of original contributors, and intend to give our readers a very pretty story of his about the Robin in our next number. We are also having his autograph engraved, and shall present this probably at the same time. Mr. Arthur's reputation as a writer for children, warrants us in promising a rich treat from the efforts of his pen.

A young subscriber writes to inquire if the picture of the Man with the Magnet, on the cover, is a portrait of the editor, and to request that, if it is not, such a portrait may be furnished for the CABINET. We believe the artist did not attempt to get a likeness in this engraving. If he did, he certainly failed. For the rest, we will think of it.

☞ Correspondents of the YOUTH'S CABINET will please to bear in mind that the duties of an editor and publisher are quite distinct. Those letters only which relate to the editorial department, should be addressed to FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

Farewell Song.*

SUNG AT BRADBURY'S CONCERT—POETRY BY THEODORE THINKER—MUSIC BY T. H. BAYLY.



* For the remaining stanzas, see page 227.

Random Thoughts on Fishing.

BY THE MAN WITH THE MAGNET.

AFTER all, I confess I have no particular aversion to catching a trout or two occasionally. I rather like the task—Dr. Johnson's definition of a fishing-rod to the contrary notwithstanding. You recollect that sage definition: "A fishing-rod is a stick with a hook at one end and a fool at the other." Bravo! I have laughed at the wit of the thing a great many times. But, to my knowledge, it never weakened my relish much in the amusement. Nay, I am not perfectly sure but the laughing aforesaid has occurred when I was up to my knees in water, teazing a dainty pickerel to bite. Now I do not wish to dispute so great a doctor as the one who uttered this oracle. I can find other wind-mills to fight, plenty of them. But I venture to hint, modestly, that some of the trout

THE FISHERMAN.

with whom I have been acquainted in my day, would hardly have been enticed from their native element by a fool. Even the doctor, with all his wisdom, methinks, might have had his cunning taxed to the utmost, if he had attempted to catch these fellows. I have no idea of quarreling with the definition, though. It is excellent. But, as I was saying a moment ago, this business of fishing, once in a while, is not a very disagreeable employment to me. I like it. What is the use of mincing the matter? I do take not a little delight in introducing a mammoth black-fish, for instance, to a new element. It has been objected that the fish themselves are not partial to these introductions. Very like. But if they should happen to escape the fisherman, they would probably fall into the jaws of some greedy shark or other. Besides, it is a part of their business to thin out the ranks of the smaller fish. And I want to know—as it is mercy to the poor fish that many people say so much about—I want to know why we can't afford a little mercy for the lower classes. Look at the aristocracy of the thing.

How does it come to pass that a great fish is so much more deserving of mercy than a little one? I pause for a reply.

Meanwhile, I will sit me down and watch that enthusiastic man who has waded a few yards into the pond, with a long pole in his hand. He is baiting his hook, by the looks of things. I wonder if it is the hook which has recently been invented and patented by Mr. Brown, of New York. He has a hook which is set like a trap, and which springs when the fish strikes it. It is a murderous thing, though, and makes the angler's success too certain.

I love to watch a skillful angler; and this is one, I imagine. He has prepared a rare morsel for that pickerel reposing under the leaves of the pond lily, depend upon it. Now he throws his line. How skillfully the thing is done. He has read Izaak Walton's Complete Angler, I guess. At any rate, he has handled the fishing-rod before. The bait now skims along on the surface of the water. Hush! not a word. A pretty good imitation of the frolicking of a silly little shiner, that. Watch the countenance of the angler—of that "fool" at the larger end of the rod. Considering he *is* a fool, there is a great deal of expression in that brow. On skims the bait. The wide-mouthed pickerel will not take it this time. Perhaps he is not hungry. Perhaps he is chasing his friends, the shiners, about the pond—in sport, you know—merely in sport. These pickerel are great sportsmen. The worst of it is, though, they never can make their young friends believe they are playing hide and seek with them. There! there! what does that splashing in the water mean? The cunning old fellow has leaped for the bait. Now, take care! there, he has hooked him! Now comes the tug of war. Here is rather a difficult piece of business for a fool. Look at the man's face now. Not too fast, sir. Humor the fellow a little. There he comes. A fine pickerel, that. Five pounds, at the very least, it may be, six. "Welcome, illustrious stranger, welcome to our shores," as Daniel Webster once said on a similar occasion, when he was conning over the speech he was to make at the reception of La Fayette. That pickerel will make a dinner for a family of half a dozen; and a very delicious dinner it will be, too. I should not have the slightest objection to aid in discussing it.

But how can a man, possessed of any degree of the kinder feelings of humanity, enjoy a species of amusement which is the occasion of so much pain? Well, I confess I should not take so much delight in fishing, if I believed the victims of my powers of persuasion had all those delicate sensibilities which many people ascribe to them. I do not believe they have. The fish is very low in the scale of animal life. Is it rational to suppose that he feels pain as keenly as a deer or a fox? But waiving the philosophy of the thing, look at the facts. What angler of any experience has not caught the same sun-fish twice within a couple of minutes? That fish must have a very blunted nervous sensibility, who will have his jaw torn with a hook,

and seize it again as soon as it falls into the water.

Some years ago, two young gentlemen were fishing in a lake, I believe for perch, and their stock of bait became exhausted. They then picked out the eyes of the dead perch, and baited their hooks with them. It is well known by most fishermen that many fish will take such a bait as soon as any other. These gentlemen caught several perch in this manner. One of the fish so caught, struggled a good deal as the angler was removing him from the hook; and in the struggle the hook was loosened, and came in contact with one of the eyes of the perch, which was torn out, and the perch slipped through the angler's fingers and was lost overboard. The hook, with this bait upon it, was thrown into the water, and in a few minutes the fugitive was caught again, having taken his own eye for a bait! What do you think of that, Mr. Philanthropist?

I confess, moreover, that I should not take half the delight I now do in fishing, if my aquatic friends did not add greatly to the interest of a dinner. When I throw my line into the water, I consider the act in the light of an invitation for them to dine with me. They are extremely pleasant companions at the table. I should hardly know how to get along without their company, in the summer, especially. I never placed a temptation in the way of a fish in my life, as I recollect, unless I thought him capable of playing his part at the table.

On the whole, there are a great many kinds of amusement current in the world, that are much less innocent than this of angling. So thought the pious old Walton (though I am not so enthusiastic as he, by a long way) two hundred years ago, when he wrote

Let me live harmlessly, and near the brink
  Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill on cork down sink
  With eager bite of perch, or trout, or dace,
And on the world and my Creator think,
  While some men strive ill-gotten goods to embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine—or worse, in war, or wantonness.

The Little Prisoner.

A FABLE.

BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

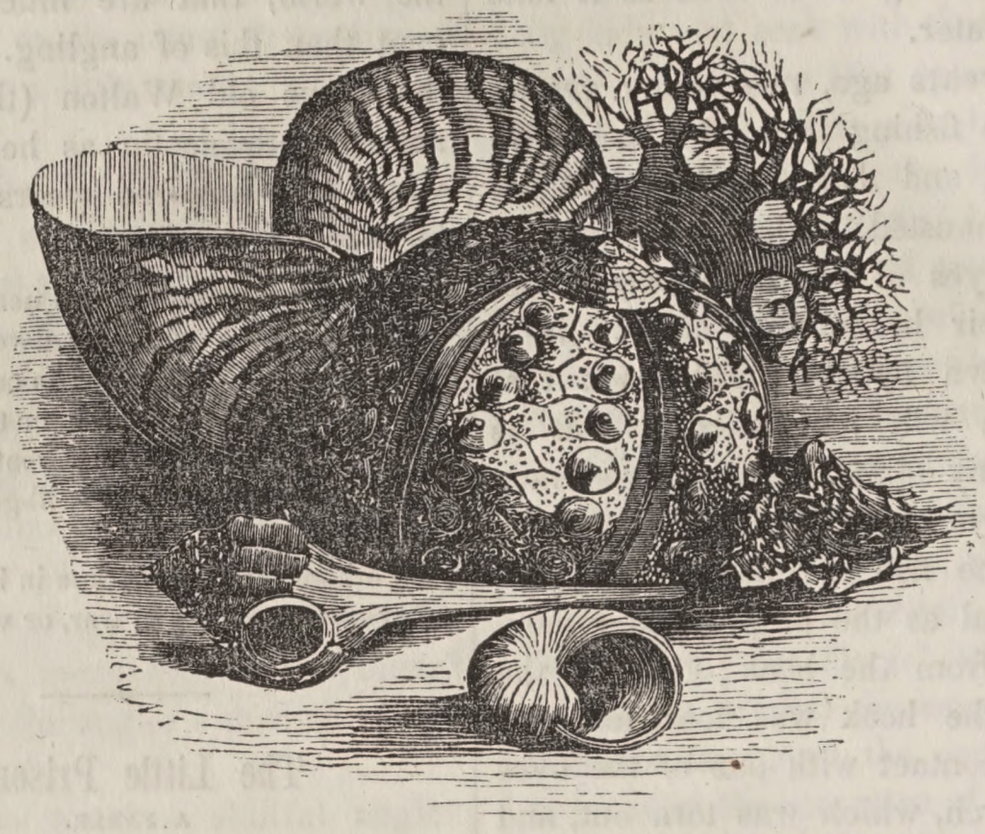
A Robin in a rural land,
  Sings strains so beautiful and varied,
That travelers listen, as they stand,
And wonder by what music band
  Their hearts away are carried.

Once, little Susan, standing there,
  Was charmed, and wished this pretty bird
Were her's, encaged, her food to share,
The subject of her kindest care,
  Whose sweetest songs would then be heard

Well, fortune gave her heart's desire;
  Her Robin, captured from the glen,
Was prisoner!—but its music-fire
Departed, and its charming lyre
  Was lost in death-like silence then

Then little Susan, all in tears,
  Most anxious, asked her father why
The drooping bird refused to sing,
While it was living like a king
  Beneath her ever watchful eye?

Ah, daughter, selfishness deceives,
  And cheats us of the good we crave
The bird, for which my Susan grieves,
Might sing most sweet among the trees,
  But not while held a prisoned slave.



Curious Shells.

WHAT an endless variety there is among shells; and some of them are very beautiful, too. We have given several different species in the engraving. Those of our readers who have taken a walk on the sea-shore, have seen a great many of these curious shells on the beach. But shells do not exclusively belong to the inhabitants of the water; several species of snails are provided with this protecting covering, and also the tortoise and armadillo. Animals, too, that live both in the water and on land are protected by shells of such strength as to defy the stroke of the sabre, or the spear, or even the shot of musketry. Such are the crocodile, the alligator, and some other animals. But to the greatest extent, shells are found to be the covering of immense multitudes of creatures whose residence is confined to water, either salt or fresh.

"Conchology is that branch of natural history which treats of shells—which distributes, divides, and classifies them into their different genera and species, and which describes the character, economy, and habits of those animals which live in them. A very little attention and thought will show that it is a subject of immense interest, and at the same time exceedingly amusing and profitable. How evident the truth of this remark, when we attend to the variety of forms which shells exhibit, and to the splendid and matchless richness of their covering. On this account we need not be surprised that they have so often attracted the notice and excited the admiration of the curious observer."

The Children and the Robin.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

THE snow had been falling steadily since morning, and the earth was covered to the depth of several inches. Late in the afternoon, as little Mary Wilson, and her brothers Thomas and Edward, were sitting near the grate in the parlor, they heard a fluttering noise against the windows. On looking around, they saw a bird, with his wings outspread and his breast pressed against one of the panes of glass, at which he was now beginning to peck with his slender bill.

"Oh! a robin, a robin redbreast!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together. And all the children started up and ran toward the window.

"There! he's gone!" said Mary, in a disappointed voice, as she stopped suddenly.

"Let us open the windows, and then all go and sit quietly down upon the sofa," said Thomas.

So the children opened the windows, and went and sat down upon the sofa, as Thomas had suggested. In a little while the robin came back and lit upon the window sill. The children did not stir nor make a noise; and soon he hopped down upon the floor, and went and hid himself in a corner of the room, behind a large chair.

"Go and shut the window, brother," whispered Mary to Edward; and Edward went softly to the window and shut it down, after which he returned to the sofa, and with Mary and Thomas, remained very quiet. It was not long before the warmth of the room made robin feel better: so he came out from his hiding place, and stood for about a minute, turning his head from one side to the other, and appearing to examine every object in the room with his little dark, expressive eyes. Satisfied at last, he took three running hops, which brought him into the middle of the room, where he made another pause, and took another survey. Mary said, in a gentle voice,

"Robin! Robin!"

The bird was frightened, and fluttered back to its hiding place. But, as the children remained very still, it soon came out once more and hopped into the middle of the room. Mary again said,

"Robin! Robin!"

The bird started, and stood turning its head from one side to the other, as before. But it did not run back into the corner this time. Presently it began picking up some crumbs of cake which the nurse had let the baby scatter on the floor. I cannot tell you how much the children were pleased at this. They could hardly help clapping their hands and shouting for joy. But they restrained themselves, for fear of frightening little robin redbreast, and called him in low voices, saying,

"Robin! Robin! Dear little robin redbreast!"

The bird seemed to understand that they spoke kindly to him, for he hopped toward them a little way, and then stopped and turned his head, as

before, from side to side. It was not a great while before he would permit himself to be taken up in their hands, and let them smooth his soft feathers.

"I'll ask papa to buy us a cage, as soon as he comes home," said Edward.

"To put poor robin in?" asked Mary, looking with earnest eyes into her brother's face.

"Yes, indeed! We'll keep him in a pretty cage, and he shall sing for us."

"Oh, no!" returned Mary. "We won't shut poor little robin redbreast up in a cage."

"Why not?" asked Edward. "What will we do with him?"

"We'll let him fly out of the window whenever he wants to go. It would be cruel to shut him up in a little cage."

"But papa will get us a big cage."

"The biggest cage you can get, would be a small place along side of the fields and woods. Oh, no! Don't think of putting robin redbreast into a cage. We will feed him, and then open the window and let him go away again. The ground is all covered with snow, and he cannot find any thing to eat in the fields. He will come back to us every day while the snow is on the ground; and we will feed him every day. He has come to us, and trusted in us. Don't let us deceive him."

"If you let him go, you will never see him again," said Thomas, who felt much more in favor of Edward's proposition.

"Oh, yes! I am sure we will. But even if he should never come back, he has done us no wrong. He doesn't belong to us. We have no right to rob him of his freedom, and shut him up in a cage."

"He'll be a great deal better in a cage than out in the cold winter. He will freeze to death before spring," urged Thomas.

"No, he wo'nt. When he's cold and hungry, he will come and tap at the window as he did to-day; and we will let him in, and feed him and warm him. Oh! I am sure it will make us a thousand times happier to do this than it will to shut him up in a wire prison."

For a long time the children talked over the fate of the robin that had trusted himself in their hands. Mary's better counsels prevailed. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, and had rested for half an hour in Mary's lap, the window was opened, and away he flew.

"Good bye, robin redbreast," said Thomas. "I hardly think we shall ever see you again."

"Oh! yes, we will. I know he will come back again," spoke up Mary, quickly. "We shall see him to-morrow."

Thomas was very doubtful about it, and said he was sorry they hadn't kept the bird until their father came home, and then asked him for a cage to put it in. "We'll not have another chance, soon, to get so nice a bird," he said.

When papa came home, and the children told him about the robin, he said that he was very glad they had done as Mary suggested, and let the bird go at liberty—that it would

have been cruel to shut him in a cage, when he had been all his life a free bird in the woods and fields.

On the next morning, all the clouds had disappeared from the sky, and the sun was again out brightly. But it was very cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground.

"Robin hasn't come yet," said Edward, about ten o'clock. He still felt as if he would like to have the bird in a cage.

"Robin isn't going to come," returned Thomas.

"Wait awhile," said Mary, in her soft and gentle way. "Wait awhile. I don't give up robin yet. See!" she added, in a quick, exulting voice; "there he is, now! I knew he would come."

And as she spoke, robin lighted down upon the window sill, and with his red breast touching the glass, pecked for admission.

We need not say how quickly the window was thrown open, with glad and welcome exclamations. The bird did not seem in the least afraid, but stepped upon Mary's hand, and was lying, in an instant after, pressed gently to her bosom. Thomas ran into the dining room for some crumbs, while Edward stood looking admiringly at the little creature that lay so full of confidence on his sister's breast.

"Shut dear, good robin up in a cage!" said Mary, touching her lips to the bird. "No, no, indeed! They shall not put him in a cage."

Thomas brought some crumbs, and held them in his hand to the bird. Robin was hungry, and picked away at them eagerly; while the chlildren looked on with delight. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, they gave him some water, into which he dipped his delicate bill. Then he hopped about the room, and seemed to feel quite at home. In about an hour, they opened the window for him, but robin found his quarters so comfortable, that he had no wish to leave them. He perched himself upon the back of a chair, and looked at the window, but made no attempt to fly out; so they let him stay as long as he pleased, which was for several hours. Then he pecked at the window, and Mary opened it, when he flew off as swiftly as his wings could carry him.

Every day, as long as the snow remained upon the ground, the bird came and tapped on the window with his bill, for admission. There was always some one ready to let him in, and give him the crumbs of bread he sought. Sometimes he would come while the family were eating their dinner or breakfast, and then he was sure to get upon the table beside Mary's plate, and pick up the crumbs of bread she gave him.

When the earth became bare again, robin did not visit his friends so often; at last, as the spring opened, he ceased coming altogether.

One sunny day, late in April, Mary had thrown open the window, and was sitting near it, listening to the birds that were singing joyfully among the trees, when, all at once, a pair of robins came fluttering down and lit upon the window sill. One of them she recognized in a moment. It was

her old friend. From the window sill he flew to her hand, and then turned, and, as plain as a bird could do it, invited his companion to follow him. But she was more timid, and seemed to be uneasy. Robin staid but a few moments with Mary, and then flew back to his mate upon the window sill. Here they did not linger long, but soon spread their wings, and Mary saw them no more.

When Mary told this pleasant incident, Thomas and Edward were surprised and delighted beyond measure.

"He brought his mate to see us! Oh! I wish I had been home," said Thomas.

"Robin is much happier than if he were shut up in a cage," remarked Mary. "And I am sure we acted a more generous and honorable part with him than we would have done, if we had abused the confidence he placed in us, and made him a prisoner for life."

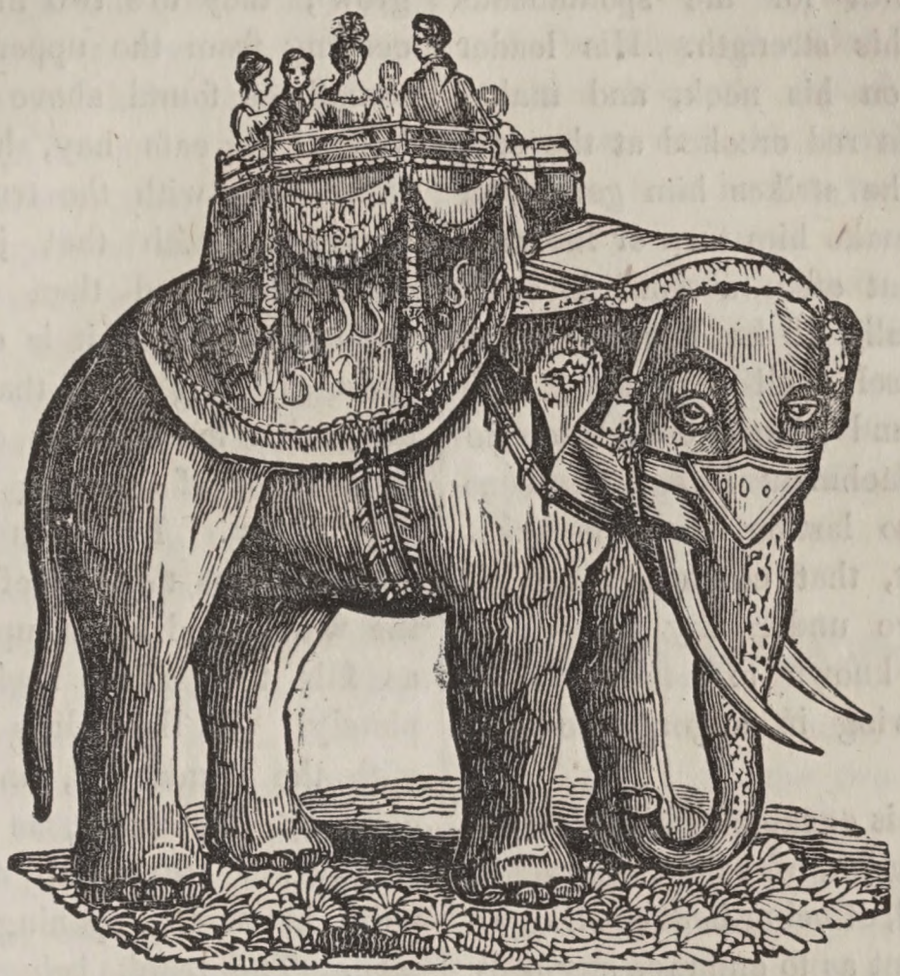
"It would have been cruel, I acknowledge," said Thomas: "and I am now very glad it was not done."

"And so am I," responded Edward.

"Certainly, it would have been cruel, my children," said the father, who had been listening to them. "We should never seek for pleasure at the cost of pain, either to our fellow-creatures, or to any animal. There are higher and better sources of pleasure than these, in which happiness to others is the consequence. I am sure you have all experienced a three-fold delight in witnessing the remarkable expression of gratitude in that bird, beyond what you could possibly have known if you had robbed him of his liberty, and made him a prisoner in a narrow cage."

Phylacteries.

EVERY one who is accustomed to read the Bible, has noticed that our Saviour, in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, speaks of the phylacteries which the Jews were accustomed to wear at that time. In the last volume of the CABINET, page 236, we told our readers something about these phylacteries. They will perhaps remember what we said, and if they do not, they may turn to the place, and read it. A phylactery was a piece of parchment or linen, with portions of scripture written upon it. These badges were worn upon the forehead, wrist, and hem of the garment. We gave a picture before of one on the wrist. The engraving above represents one worn on the forehead. We should always keep in mind the goodness of God, and should be very careful to obey all his commandments; but it is doubtful if such badges would be of much use to us in this respect, and there can be no piety in wearing them.



The Elephant, Wild and Tame.

It is very easy to tame the elephant. Here is a picture of one, with a platform on his back, and quite a number of people sitting upon it. We went the other day to see a very large elephant in this city. He weighed upwards of ten thousand pounds.

The elephant, once tamed, becomes the most tractable and the most submissive of all animals; he conceives an affection for his leader, caresses him, and seems to guess whatever can please him: in a little time he understands signs, and even the expression of sounds; he distinguishes the tone of command, that of anger or good nature, and acts accordingly: he never mistakes the words of his master; receives his orders with attention, executes them with prudence and eagerness, and without precipitation; for his motions are always measured, and his character seems to participate in the gravity of his body; he is easily taught to bend the knee to assist those who will ride on his back; he caresses his friends with his trunk, and salutes with it the person he is directed to take notice of: he makes use of it to lift burdens, and helps to load himself; he has no aversion to be clothed, and seems indeed to delight in a golden harness or magnificent trappings; he is easily put to the traces of carts, and even draws ships upon occasion: he draws equally, without stopping, or any marks of dislike, provided he is not insulted by unseasonable correction, and provided his driver seems

to be thankful for the spontaneous exertion of his strength. His leader is mounted on his neck, and makes use of an iron rod crooked at the end, with which he strikes him gently on the head to make him turn or increase his pace; but often a word is sufficient, especially if he has had time to make himself well acquainted with his leader, and places confidence in him; his attachment is sometimes so strong and so lasting, and his affection so great, that commonly he refuses to serve under any other person, and is known to have died of grief for having in anger killed his governor.

The trunk is capable of being moved in every direction, of being lengthened and shortened, of being bent or straightened; so pliant as to embrace any body it is applied to, and yet so strong that nothing can be torn from the gripe. By means of this, the elephant can take a pin from the ground, untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen. "I have myself seen," says one, "an elephant writing Latin characters on a board, in a very orderly manner, his keeper only showing him the figure of each letter. While thus employed, the eyes might be observed studiously cast down upon the writing, and exhibiting an appearance of great skill and erudition."

The tusks of the elephant, as the animal grows old, become so heavy, that it is sometimes obliged to make holes in the walls of its stall to rest them in, and ease itself in the fatigue of their support. It is well known to what an amazing size these tusks grow; they are two in number, proceeding from the upper jaw, and are sometimes found above six feet long. When he eats hay, he takes up a small wisp with the trunk, turns and shapes it with that instrument for some time, and then directs it into the mouth, where it is chewed by the great grinding teeth, that are large in proportion to the bulk of the animal. Its manner of drinking is equally extraordinary. For this purpose, the elephant dips the end of its trunk into the water, and sucks up just as much as fills that great fleshy tube completely. It then lifts up its head with the trunk full, and turning the point into its mouth, as if it intended to swallow trunk and all, drives the point below the opening of the windpipe. The trunk being in this position, and still full of water, the elephant blows strongly into it at the other end, which forces the water into the throat, down which it is heard to pour with a loud gurgling noise, which continues till the whole is blown down.

The elephant is a native of Africa and Asia, being found neither in Europe nor America. In Africa, he still retains his natural liberty. The savage inhabitants of that part of the world, instead of attempting to subdue this powerful creature to their necessities, are happy in being able to protect themselves from his fury.

It is said that when once wild elephants have been caught, and eluded the snares of their adversaries, if they are compelled to go into the woods, they are mistrustful, and break with their trunk a large branch, with which

they sound the ground before they put their foot upon it, to discover if there are any holes on their passage, not to be caught a second time; which made the hunters, who related this singularity, despair of catching again the three elephants who had escaped. "We saw the other two which they had caught; each of them was between two tame elephants; and around the wild elephants were six men, holding spears. They spoke to these animals in presenting them something to eat, and telling them, in their language, *take this, and eat it.* They had small bundles of hay, bits of black sugar, or rice boiled in water, with pepper. When the wild elephant refused to do what he was ordered, the men commanded the tame elephants to beat him, which they did immediately, one striking his forehead with his; and when he seemed to aim at revenge against his aggressor, another struck him; so that the poor wild elephant perceived he had nothing to do but to obey.

"At the Cape of Good Hope, it is customary to hunt these animals for the sake of their teeth. Three horsemen, well mounted, and armed with lances, attack the elephant alternately, each relieving the other, as they see their companion pressed, till the beast is subdued. Three Dutchmen, brothers, who had made large fortunes by this business, determined to retire to Europe, and enjoy the fruits of their labors; but they resolved, one day before they went, to have a last chase, by way of amusement: they met with their game, and began their attack in the usual manner; but, unfortunately, one of their horses fell, and throwing his rider, the enraged elephant instantly seized the unhappy huntsman with his trunk, flung him up to a vast height in the air, and received him upon one of his tusks as he fell; then, turning toward the other two brothers, as if it were with an aspect of revenge and insult, held out to them the impaled wretch, writhing in the agonies of death."

The Red and the White Roses.

In a litle farm house, shaded by old trees, lived the two sisters, Mary and Emma. By the door of the house was a flat stone, and over this a honeysuckle porch; here these little sisters often in the summer afternoons sat and talked together, or listened to their kind mother, as she sang to them or instructed them.

Within the little fence that surrounded the cottage were two small flower-gardens; one was Mary's, and the other Emma's. They were carefully tended, and planted always alike, except that in Mary's garden bloomed a red rose, and in Emma's a white one.

While the cheeks of Mary glowed with health, those of Emma were very pale. She had never been strong, like other children. Often in their little toils would Emma's limbs grow weary, and her feeble steps be directed toward her sister for support; and then how kindly and tenderly would Mary lead her to the door-step for rest, or, if very weary, to her little bed, and there watch and sooth her into slumber!

It was beautiful to see the love these children bore each other. Out of doors, when tending and watering their flowers, their little faces full of innocent joy, they would converse pleasantly together, and their young harmonious voices made sweet music; for what music is more sweet than that which the tongue makes when it is tuned by love?

On a sweet summer afternoon, these children were seated together under the rustic porch. The sun's last rays were thrown upon the windows and white walls, making them shine like gold. Whippoorwills sang in the trees. The mild blue eyes of the sisters shone joyfully as they talked. By and by Mary said,

"Now, sister, the sun is down; let us water our flowers. My rose bush looks strong, does it not? How sweet the pinks smell! Is it not lovely to-night, sister?"

"Yes," answered Emma, "very lovely. See those golden clouds around the setting sun! They seem to me like bright thoughts round the dying."

And as Emma said this, one might have seen an expression in her face that told where her thoughts were tending. It was bright and heavenly.

They watered their flowers. The sweet breath of pinks and violets, lilies and roses, was exhaled till the evening. "Let us make a nosegay, dear sister," said Mary, "as an offering to our mother. Here is a beautiful cluster of red roses; now a white lilly; then some of that sweet mignonette; and do not forget the spray of white roses!"

Emma turned to gather them. "My poor rose bush droops!" said she. It has always drooped like me; is not that strange, Mary?"

"Oh, no, dear Emma! not at all strange; the white rose is always difficult to rear. I dare say, in two or three summers more, it will be as flourishing and strong as mine. You must not be so desponding, Emma, it is not good for you."

"But, Mary," said Emma; in return, "I often feel that I and my rose tree are alike, and that I am drooping, too. I have a strange feeling within me that tells me I never shall be well and strong; that I shall never see my rose in bloom again!"

"Oh! Emma, Emma! why do you speak so?"

"Because," said she, "I feel, I know that I am soon to die! I have been very happy in this world, very happy, Mary, with you, and our dear father and mother, and kind neighbors to care for me, and love me. But I shall be happier when the time comes for me to go and be with the angels, and with God. Do not weep, Mary."

"But you make me weep, Emma; you make me unhappy." But now, as Mary looked into her sister's face, she saw that it was no longer pale. A bright flush was in her cheeks, and a clear sparkle was in her earnest eyes! How beautiful she was!

"Dear Emma," said Mary, "you are mistaken. I am sure you are mistaken. Why, your cheeks are quite red—you look better every day. Sister, dear, try to be cheerful, and you will soon be well and strong like me."

"No, Mary, I never shall be well again. It cannot be. But I will not

talk about it any more, since it makes you so unhappy—only you must make me one promise."

"What, Emma?"

"That when I die—when they lay me in my lonely grave—you will plant this white rose tree there, and let it blossom every summer over my head."

"Oh, Emma, Emma!"

"But you promise it, dear Mary?

"Yes, yes."

It was a beautiful day in autumn. The little cottage where Mary and Emma lived had a small white-curtained window facing the south; at that window, flowers were looking in; the globe flower, the gay dahlia, and the sweet-brier, with its load of coral berries The sweet, *ripe* air was blowing through their branches into the room.

Who and what were in that room? If you had looked within, you might have seen a little white-covered bed, and a young girl resting upon it, pale and emaciated. Near her stood weeping, her mother, her father, and her sister; and some friends were also there. It was Emma.

But why were they weeping? She was going away; a dear, kind friend had come to invite her far away, for many years, from her home, her parents, and her sister Mary. Still she was glad to go with that friend, for it was an angel.

"Do not weep, dear father, dear mother; Mary, Mary, do not weep! If you could know how happy I am, what joyful sights I see! Now that you have forgiven me for all that I have done wrong to you, now that my Saviour has forgiven me, I am glad to die!"

She spoke with difficulty.

"There—I am ready—I am ready! Mary—love—plant the rose tree—on my—grave!" She was silent a few moments, but soon opened again her eyes, and said, in a clear, firm voice, "Will not Mary sing to me? Oh, sing me once more, 'Tis sweet, oh, sweet, to die!'"

Could Mary sing? Oh, we can do any thing the dying ask of us. With trembling, yet clear tones, she began:

'Tis sweet, oh, sweet to die,
When Jesus Christ is nigh;
For then the soul fears not to try
Her unfurled wings.
With firm and fearless flight,
She soars into the night,
Knowing she soon shall reach the light
Heaven's morning brings.

'Tis sweet, oh, sweet to go,
From all our griefs below,
To where our souls with life shall glow,
Freed from the sod;
Where every sound we hear
Shall be as music clear;
Wafting us ever still more near
The throne of God.

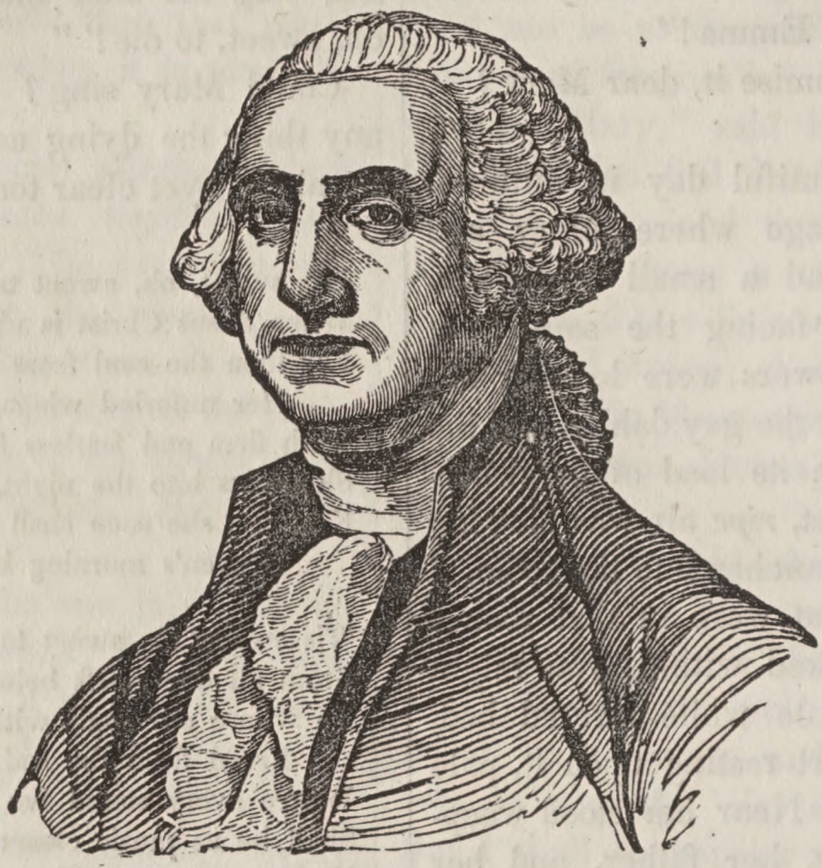
When they looked at Emma, her sleeping form was there; but *she*, she had gone to heaven.

It is summer again. In the quiet little village grave-yard, there is a short, green grave, surrounded by a simple white paling. Within, at the grave's head, stands a white rose tree in full bloom; and every evening a young girl comes, with red roses in her hand, and plucking a spray from the white rose tree, she twines a wreath to throw upon the grave. Her young sister lies there.

Yes, now she comes upon her sweet,

sad errand, and now the wreath lies on the grave, how fresh and blooming! True, it will soon fade, like human life; but then love, which outlives life, will twine another.

The setting sun throws his rays of gold upon the grass. It shines upon the wreath of roses. What is it gleams in that white rose cup? Is it a dew drop? It is Mary's tear. H.



Anecdote of General Washington.

WASHINGTON was in many respects one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. At the battle of Monmouth, according to the Home Magazine, his coolness and humanity were exemplified by an incident, trifling in itself, but characteristic of greatness. The American army, by the neglect of General Lee, was several hours behind the time appointed by General Washington in taking its position, and forming in order of battle. Some confusion arose from the attack of the British forces: while in this state, just at this time of extreme agitation, General Washington came upon the field, and while riding in front of the lines, he observed that a shot from the enemy had broken the leg of a horse. He reined in his horse, and spoke to the soldiers, "Why do you not put that horse out of misery?" Three soldiers stepped from the ranks to obey the command. General Washington remarked, "There is no occasion for but one," and then rode on. The soldier from whose lips I had this account said, "I was one of the three; and I thought then, and think now,

that it was a most extraordinary instance of the humanity and self-possession of the Commander in Chief at such a time, when his whole energy was required in forming the troops, in the face of an attack, that he should stop and direct his attention to a wounded horse."

The Adjective in English.

THERE are several uses of the adjective in English, which it is important to distinguish.

1. The primary use of the adjective is to express the predicate. If we compare *ille est vivus* with *ille vivit*, we shall find that the adjective differs from the verb, in that it expresses the predicate only, and not the predication also. It is a sort of imperfect verb, and joined with the substantive verb *to be*, is adapted to express the idea of the verb from which it is derived with more force or emphasis. The adjective form is especially appropriated to express antithesis. Hence adjectives are developed in pairs or couplets; as, *great* and *small*, *long* and *short*, *broad* and *narrow*, *high* and *low*, *deep* and *shallow*; and are capable of comparison; as, *great*, *greater*, *greatest*; *small*, *smaller*, *smallest*.

2. A second, but very common and very important use of the adjective, is to express the attribute. If we compare *vir bonus*, "the good man," with *vir est bonus*, "the man is good," we shall find that in the former phrase the adjective *bonus* expresses a distinct syntactical relation from what it does in the latter. The former is the attributive, and the latter the predicative relation.

3. The adjective, whether employed as an attribute or as a predicate, usually limits more exactly or specifies more minutely the force of the substantive to which it relates, and thus reduces the more general to the more special; but adjectives are sometimes used as mere epithets. Compare *a cruel tyrant*, with *a cruel prince*; *a rich capitalist*, with *a rich man*; *the eloquent Cicero*; *the most high God*.

4. Sometimes, by a rhetorical figure, the form of the attribute is employed to express a predication or judgment of the mind; as, "he preferred his ungrateful son to all the others," i. e. notwithstanding he was ungrateful.

It is important to discriminate these uses, as well as to know to what substantive the adjective belongs. G.

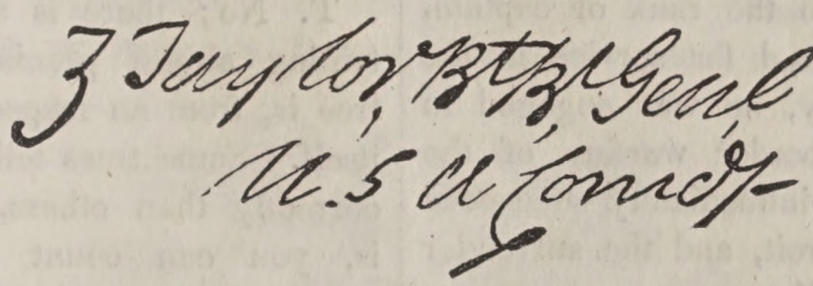
The River Lena.

CHILDREN, did you ever see the Lena on the map, in Siberia? Well, we thought so. But how large do you think it is? We used to be a good deal mistaken about the size of this river when we studied geography, and we should not wonder if your notions about it were wrong. In an account of a recent visit to that country which we have just read, it seems that at the distance of a thousand miles from the sea into which the Lena discharges itself, it is five or six miles wide. It is one of the grandest rivers on the globe.

General Taylor.

AMONG the military heroes of the present age, one of the most distinguished is General ZACHARY TAYLOR, at present commanding the principal branch of the army of the United States in Mexico. He seems to combine, in a remarkable degree, all the characteristics necessary in a good general. His post from the commencement of the unhappy war in which we are involved, has been one of great responsibility—often of extreme peril. Few armies have ever been called to contend with more fearful odds, so far at least as the number of troops is concerned, than ours in Mexico. We are no general, for two of the best reasons in the world; one of which is, a strong disinclination to be shot, and the other is about as formidable a dislike to shooting any body. But from the accounts of the different battles in Mexico, especially some of the earliest, we cannot resist the conviction, that the present century has, as yet, furnished very few, if any, military chieftains more skillful and efficient than Gen-

eral Taylor. He is familiarly called "Rough and Ready," and we should think he had come honestly by the name. Perhaps our readers would like to see a specimen of the hand-writing of the hardy old soldier. Here it is:



We are indebted for this autograph, as well as for the likeness at the head of this article, and the sketch of the general which follows, to the excellent biography just published by Mr. Graham, of this city:

"GENERAL TAYLOR was born in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1790, and is consequently now fifty-seven years of age. The American branch of the family from which he sprang originated with James Taylor, who emigrated to this country, from England, in the year 1692, and settled in the eastern part of Virginia. It is a singular fact, that the eldest sons, in a lineal descent, have uniformly borne the name of James from this ancestor to the present day.

"The collateral branches, springing of course from the younger sons and daughters, have extended to many parts of Virginia, North Carolina, and Kentucky, and, in fact, all over the Southern States, even into Texas.

"Colonel Richard Taylor, the father of Zachary, settled near Louisville, and was distinguished for his bravery and military talents. Many instances are preserved in the traditions of that state of his desperate encounters with savages. The mother of General Taylor was a woman of lofty spirits and educated mind, and distinguished for her many virtues.

"At the age of six years, Zachary was placed under a private tutor, Mr. Elisha Ayres, who is still living, at Preston, Connecticut, and says that he remembers his distinguished pupil as being a very active and sensible boy

"But little is known of the general's youth, but all accounts agree in describing it as one of rare promise for a military man. He showed a predilection for the exercises and accomplishments of the soldier; and as an instance of his bravery and hardihood, it is related that, when about seventeen years of age, he swam from the Kentucky shore across the Ohio river to the Indiana side, and back again, without resting, in company with an elder brother, long since dead. The feat was performed in the month of March, when the river was swollen and chill, and far surpasses the famous one of swimming the Hellespont, which is about a mile across, and of delightful temperature.

"In 1808, young Taylor applied for a commission in the army, and, through the influence of his father,

obtained a lieutenantcy in the seventh regiment of infantry, of the United States army.

"Before the war broke out in 1812, he had risen to the rank of captain, and being ordered for service in the western country, he was engaged in repelling the border warfare of the Indians, which immediately succeeded the fall of Detroit, and the surrender of General Hull's army.

"Captain Taylor was entrusted with the command of Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, having a garrison of about fifty men, and his defence of that post against the Indians was a brilliant affair.

"The gallant defence of Fort Harrison was duly appreciated by President Madison, who immediately promoted the intrepid commander to the rank of major."

Afterward this gentleman signalized himself in several other engagements, and among the rest, in our Florida war. But his great military popularity has been earned since the commencement of the war with Mexico.

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

NUMBER IV.

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Thinker, I heard the other day of a tree which was seven hundred years old. Do you believe trees ever live so long as that?

T. Yes; I have not a doubt that they sometimes live a great deal longer.

J. But I do not see how any body can tell just exactly how old a tree is There must be a good deal of uncertainty about the matter, to say the least.

T. No; there is a way of ascertaining almost precisely how old a tree is, from an inspection of the tree itself. Some trees tell their age more correctly than others, however; that is, you can count the number of years they have lived more exactly, when you examine them.

G. There seems to be a difference among trees, then, in this matter of telling their ages, very much as there is among men and women. Mr. Thinker, what makes some ladies so much afraid to have their age known? I have heard of a lady who hid the family Bible, so that nobody could find out how old she was by the family record.

T. I can hardly answer your question, Master George, and perhaps it would not have much to do with botany, if I could. Was that a *young* lady you spoke of?

G. No, sir. I think not.

T. Well, I thought not, too.

J. How is it, then, that you are a *thinker*, if you think *not?*

E. Perhaps Mr. Thinker meant to say that he did *not* think *not*.

T. Well, I think this is getting to be a pretty *knotty* subject, at any rate. Suppose we drop it before we get it snarled any more. If you examine a tree which has been sawed in two, you will find there are distinct rings running around it, all being concentric, or having the same centre. These rings are made by the forming of a new layer of wood

and a new layer of bark, both at the same time. This is the way in which trees, or many trees, at least, increase in circumferencc. Now it has been ascertained by experiment, that one of these layers, or rings, is formed every year; and thus we can tell the age of a tree by counting the layers.

G. Do not some trees live to a much greater age than others?

T. Oh, yes. The forest trees generally are most remarkable for lon-

THE ORIENTAL PLANE-TREE.

gevity, and among these the plane-tree, or button-wood, deserves particular notice.

J. Is that the same tree which we call the sycamore, and which has suffered so much all over the country, from a peculiar disease, within a few years past?

T. So many people suppose; but I am by no means certain that they belong to the same species, though there is a great resemblance. Those of you who are familiar with the sycamore, will observe a difference between this and the oriental plane, as it is represented in the engraving.

According to Pliny, the Roman naturalist, there was a plane-tree in Lycia, in his day, which had a trunk large enough to accommodate the consul Licinius Mutianus, and eighteen followers, who slept in it during the night.

E. Did Pliny tell how large the tree was around its body?

T. Yes; he says it measured seventy-five feet in circumference. There is a plane-tree at Constantinople, however, which is much larger than that. It measures one hundred and fifty feet, and inside of it there is a cavity of eighty feet in circumference! The sycamore of this country, too, sometimes grows to an enormous size. Some years ago, a trunk of one was exhibited in this city, which is worth mentioning, to say the least. The inside was hollowed out, so that it accommodated forty or fifty people very conveniently. It was fitted up as a parlor, with a handsome piano, sofas, mirrors, and other similar articles of usefulness and elegance.

E. I wish, Mr. Thinker, you would tell us something about that large banian tree, which Josephine heard of at the lecture a few evenings ago. Will you not?

T. You mean the one in Hindostan, on the island of Nerbuddah, I presume. It is a wonderful tree—one of the most wonderful now living. Indeed, there is something quite remarkable about all the trees of this species. These trees send out branches, which bend down until they reach the earth, and take root again, and so form other trees, which in turn go through the same process. This celebrated tree in Hindostan is supposed to be three thousand years old. The natives have such a tradition, and it seems quite probable. The large trunks of this tree exceed three hundred and fifty, the smaller ones three thousand. The circumference of the whole is nearly two thousand feet!

J. I wonder if this is not the remarkable tree which Milton alludes to in his Paradise Lost?

E. No, Josephine; he calls it a fig tree.

T. Well, the banian is a species of the fig genus. It is called *Ficus Indica*, in botany. Doubtless Milton alludes to this species in his poem. Can you repeat his description, Miss Josephine?

J. No, sir; but I think I can turn to the description in the poem, and with your permission, I will do so.

T. Can you repeat any part of it?

J. Let me see. I think I can recall a line or two:

"She spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade,
High overarched, and echoing walks between."

T. A graphic and beautiful description. I am glad to perceive that you notice and remember such passages in your reading. A good deal more might be said about trees of great age and size; but perhaps we had better pass to some other topic connected with botany.

E. Oh, Mr. Thinker, I wish you would tell us a little more about these remarkable trees. I am sure we should all be delighted to hear more.

T. Very well. We will talk again about the subject, perhaps at our next meeting.

"To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility."

Life in the Southwest.*

BY A SOUTHERNER.

NUMBER II.

Those of you, my young friends, who traveled with me—I mean upon the map—down the mighty Mississippi river, the great father of waters, as the Indians delighted to call it, will remember that we landed in Louisiana. I suppose, then, you would like to hear something of this southern country, where the sun is so hot, but where the bounties of nature are spread abroad in such profusion.

You know where Louisiana is upon the map, and you know too that New Orleans, a famous city, is the capital. This is the land where sugar grows. It is here, too, that the cotton is produced which, by the hands of the skillful workman of Massachusetts, is converted into such a variety of beautiful fabrics, fine and gay colored calicoes and ginghams, for you to wear. And it is the land of negro labor, where the large fields swarm with the descendants of the sons of Africa, who have for a long time occupied this southern country, in the condition of slavery, and who are so accustomed to the hot sun that it appears to do them no injury.

Hot as the sun is here, I assure you, it is a lovely country. Even the winter is warm, except occasional frosts and cold winds. Snow is very rarely known to fall. Not a single flake of the "feathery snow" did I see last winter.

It is the great profusion of vegetation that gives this region one of its brightest charms. You ride along some of these romantic roads, and the thick clustering vines and evergreens, meeting over your head from opposite sides of the road, give you a continual arbor of shade. The wild jessamine, and the cucumber-tree, and the rattan, when in blossom, quite fill the air with their delicious fragrance. How sweet is the smell of these lovely plants! I have heard some people say, and they would repeat poetry as they said it, that these flowers "wasted their sweetness on the desert air." I do not think, however, the sweetness was wasted: for the Creator intended all this loveliness for the abode of the thousand songsters which seem to fill these groves.

The mocking bird, called by ornithologists "the many-tongued Orpheus," is a very familiar resident among these sweet-scented shades. You see and hear these birds all around you. On the top of that old beech-tree there sits one now. He pours forth from his musical throat such strains as I am sure neither De Meyer nor Ole Bull would attempt to imitate. And then the variety of his notes — 'tis amazing! You listen, as you ride along, and you half fancy 'tis a dream of some enchanted land you have read of, where the air was filled with the fragrance of choice flowers, and where the gay birds poured a flood of song into your raptured ears.

And yet all this is true of Louisiana, which, so far as flowers and birds help to make it so, is a land of poetry and song—though I believe the people consider it rather as a land

* Continued from p. 220.

of sugar and cotton, than as one abounding particularly in poetry and song, or flowing in milk and honey.

I presume there are hundreds of young people in the Northern and Eastern States who are unconscious of the existence of what is here known by the name of the Spanish moss. It is peculiar to the lower Mississippi; not much of it being seen north of Natchez or Vicksburg. It is a moss of a dark, gray color, that hangs from the tall forest trees of this region—seeming to delight in the tallest and noblest giants of the forest. Sometimes it completely envelops them as a garment; and there it hangs, in long and graceful festoons, from every twig and branch, waving in the breeze, and filling the air with its mournful sighs. This long moss grows upon the tree, and yet is not a part of it. It is called a *parasite*, and gets its living by clinging to others, and sponging from them. Though this is not wholly true either, for it is the dampness of the atmosphere which gives vigor to this curious plant; and some people think that the regions about the Mississippi river would not be tolerable, were it not for this moss, which absorbs the moisture from the air, and thus renders it healthful. This is a very reasonable supposition, and is one among a thousand other evidences of the wisdom and goodness of God.

Among the common forest trees of Louisiana may be reckoned the magnolia, or bay-tree. This is a large and elegant tree, which the botanists have called the king of the American forests: and they give it a magnificent name—the *Magnolia grandiflora*, or grand flowering magnolia. It is an evergreen. The leaf is large, firm, and of a beautifully deep and shining green. In the month of May the tree is in flower. Its bloom is a pure white, and expands like a wild rose, only the petals are nine in number. Its size, when fully expanded, is that of an ordinary dinner plate.

But, lest I should talk to you all the time about the hills, and the woods, and the Mississippi swamps, I will change the subject, and tell you, in conclusion, that domestic matters are carried on quite differently from the way you attend to them in the North. The plantations are so large that the people live widely separated. A neighbor a mile off is a near neighbor; and in a circuit of eight or ten miles, there may be not more than a dozen or eighteen families. But then these dozen or eighteen families may turn out a thousand or fifteen hundred souls—that is, including the blacks.

Look at the swarm of negroes on yonder hill-side, hoeing cotton. They appear to be hard at work, and yet such is their expertness in the use of the hoe, that they in reality take it very easy. Men, women, and boys—I can count fifty of them. Presently it will be noon, and then they will sit down in the shade of yonder canebrake, and eat their corn bread and bacon with a good appetite.

The population here is too scattered for public schools, and consequently in the heavy planting districts of Louisiana you will find none, or very few. "No schools in Louisiana?" you ask. Where there are many

slaves there is a great deal of wealth; and as the planters do not mind a few hundred dollars a year when the interest of their children is at stake, they have got into the way of having private teachers, and they like it best. I assure you the Yankee boys are quite plenty hereabouts. They come out from the land of snow-storms and steady habits, and they earn an honest livelihood by filling a sphere of great usefulness here.

Churches are very scarce. It is very common for some teacher to exercise the calling of minister on the Sabbath, and the neighboring planters, with their wives, and sons, and daughters, attend at these little gatherings of "family worship"—though, after all, I cannot say there is that attention paid to religion in Louisiana that the subject demands. Those who settle here from New England see a great difference; but I have observed that they seldom, if ever, lose the influence of early training. And this very uncertainty of what will become of you when you have grown up—or upon what spot of earth's surface, or among what kind of people you may be thrown, is one of the strongest reasons in the world why children should be trained up "in the way they should go" while young. Experience shows us, that they never entirely "depart from it."

BAYOU SARA, La., July, 1847.

There is a man in Russia who owns a farm which it takes two days to cross. He has a hundred thousand tenants under him.

An Hour with the Deaf and Dumb.

MR. EDITOR,—I have of late become so much interested in your Magazine, that I thought if I could give but a moment's gratification to your readers, I should be abundantly repaid for my trouble in penning this account of a visit lately made to the institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in this city. The occasion was the meeting of the Board of Directors. When we arrived, we were shown into the chapel, where the pupils had just been assembled, and where the exercises were to be held.

To illustrate the method of instruction, a class that had only been in the institute for the period of six months, was brought forward to the slates. This class was not only ignorant of any language when they entered, but they did not even know what language was. They wrote their own names in a beautiful hand, and also the names of objects, qualities, and actions. They were able also to embody words in simple sentences, according to correct laws of grammar. The next class that was brought forward had been under instruction a year longer. The word *love* was given them to incorporate in a sentence. Each member took a different tense of the verb.

Of the sentences written, the following is a specimen: "Some years ago, an old woman walked along the road, and saw a pretty little child playing in a little wagon. She *loved* to kiss it. She took a sweet apple out of her pocket, and gave it to her. It thanked her. It *loved* to eat it." This class was succeeded by another, who

had been in the school two years and a half. They wrote their names and their places of residence, with the length of time they had been in the school. They were shown a book, and were told to describe it. Here is a specimen: "Mr. Peet wrote the words and sentences on the paper, and they were printed by a man in the city. That book is very useful to teach me about things. We study our lessons in the book every night. The book has many stories. I think it is very kind to teach us about things. We can read it. I think it is very easy, but some words are hard. We have books enough, because we want to learn them."

The remark was made by the teacher of the next class, that it was thought by some that arithmetic could not be taught the deaf and dumb as well as to those children who can speak. To show their ability in this branch, he gave them the following sums: "James bought 37 cows at $\$27\frac{1}{2}$ each, and 375 sheep at $\$1\frac{3}{4}$ each. How much did he pay?" Every one answered correctly, $1673. "A man sold 44 horses at $\$75\frac{1}{2}$ each. How much will he receive?" Answered correctly, $3320.

The next class, who had been longest in the institution, then gave a sketch of the apostle Paul; and while they were thus engaged, illustrations of the use of the sign language were given, in portraying the different passions, and the various trades and professions. The compositions on the slates were then read, of which the following is an example: "Paul was a strict Pharisee, under the instruction of Gamaliel, who was the most popular and the wisest lawyer of his day. When he had completed a perfect knowledge of theology, he was very remarkable for his religious zeal, and he imbibed a great dislike to the believers of Christ. Through his opposition to the system of religion established by our Saviour, he began the career of his Christian persecution. Having obtained from the high priest the authority that he might persecute the Christians in several cities, he was determined to set out to Damascus, to oppress them; but on his way there, there came a light upon him, so intense as to deprive him of his sight. Then he was sent to Damascus, to wait for the informations from Jesus Christ, and after three days, was restored to sight by Ananias, a very pious servant of God, bringing some words to him, that he had been called to the apostleship, and ought to labor for the conversion of poor sinners. Several years after his becoming an apostle, he was supposed to have been beheaded by Nero, emperor of Rome."

The exercises were closed by the recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the sign language, by one of the young ladies of the institute, which was translated literally by Mr. Peet, prefaced by the remark that the order of presenting ideas in the sign language was very different from that of written or spoken language. The following is the order, as near as I can recollect, as translated by Mr. Peet: "Father in heaven, be thou adored. Men and women be converted, thy dominion submit to. An-

gels in heaven, thy will obey; men and women wicked on earth, be converted, thy will obey in like manner. This day us bread give. Others injure us we forgive, us disobey thy commands, forgive thou, in like manner. Others tempt us to sin, we follow; oh, no! From sickness, trouble, sin, do thou deliver; for the kingdom, power, glory, to thee belong forever and ever. Amen."

No description can convey even a tolerable idea of the impressiveness and solemnity of this scene. To be realized, it must be seen. The company then repaired to the ladies' parlor, where they enjoyed a social chat, and partook of some refreshments, provided for the occasion, after which we visited the workshops, and returnturned to the city much gratified with our visit. D.

The Canary Bird.

Translated from the German, for the Youth's Cabinet.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

A LITTLE girl named Caroline had a charming Canary bird. The little creature sang from early morning until evening; it was a very beautiful bird, of a bright yellow, with a black head. Caroline gave it seeds and green vegetables, and, at times, a piece of sugar, and every day fresh and pure water.

But all at once the little bird began to droop; and one morning, as Caroline came to bring it water, it lay dead in its cage.

The little girl raised loud lamentations over the beloved bird, and wept bitterly. But the child's mother went and purchased another, with colors still more beautiful, and which sang as sweetly as the former one, and placed it in the cage.

But the little girl wept still more when she saw the new bird.

Then the mother wondered greatly, and said, "My dear child, why dost thou still weep? why art thou so very sad? Thy tears will not call the dead bird back to life again, and here thou hast another equally beautiful."

Then the child said, "Ah, dear mother, I have acted unkindly toward the little creature, and I have not done all for it that I could and ought to have done."

"Dear Lina," answered the mother, "thou hast tended it very carefully."

"Ah, no!" replied the child. "A short time before its death, I did not bring it a piece of sugar which you gave me for it, but ate it myself." Thus spoke the little girl with a heavy heart.

But the mother did not smile at her complaints, for she recognized and revered the sacred voice of nature in the heart of the child.

"Alas!" she said, "what must be the feelings of an ungrateful child, when it stands by the grave of its parents!"

"Muscles open their mouths, to swallow pearl-drops from the skies. Wise men open their mouths, only to utter words more precious than pearls."

Our Neighbor, Uncle Barnabas.*

BY THEODORE THINKER.

UNCLE BARNABAS was an excellent gardener, and he used not unfrequently to be employed in my father's garden. My father was extremely nice in every thing relating to his garden, and Uncle Barnabas was the only man in the neighborhood, except himself, in whose horticultural skill he had any confidence. The old gentleman was fond of this employment; and I am not sure but my own fondness for a garden is in a measure owing to his early influence. My brother and myself were invariably associated with him in the management of my father's garden, and a right merry time we always had with him. He

UNCLE BARNABAS WORKING IN THE GARDEN.

was a great hand for telling stories. I remember a story he told us once, while we were engaged in the garden—a story with an excellent moral—which I have always suspected he meant to operate as a sort of check for some buddings of laziness that were beginning to develope themselves in his young assistants. "When I was a boy," said he, "about as old as you are, Master Theodore, my father sent me, in company with a younger brother, one very warm day out into the field to hoe corn. We had not hoed long, before we were sick of the business, and hit upon rather a singular expedient, though not a very wise or remarkably honest one, to get rid of work for the remainder of the day. We went to the house, where father was engaged repairing the old cheese-press, I believe, and asked his advice in a matter of great emer-

* Continued from page 222.

gency. As usual, I was spokesman. 'Father,' I said, 'I am afraid we can't work any more in the corn-field to-day.' 'What is the matter, my son?' 'Why a great black-snake lies just across the row, only a few hills ahead of where we are hoeing, and we are afraid to hoe any more in that field to-day.' 'Well, Barnabas,' said the old man, after thinking a moment, 'this is a very naughty snake, very naughty, indeed—and he ought to be ashamed of himself. I will tell you what to do. Go back both of you to the field, and say to the black-snake, three times, Begone. Give him fair warning. Then, if he don't go, take your hoe and cut his head off.' We went back, of course, wiser than we came, and heartily ashamed of our miserable expedient for getting rid of work."

Uncle Barnabas lived about half a mile from my father's; and when I had been an uncommonly good boy, my mother, as a special favor, allowed me to make a visit to the little one-story cottage, where Uncle Barnabas resided with his good spouse, Aunt Sally. There I was always welcome, as the generous portions of gingerbread and dough-nuts abundantly testified. The mansion was standing when I last visited my birth-place; but the eyes of both those good old-fashioned people had long been closed in death, and they were slumbering side by side in the village graveyard. Friends of my earlier years! the sculptured marble tells not where your ashes lie; a rude, unlettered stone alone marks the spot. But

"In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial art can give."

The Squirrel.

The squirrel hastens to and fro,
With acorn, nut, and corn,
His cell to fill—he's much to do,
For winter's coming on.

He does not stop for friends or foes,
Until his work is done;
He needs no telling, well he knows
Cold winter's coming on.

His store-house, filled with all that's good,
His eye looks proudly on;
Then chatters forth throughout the wood,
"Now let cold winter come."

Come, children, like the squirrel try,
In life's bright, sunny morn,
To seek a good, a rich supply,
Before old age comes on.

Lay up a store of luxuries rare,
To feast the mind upon;
Undaunted, then, you'll have no fear,
When wintry age comes on.

Well-Spring

Be Contented with Little.

I once knew a man who had thousands and thousands, but the desire to get more hindered him from enjoying what he had.

I knew a poor woman, also, who had but half a dollar a week in the whole world to live upon, and yet she was cheerful and happy. She had always a little money by her to assist those in distress, and instead of praying that God would add to her store, she was praising him for what he had so graciously bestowed. She had many trials, but she rejoiced through them all, for

"True piety is cheerful as the day;
Will weep, indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others' woes, but smiles upon her own."

So that you see, my boys and girls, a little, with God's blessing, is better than a good deal without it.—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

MANY hundred years ago, when Titus was Emperor of Rome, as our young friends are aware, the cities of Herculaneüm, Stabia, and Pompeiï, were overwhelmed by an eruption of ashes and lava from Mount Vesuvius. A great many interesting and some very curious things have been dug up from the site of the former of these cities, in a state of almost perfect preservation. We saw a cup the other day, in the cabinet of a friend of ours, which came from Pompeiï. It looked very much as some of our modern drinking cups do. Here is a picture of a pot which came from that place.

EARTHEN POT FROM POMPEII.

This was no doubt used for cooking, and intended to hang over the fire. It is made in good taste throughout. The handle is well designed, and the scroll under it quite agreeable to the eye. The entire figure is beautiful; more so, we think, than the pots are in which our modern dinners are boiled. So we see that things were adapted to their peculiar uses in old times, as much as they are now.

The other picture represents a vessel found in England. It is a vase, probably made for holding flowers.

ANCIENT BRITISH VASE.

The probability is, that it was made soon after the conquest of the island by the Romans. So it must be very old. It was made of dark clay, and is very tastefully ornamented by the painter. The color is yellowish white, and the figures are in relief.

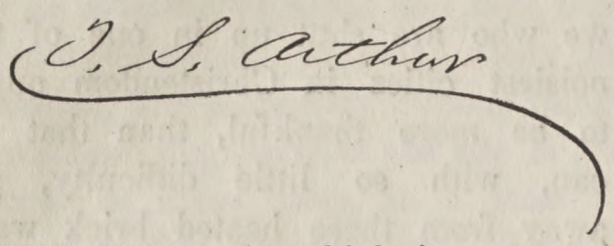
We have been very much delighted of late, by the perusal of the first number of a new magazine, somewhat similar in its character to the Columbian. It is called the "Union Magazine of Literature and Art," and is edited by Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND, the well-known "Mary Clavers," author of "A New Home," "Forest Life," and other works of interest and excellence. Taking it altogether, this magazine comes the nearest our beau ideal, in the department of elegant periodical literature, of any thing in the field. We have long been an admirer of Mrs. Kirkland's literary efforts; though in this matter we do not claim much

shrewdness, as it so happens that every body else is an admirer, too. But to be efficient and successful as an editor and as an author, are two widely different things; and some of our authors, it must be confessed, make very dull editors. The reason for this is obvious enough. A writer who has won some reputation as an author, is selected by a money-making publisher as the editor of his periodical, solely on account of his name, and for the use of his name, he receives his salary. His soul is elsewhere. He has a mere nominal connection with the periodical. For all practical purposes, you might as well have the author's effigy. There is no bond of sympathy either between him and the readers of the magazine, or between him and its correspondents. With Mrs. Kirkland and the Union Magazine, the case is far otherwise. We shall not only have an editor in *name*, but we shall have the *thing*. So we judge from the appearance of the initial number. There are marks upon it of editorial industry and careful discrimination. Should this magazine maintain the position which has been given to this number, in its literary and mechanical excellence, there is nothing in the country which will so well deserve the patronage of families of refinement and cultivated taste. The magazine is published by Israel Post, of this city. Price three dollars.

What a luxury it is, in midsummer, to escape from the city! Really, a man, though a little past the spring-time of life, feels like a boy again, when he finds himself in the country, surrounded by the beauties of nature. This world would lose a good many of its charms to us, if we could not occasionally see it without looking through a thick veil of art; and there are few things for which we who are shut up in one of the noisiest cities in Christendom ought to be more thankful, than that we can, with so little difficulty, get away from these heated brick walls and clattering pavements, in an hour or two, and find a pleasant country retreat. One of the finest excursions we have had this summer—and this we have enjoyed several times — is down the Bay, and around Sandy Hook. The steamer Orus leaves the city every day, and proceeds up the Shrewsbury inlet several miles. By taking this boat, we are fanned by the ocean breeze, and are soon transported where there is good bathing in the surf, and, for those who like such amusement, good fishing. There is, besides, an excellent hotel and boarding-house, two or three miles up the inlet, kept by Mr. Hammond, where one will have fresh fish served up to his heart's content.

The article in this number from the pen of our correspondent, T. S. Arthur, is a very pretty thing. In a letter received from this gentleman the other day, he remarks that he is directing a good deal of his attention to the task of writing for children. We are glad to learn that fact; for we are sure that he pos-

sesses the talent requisite to interest the juvenile reader, in no small degree. Now we think of it, we promised in our last number to present a fac-simile of Mr. Arthur's handwriting, and here it is, engraved from the signature of one of his letters to us:



The autograph, which is very correct, was transferred by Mr. William Howland, an artist to whom our young friends are indebted for many of the pretty pictures in the Cabinet.

That was a very acceptable and altogether quite an unexpected present which was brought by a northern mail a few days since. Thank you, Miss ELLEN LOUISA, for the pretty book-mark, having upon it, as it does, the sweetest words in the volume of divine truth. DEUS AMOR—God is Love! May this truth pervade the hearts of all our readers, and may they learn to love him who has sacrificed so much to testify his love for us. We publish with pleasure the lines which accompanied this little token:

GOD IS LOVE.

In each lowly, tiny flow'ret,
  In each blade of living green
In the whispering of the breezes,
  The Almighty hand is seen.
All do point the soul above,
And proclaim that God is love.

When the desolating tempest
  In its anger passeth by;
When the God of thunder speaketh,
  And his voice is heard on high;
When the bow is seen above—
Then rejoice! for God is love.

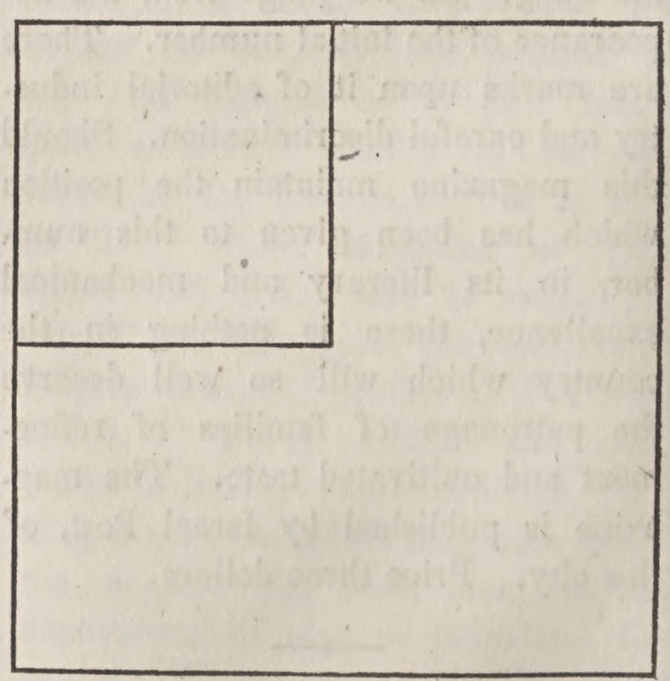
Wonder not the sun was shadowed,
  And the veil was rent in twain;
That the graves of saints were opened
  When the Son of God was slain:
Bend the knee, and raise above
Humble prayer—for God is love.

E. L. B.

A PUZZLE.

A correspondent proposes for our readers the following puzzle, premising, however, that he does not claim the honor of originating it:

A man has a farm which lies perfectly square. He wishes to divide this farm so that he may have one quarter, which shall also be square, and his four sons the other three quarters, their farms being equal in quantity and shape. How shall he do it? Here is a diagram of the whole lot, with the old gentleman's share fenced off.



Now how shall we divide the remainder into four parts of the same area and shape?

We are grateful for the suggestions of a patron in Galena, Ohio. Possibly our CABINET would be better, if we were to take the course he points out. We shall think of the matter, at any rate; though, in so doing, we shall agitate in our mind a question which has come up a thousand times, at least. We hope our friend, however, will bear in mind, that a thing desirable in itself may often be brought about best by indirect means. In our efforts to instruct and bless the young, we seldom preach or read dry essays to them—that is true. We strive rather to enter into their society — to be one of them—to sympathize with them — to share in their toils and innocent amusements. Nay, we want even to help amuse them — as a means, not as an end — as a means of doing them good. So that it is not our aim to furnish a work simply adapted to Sabbath school instruction, though we hope the CABINET is not out of its place when it finds its way into a Sabbath school. Still we do not presume that we are infallible, and our present opinions may undergo a change in future. Whether they do or not, however, no one certainly can feel more keenly than we, that our position is an exceedingly responsible one, and that we need the kind suggestions of our patrons.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. IV.

The sentence of sixty-one letters is from Proverbs, xvi. 31: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Isaac Newton was a distinguished philosopher. Sir Walter Raleigh was a scholar and soldier, who suffered tyrannical punishment in England, in the reign of James I. George Whitefield was a distinguished preacher. Bossuet was an eminent Frenchman, an excellent preacher, and good historian. Addison flourished in the seventeenth century, and was noted as a poet and moralist. Hunter was the name of two brothers, distinguished as anatomists, who lived in Great Britain in the eighteenth century. The Count de Buffon was a French naturalist and historian, and the author of a large work on natural history. Hyde was a distinguished statesman and politician. Henry (Patrick) was a gentleman by whose eloquence the great ball of the "Revolution" was moved. C. T. E.

ENIGMA No. V.

I am composed of 20 letters. My 2, 1, 14, 4, 10, is a common name. My 10, 8, 11, 6, is a part of the body. My 18, 9, 1, 11, 16, is a person spoken of in Scripture. My 15, 12, 18, 2, 10, 11, was a prophet of old. My 11, 6, is a Latin preposition. My 17, 7, 20, is a part of the body. My 6, 11, 19, 18, 6, a distinguished man of ancient times. My 9, 7, 14, 18, 1, is an ancient country in Asia Minor. My 16, 11, 20, 9, 1, 14, was a Roman general. My 12, 18, 19, 7, was a Roman historian. My 13, 11, 18, 5, 9, is an ancient European tribe. My 16, 1, 12, 11, 18, 9, was a town in France. My 16, 12, 1, 14, 3, is an adventurous navigator. My whole is a text of Scripture.

Remarkable Facts about Wheat.

To my mind, it is one of the many evidences of the goodness of God, that wheat, the species of grain which is regarded as the most valuable for food, should have such an astonishing power of reproduction. There is one species of it which has seven or more ears on one stalk. What a number of kernels must be produced from one of these stalks!

SEVEN-EARED WHEAT.

But one of the more common species, which bears but a single ear on a stalk, is also exceedingly prolific, when it is cultivated in favorable circumstances. A man in England, on the second day of June, once sowed a few kernels of common wheat, for the purpose, I believe, of trying some experiments. On the eighth of August, one of the plants had sent up so many stalks, that he divided the whole into eighteen parts, which he placed separately in the ground. In September and October, so many of these had again multiplied their stalks, that he divided them again; and the number of plants which were set out to continue during the winter, was sixty-seven. After these began to start, in spring, the process of forming new stalks went on; so that, at the beginning of April, a further division was made, and the whole number of plants amounted to nearly five hundred! These plants proved to be very vigorous—so that the number of ears which they produced amounted to twenty-one thousand one hundred and nine; or more than forty to each of the divided plants. Some of these ears were six or seven inches long, and contained sixty or seventy kernels. The number of kernels in the whole was *more than half a million*, and they measured upward of three pecks!—*Theodore Thinker.*

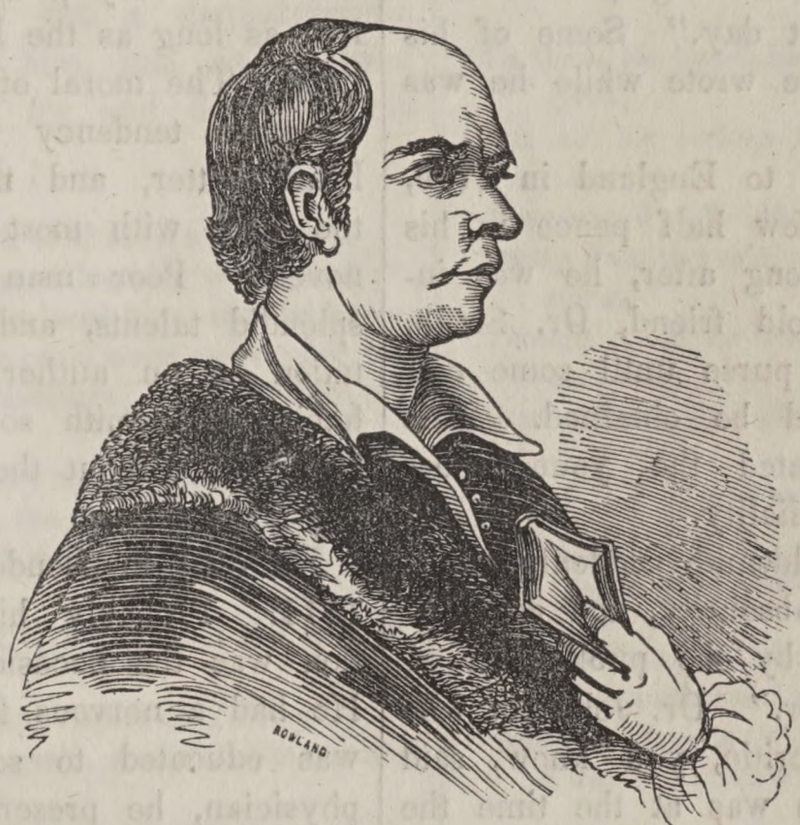
Fishes Tamed by a Child.

In a quarter of the town of Hingham, Mass., known as Rockynook, there is a pond, where a little girl, not six years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs into the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps, and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand, and allow her to touch their scaly sides. A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburgh over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has attained over her finny playmates. The fishes will have nothing to do with any one but their tried friend. They will trust no one else, let him come with provender ever so tempting.—*Selected.*

Goldsmith, the Poet.

THE biography of those men and women who have become famous by their writings, or in any other way, is always a matter of interest to every body. It is a very common thing, too, for people to feel not a little curiosity to see the portraits of these same literary men and women. The curiosity is natural enough, and we are disposed to gratify it pretty often.

Perhaps, reader, you would like to be made acquainted with the poet GOLDSMITH. He has done a good deal in the way of entertaining the Anglo-Saxon race by his poetry. In our opinion, he has produced one or two little poems, which, in some respects, are among the very best in the language. The portrait, which is said to be a



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

very truthful one, we have had transferred from the London Juvenile Miscellany, and it is beautifully engraved by Mr. Howland, of this city.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in Ireland. The wild scenery of the place of his birth doubtless contributed much to form in his mind a taste for poetry. His father was a clergyman, and his early days were spent in the seclusion of a country parsonage. When he entered Trinity College, in Dublin, it is said that he discovered very few, if any, of those marks of genius which characterized his later years; but this has been the case with many other persons, who afterward attained great literary eminence.

Soon after he left this college—

partly on account of pecuniary embarrassments, it would seem—he left England for the continent, and spent some years abroad. His stock of money was exhausted pretty soon after he left home, and then he was obliged to support himself by playing on the flute. "Whenever I approached a peasant's hut, toward nightfall," he said, in giving an account of his wanderings, "I played one of my most merry tunes, which generally procured for me not only a lodging for the night, but sustenance the next day." Some of his early poems he wrote while he was abroad.

He returned to England in 1759, with a very few half pence in his pocket. Not long after, he was invited by his old friend, Dr. Sleith, to share his purse until some employment could be obtained. This gentleman treated the young poet with great cordiality.

In 1765, Goldsmith suddenly emerged from his obscurity, and astonished the world by the publication of "The Traveler." Dr. Johnson, who was a great critic, you know, said that this poem was at the time the best which had been written since Pope's day. Very soon Goldsmith found himself in the midst of a brilliant literary career. At one time he realized from his writings upwards of eight thousand dollars annually. But unfortunately he did not understand the art of using money. He was a very liberal man. That was well enough, you say. So it would have been, if he had bestowed his money with judgment. But he might as well have thrown it away, as to have done as he did. Besides, he spent large sums at the gaming-table. He was an inveterate gambler. It is painful to record these things. But if an accurate sketch of the character of many other great and some good men were given, truthfully, it would present some blemishes.

You have probably read Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," or if not, you have heard of it frequently. This is a very pretty tale, and will live as long as the English language lives. The moral of it is very good, too. Its tendency is to make the heart better, and not worse, as is the case with most of our modern novels. Poor man! with all his splendid talents, and his high reputation as an author, such were his habits, Goldsmith sometimes ate his breakfast without the means of paying for a dinner.

He died in London, in the year 1774. Probably his own indiscretion was the occasion of his death. He had a nervous fever; and as he was educated to some extent as a physician, he prescribed for himself in his illness. But the medicine which he took as a remedy is said to have irritated his disease, and hastened his death. His remains were interred in the Poet's Corner, and a monument, with an inscription upon it from the pen of Dr. Johnson, has been raised to his memory. But he erected for himself, while he lived, a more enduring monument than can be formed of marble. What a beautiful creation of

genius is the "Deserted Village!" How sweetly does he sing of

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"

This poem was always a favorite with us. Even in early boyhood, it was the charm of many an hour. And now, as we read it, his sketch of the village school brings distinctly before the mind's eye the troop of romping boys and girls, with whom we used to read Noah Webster's Spelling-book. Then the schoolmaster, too. We get a daguerreotype impression of him, just as he used to promenade up and down in his noisy kingdom.

"Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher, too.
Lands he could measure; times and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew."

Goldsmith's sketch of a faithful pastor, in the same poem, is beautiful in the extreme.

"A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

He devoted himself, with all the ardor of his soul, to the interests of his little flock. With what earnestness he proclaims the message of his Master; and then, after the services of the house of God are over, how delightful to see the lambs of his flock gather around him, to testify their love!

"E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile."

But the winding up of this sketch of the village pastor is inimitable. There is scarcely any thing finer in the whole range of English poetry:

"To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven—
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The Star and the Child.

A MAIDEN walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled, as in its depths she saw
A trembling star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As 'cross the sky a cloud was driven;
And then she sighed, and then forgot
The star was shining still in heaven.

A mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even:
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in heaven.

Selected.

Captain Cook.

HERE is a likeness of Captain JAMES COOK. The following account of him is taken from the Home Magazine. He was one of the greatest navigators ever produced by Great Britain, or any other country, and was born in Yorkshire, England, on the 27th of October, 1728. He was one of a family of nine children, and experienced great hardships in his early years. He was a common seaman at the age of thirty; but as soon as his character and extraordinary capacity came to be noticed, he was rapidly promoted.

In the beginning of the reign of George III. a great spirit of geographical discovery was excited by the attention paid to the subject by government; and Cook, who was then made a lieutenant, was sent on a voyage of discovery in 1768. On the 30th of July that year, he sailed in the Endeavor, and commenced a course of discoveries, which have not only rendered his name, but even those of his vessels, immortal. He made three voyages, to which we are indebted for the greatest part of the knowledge which, to this day, we possess of the

regions scattered through the Pacific Ocean. Of these, several had been previously visited by other navigators; but it was a remarkable circumstance in his voyages, that wherever he touched, every thing relative to the place was determined with such accuracy and fullness, that the comparatively vague and imperfect accounts of former discoverers seemed to go for nothing. Many places considered as being well known, were thus, in a great measure, discovered by him.

From his third voyage, Captain Cook never returned. The circumstances of his death were of the most tragical kind. When his vessel was on the coast of the island of Owhyhee, several unfortunate quarrels took place, with the natives; and Captain Cook, in order to compel them to restore some articles of which they had plundered the ship, took the imprudent resolution of going on shore with a very few men. At first, no sign of hostility appeared; but the natives were soon observed to be gathering in great numbers; arming themselves with long spears, clubs, and daggers, and putting on their defensive armor of mats. They gradually surrounded the small party, which had now got a considerable way from the shore; and Captain Cook, beginning to think his situation dangerous, ordered his men to return to the beach, and went along with them, holding the king by the hand, whom he intended to take on board, as a hostage for the good conduct of his subjects. They got without opposition to the place where the boats were lying, close to the land; but, as they were going on board, an Indian threw a stone at the captain, who returned the insult by firing at the man; and, the shot not taking effect, he knocked him down with his musket. A confused scuffle ensued; the men on board the boats, as well as those on shore, fired among the natives, who, rushing among the latter, drove them into the water, from whence they got on board one of the boats; the captain alone being left behind.

He was now observed making for one of the boats, carrying his musket under his arm, and holding his other hand behind his head, to protect it from the stones. An Indian was seen following him, but with marks of fear, as he stopped two or three times. At last he struck the captain on the back of the head with a club, and then hastily ran back. Captain Cook staggered a few paces, and then fell on his hand and one knee, dropping his musket. Another Indian now stabbed him in the neck with a dagger. He then fell into a pool of water, where others crowded upon him; but still he struggled violently with them, got up his head, and looked to the boats, as if for assistance. One of them was not above five or six yards off, but such was the confused and crowded state of the crew, that no assistance could be given. The Indians again got him under, though he still continued to struggle, and once more got up his head; but being quite spent, he turned toward the rock, as if to support himself by it, when a savage struck him with a club, a blow which probably put an end to his life, as he struggled no longer. The savages dragged his lifeless body up the rocks, and mangled it in the most shocking

manner. Some fragments of his remains were afterward recovered, and solemnly committed to the deep on the 21st of February, 1779.

This most lamentable occurrence produced the impression, which long subsisted, that the inhabitants of Owhyhee were a race of fierce and bloodthirsty barbarians; but it has been discovered that, though possessing that disregard for human life which is always found to attend man in a state of nature, and which is a remarkable proof of our fallen state, the people of the Sandwich Islands, of which Owhyhee is the chief, are gentle as well as intelligent. The attack upon Cook was made in the belief that his intentions were hostile; and his death occurred in the heat and violence of an affray in which blood was shed on both sides.

An astonishing change has taken place in these islands since the days of Cook. They now present the aspect of a civilized community, with a regular government, laws, and institutions; and, above all, the Christian religion. Unhappily, however, the good they have derived from European intercourse has not been unmixed with evil. They have learned European vices. Drunkenness, of which we have both taught them the lesson, and supplied them with the means, is prevalent among them, with its train of baleful effects. It is impossible to contemplate the situation of this interesting race, now so entirely dependent upon Great Britain, without an anxious wish that all possible means should be taken by this country to secure their future welfare.

The Rail-Road to Gambling.

We have just been reading a story which illustrates the perfect infatuation of the confirmed gambler more clearly than any other facts we are acquainted with. A Mr. Potter, according to this account, was the owner of one of the best estates in the county of Northumberland, in England, and in less than twelve months he lost the whole of it at the gaming-table. But this was not all.

The last night of his career, when he had just perfected the wicked work, and was just stepping down stairs to throw himself into his carriage, which waited at the door of a well-known house, he suddenly went back into the room where his friends were assembled, and insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him one chance of recovery, or fight with him. His rational proposition was this: that his carriage, the trinkets and loose money in his pocket, his town-house, plate, and furniture, should be valued in a lump, at a certain sum, and be thrown for at a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose: he threw and lost. He conducted the winner to the door, told his coachman that was his master and heroically marched forth, without house, home, or any creditable source of support.

He retired to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, subsisting partially on charity, sometimes acting as the substitute of a marker at a billiard-table, and occasionally

as helper at a livery-stable. In this miserable condition, with nakedness and famine staring him in the face, exposed to the taunts and insults of those whom he had once supported, he was recognized by an old friend, who gave him ten guineas to purchase necessaries.

He expended five in procuring decent apparel; with the remaining five, he repaired to a common gaming-house, and increased them to fifty; he then joined his former associates, and won twenty thousand pounds. Returning next night, he lost it all, and, after existing many years in abject and sordid penury, died a ragged beggar, at a penny lodging-house.

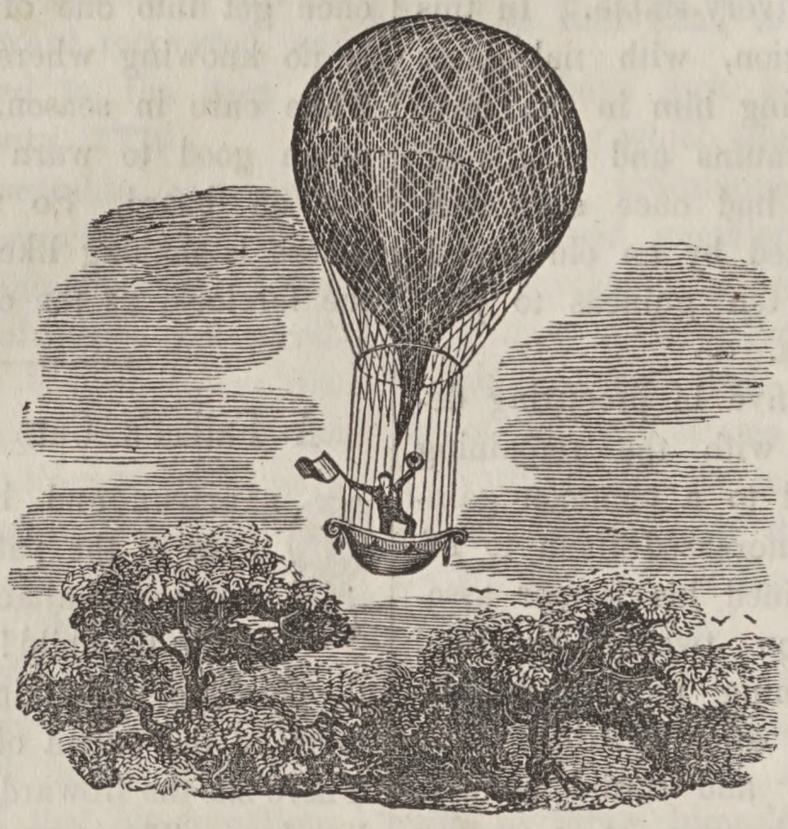
"Well, you will never catch me making such a fool of myself," says one of our young friends. We sincerely hope we never shall, sir. But this matter of gambling is very bewitching. After a person has formed a taste for gambling, he is little better than a crazy man. Gambling is almost insanity; and when a man is under its influence, his judgment has very little control over his actions. He will risk every thing on the throw of the dice. "I know that, but I have never formed such a taste." Not exactly; still, you were seen betting the other day, and some time ago you played a game or two for some pennies, did you not?

Besides, you love to look on and see other people play for money, and you take some little interest in horse-racing. You had better keep a sharp look out. You are pretty near the rail-road to gambling, and if you once get into one of the cars, there is no knowing where you will stop. Take care in season. It will not do much good to warn you after you get on board. So we do it now. There is nothing like taking time by the forelock, as the old saw has it.

A Father's Care for his Son.

BEAUTIFUL and becoming in the eyes of the paternal God is the unwearied attachments of the parent to his child! Alas! how little does the unthinking spirit of youth know of the extent of its devotedness. There sits the froward, fretful and indolent boy. The care that keeps perpetual watch over his moral and physical safety, he misnames unjust restriction. The foresight that denies itself many a comfort to provide for his future wants, he denounces as a sordid avarice. He turns from his father's face in coldness or in anger. Boy! boy! the cloud upon that toil-worn brow has been placed there by anxiety, not for self, but for an impatient, peevish son, whose pillow he would gladly strew with roses, though thorns should thicken around his own. Even at the moment when his arm is raised to inflict chastisement on thy folly, thou shouldst bend and bless thy parent. The heart loathes the hand that corrects thy errors; and not for worlds would he use the rod of reproof, did he not perceive the necessity of crushing his own feelings, to save thee from thyself.—*Selected.*

"No honest man will urge his friend to do a dishonest thing for his sake."



A Journey in a Balloon.

READER, how would you like to make an excursion in a balloon, of some four or five miles straight up in the air? It is rather dangerous traveling, we should think. Yet some have traveled in this manner. The lamented Willis Gaylord Clark once wrote a detailed account of a voyage made in a balloon, and although it is probably a fancy sketch, we have a mind to copy part of it for our readers. It is amusing and instructive, at any rate. The air-traveler, or aëronaut, as he is called, is supposed to embark from the Battery, in the city of New York. He gives a minute account of the manner in which his gas was made from the oil of vitriol and scraps of iron, and tells us how his balloon was filled. But we must pass over these details, as the article is a long one, and let the story commence where his journey does. He says:

The amphitheatre was now filled; the Battery trees "bore men;" the bay was crowded with craft of all sorts, and every eminence in the neighborhood was clothed with clusters of human beings.

My gay wicker-car was now attached, with the minutest care, to the long cords that depended from the buoyant globe above. I was looking at my watch, observing that the time of twenty had dwindled to eight minutes, when I heard the cry of "Fire!" I sprang toward the aërostat, as if a bullet had perforated my heart. "Where?" said I. "There, in the balloon!" was the answer. Looking upward, I perceived that the netting had become entangled with the valve, which ever and anon flew open, as the wind surged against

the balloon, and the gas, mixed with vapor, issued from the aperture, resembling smoke. The netting was soon disengaged; and the valve, closed and held by its stout springs, remained firm in its place.

My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up at this moment the melting air of "Sweet Home." It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends, of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping, unnumbered hearts beating high; and *I* was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

"Let go!" was the word. The cheers redoubled, handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand, bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air.

How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand house-tops reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, clearing the depths of heaven, like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The theatres and public buildings I recognized from their location near parks or open grounds, and from the peculiarity of their being covered with various metals, as well as slate, or tiles. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive; and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm. I heard the rattling of carriages, the hearty yo-heave-o! of sailors from the docks, that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round: I was a spectator of all, yet aloof and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the last vibrations of a bell.

My car tilted and trembled as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailings. My brain ached with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had fainted from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction by the sun on my left; and as his rays played on the aërostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky, and I a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east; the Bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping; under me the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests; the free wind was on my cheek and in my locks; afar, the ocean rolled its long blue waves, checkered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sunlight; to the north and west, the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with

purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye.

The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expression. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo. Though rising with incredible swiftness, I had nothing to convince my eye that I was not nearly still. The weak flap, flap, flap, of the cords against the balloon, in regular motion, as the trembling aërostat, moved by its subtle contents, continued to rise, was all that indicated my tendency. My barometer now denoted an immense height; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath twilight reigned around. I was now startled at a fluttering in my gondola. It was my *compagnon du voyage*, the carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label announcing my height, then nearly four miles, and the state of the barometer. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done; he attempted to rise, but I outsped him; he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze.

My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from terra firma. I began to breathe with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe respiration. I pulled my valve-cord to descend. It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror-struck. What was to be done? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper, to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven! it moved. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze, in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind; mist was about me; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed! A storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath, and I looked down upon *an ocean of rainbows*, rolling in indescribable grandeur to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my country! As he fanned me with his heavy wings, and looked with a human intel-

ligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE! But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon, and my heart sunk; I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord; he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions, and as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A singular effect was now produced by my position. It was a *double horizon*, one formed by the outer edge of the upper cloud, and the other by the angle of the eye to the extreme strata of the storm over the earth. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, "beautiful exceedingly," spread on every hand. Vast curtains of cloud pavilioning the immensity, brighter than celestial roses, or "jasper, bdellium, or the ruby stone," glittered around; masses of mist were lifted on high, like steps of living fire, more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aërial Euroclydon now smote my ear; and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them. They had been dragged over the broken carboy of oil of vitriol, of which I have spoken, and had rotted asunder.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its waving outline, to the southeast, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance; a rainbow hung afar, and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear.

Presently, all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit, and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the Bay, "afloating sweetly to the west." The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the Narrows, and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribands of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the veiw; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the main land, saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze, heard the rural lowing of herds, heard the welcome sound of human voices, and finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last descended with the sun, among a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see, "safe and well."

"Fire createth all things, and destroyeth all things. A little is life, but a great deal is death."

General Putnam.

OUR young readers have probably all heard of General Israel Putnam. He was a very remarkable man. What a daring feat he performed in the wolf's den. When a little boy at school, we used to think he was just about the most courageous man that ever lived; and many a time has our boyish imagination been set to work, to draw a picture of the old veteran in that dark den, with the growling wolf by the ears. Putnam was our hero, of all others. Then we thought bears, tigers, and wolves were the most formidable enemies mankind had to contend with. We think differently now.

General Putnam was a native of Connecticut. His character is sketched with a masterly hand by Headley, in his book, entitled "Washington and his Generals." We must quote a line or two from this book of Headley's: "In person he was stout, and his rough, weather-beaten face indicated the boisterous life he had led. His courage was proverbial in the army, and his fortitude was equal to his courage. Headlong as an avalanche in the charge, he was, nevertheless, patient under restraint. He would go any where, dare any danger, if he could only get his men to follow him. At the same time, he was perfectly cool and self-possessed in the fight, and would stand all alone amid the raining balls, as calmly as if he were impervious to death. Whether facing down an angry wolf, or standing wrapped in flame and smoke before a magazine of powder, or hurrying his men with shouts to the onset, or sending up the first strong,

great war-cry from the top of Bunker Hill, he is the same fearless and resolute man. He moves through his eventful career, like one who bears a charmed life. His history seems stranger than fiction. Exposed to every variety of peril, and subjected to all forms of trial, his iron frame held out to three score years, and his stout will even after that."

The Quaker and the Little Thief.

CHILDREN, have you ever heard of Isaac T. Hopper, or *Friend Isaac*, as he is familiarly called? He belongs to the society of Friends; and if you should ever happen to meet him, you would not need to be told that he was a very good-natured man, not particularly averse to an occasional joke. If you should become better acquainted with him, moreover, you would find out that he had within him a very deep mine of humor, and that this humor frequently found an outlet in the shape of story-telling. Well, a few days ago, the old gentleman came into our office; and among the stories he told was one which we must retell. Perhaps it will not be especially appropriate to any of our young readers; but it will do no harm, at any rate. We will try to give his own words, as nearly as possible, though the types can never be taught to do justice to friend Isaac's stories:

While residing in Philadelphia, I had in my yard a pear-tree, which bore most excellent fruit. Between my yard and that of one of my neighbors, was a very high fence, with sharp iron pickets upon it. Now I did not put these sharp pickets there. I don't approve of such things. It was the landlord's work. Well, one year, when the pear-tree bore very abundantly, there happened to be a girl belonging to my neighbor's family, who was as fond of pears as I was myself, and I saw her several times climb the high fence, and walk carefully along between the pickets, until she came opposite the pear-tree. Then she would reach over, fill her basket with fruit, and carry it away.

One day I called upon my young friend with a basket of the nicest pears I could find.

"Rebecca," said I, "here are some fine pears for thee."

She did not know what I meant. I explained: "Rebecca, I brought these pears on purpose for thee. I wish to make thee a present of them, as I see thou art fond of them."

"I don't want them, sir."

"Ah, but thou dost, Rebecca; else thou would not take so much pains almost every day to get them."

Still she would not take the pears, and I used a little more eloquence:

"Rebecca," I said, "thou must go and get a basket for these pears, or I shall leave them on the carpet. I am sure thou must like them, or thou would not climb such a high and dangerous fence to get them. Those pickets are very sharp, Rebecca; and if thy feet should slip while thou art walking along on the fence—and I am very much afraid

they will—thou would get hurt a great deal more than the pears are worth. Now thou art welcome to the fruit; but I hope I shall not see thee expose thyself any more so foolishly. But perhaps thou hast taken the pears so long, that they seem to belong to thee, as much as they belong to me. So I do not wish to blame thee, any more than thy conscience does. But, pray, look out for those pickets. They are dangerous. I would have them removed, only I am afraid the landlord would not like it. Thou art welcome to the pears, though, and I will bring thee a basket full every day."

The little girl did not steal any more pears; and I venture to say she was sufficiently rebuked before the end of the pear season, for I remembered my promise, and carried her a basket full every morning.

My Mother in her Closet.

NOTHING used to impress upon my mind so strongly the reality and excellence of religion, as my mother's counsels and prayers. Very frequently she retired with her children to a private room; and after she had read the Bible with us, and given us some good instruction and advice, kneeled down with us and offered a prayer, which, for apparent earnestness and fervor, I have seldom known equalled. These seasons were always pleasant to us; and sometimes we looked forward to them with impatience. My mother seemed to me then almost an angel; her language, her manner, the very expression of her countenance, indicating great nearness to the throne of grace. I could not have shown levity at such times. It would have been impossible. I felt then that it was a great blessing to have a praying mother; and I have felt it much more sensibly since.

Those counsels and prayers time can never efface from my memory. They form, as it were, a part of my very constitution.—*Theodore Thinker.*

Biography of Our Dog Banquo.

THERE were but six months' difference in our ages. I am not in my *teens*, so I may say his life was a short one. Banquo belonged to that class of the canine species well known as the Newfoundland. His rapid growth developed equally the noble form and sagacious traits that so peculiarly distinguish this branch of that family.

He was a white, shaggy dog, with a few large brown spots; and, when grown, weighed seventy pounds. He had a pleasant countenance, was orderly, well disposed, and watchful at nights. We had but to rap upon the glass, and he would search the premises, and bark so loudly as to be heard and known, on calm nights, for miles around, as we have been told. To swim about in the creek appeared his delight. On one occasion, he brought from a schooner the key of our store; and on another, with the chain of a boat fastened around his neck, swam across our creek, a hundred yards wide, to take in a man wishing to cross.

Had he been properly trained, I have often heard my father say, he would have puzzled the physiologist to point out the line between instinct and reason. He not only would lead a horse, carry a key, swim with a boat, drive geese, take a basket of corn to the hogs, but I had a little willow carriage, into which we would harness him, and he would take two of us little children as far as half a mile from home, trotting along, appearing all the while to take the greatest pride in his exploit.

But Banquo is dead. We are sorry to have to record it. My father's pursuits required him to spend three winters in Baltimore, to complete his professional studies, during which time we left our much beloved and valuable dog Banquo at our country home, for fear of losing him. Each spring we found him poorer in flesh than we left him; but the last time, his haggard look and wasted frame told too well that want or disease was consuming his vitals. Truly, he was the "ghost of Banquo."

He continued to waste, till one day he went to the creek to drink some water. We heard he had fallen in, and we all left our dinner and had him brought upon the green bank. But in a few moments he ceased to breathe. R. A. D. W.

TRACEY'S LANDING, July, 1847.

"As a noble lord and gentleman were standing together, a boy came along leading a calf with both hands. Says the lord to the gentleman, 'You shall see me make that boy let go his calf.' He then advanced toward the boy, expecting that he would pull off his hat; but the boy took no notice of him. 'Sirrah,' said his lordship, 'do you know who I am?' 'Yes, my lord,' answered the boy. 'If your lordship will please to come and hold the calf, I will pull off my hat to you.'"

The Chinese Junk.

This picture is a very good representation of a queer-looking vessel, which has just visited New York, from China. It is one of the junks, or vessels, used in the Celestial Empire. We have been on board of her, and were very much interested in the curiosities she brought from China. Her name is Keying, and she is commanded by an Englishman. She was two hundred and twelve days coming from Canton, touching at St. Helena on her way. The description of this singular vessel we compile in part from other sources. The Keying is built of teak wood, one hundred and fifty feet long, twenty-five feet beam, and twelve feet depth of hold. Her cabin is thirty feet long, ten and a half high, and twenty-three feet wide. She is shaped almost like a half moon, her bow and stern being much higher than the middle of the vessel. Her stem, we believe, is forty feet from the

water. Her rudder is suspended in a curious fashion, by two cables, made of rattan or bamboo. It weighs seven tons, and is hoisted or lowered as occasion requires; its immersion being twenty-three feet when down, and twelve feet when up. Her cabin is decorated with a host of painted birds, tigers, and other animals.

The hold is divided into compartments by partitions of stout plank, the seams being caulked with a cement of lime and oil, which becomes hard when dry. The compass is shut up in a small bowl with a quantity of sand in the bottom, in which are stuck perfumed matches when offerings are intended to be made to the "Deity of the Sea." To this divinity, also, an altar, well stored with trinkets, matches, and colored wax candles, is erected at the extremity of the cabin, which is very small, and around it are the berths of the crew, just large enough to contain their persons. Each berth has a mat and hard-stuffed cushion for a pillow. The Chinese generally embark in great numbers, and all the crew appear to take an equal interest and share in the conducting of the vessel. They do not have a fixed salary, but have a portion of the profits accruing from the voyage or service performed. All their fluids are contained in jars, and their solids are packed in cases or pail-shaped tubs—the Chinese never putting a second head into a cask; whether this arises from ignorance or obstinacy is uncertain, but it is a fact that a cask closed at both ends is never seen in China.

The Keying is the gayest vessel that has ever been seen in this latitude. Her poop-deck is four feet higher than any of the English man-of-war vessels. It is more than half mast high. Her anchor is of wood, and shaped like an Indian arrow, and bound with bamboo and iron. Her cable is formed of bamboo twisted. Her sails are of a reed or straw matting, with stout bamboos at intervals of two to two and a half feet, extending horizontally along the surface; and to either extremity of these bamboos are attached lines for the purpose of adjusting the sails to the wind. When it is desired to reef the sails, they are rolled up from the bottom by as many of these spaces as are thought necessary. By her side are many poles, used in her own rivers to propel her. Her bows, instead of having bulwarks, are open like the Hoboken and other ferry boats. She has three upright masts with latteen sails. Her stern is five feet higher than that of a seventy-four. She is built in the form of a whale boat, and there are two great eyes in her bows. She is painted white as far as the foremast: then red to the stern. She has nine ports on each side, which are painted white, red, and black. As she now lies, the junk cost seventy-five thousand dollars. The crew of this singular craft consists of forty Chinamen, and twenty Europeans.

It is stated that she was originally built as a yacht for a rich Chinaman; but as the contract was not filled according to the wishes of the celestial, he refused to take her; and she thus fell into the hands of the present owner. She has been brought to this port for exhibition, and is partly laden with rich curiosities. She has also on board a number of Chinese men, but no women.

It is said that the owner is an Englishman, and that his intention is to return by the way of London, where he will exhibit her. She is certainly a very great curiosity, and will attract thousands from abroad to look at her. The captain represents her to be a fine sea boat, sustaining herself bravely through some severe weather. We suppose we must take his word for that. But really, if we were to travel to the opposite side of the globe, we should desire to sail in a very different craft from this. How she ever came so far, provided the sea was at all rough, is more than we can tell. We do not mean to slander the vessel. But without the aid of a picture, such as we have presented our readers, it would be impossible to conceive of a more uncouth looking thing, than this same famous Chinese junk. We are not much of a sailor, never having doubled Cape Horn, much less made a voyage to Canton; but judging of the abilities of this vessel from her appearance, we think we would about as lief go to sea in a good large scow. However, facts are better than theories; or, rather, theories are not worth much, unless they are made up of facts; and these Chinese vessels, rude as they seem to be, are tolerable sailors after all. For the commerce of China, they do well enough. It is well known that the Chinese make long voyages in their commercial intercourse with the Phillipine, Molucca, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. They trade also with Java, the Malay peninsula, and the coasts of Siam and Cochin China. In crossing the China seas, they always take advantage of the monsoons, as from their bulk and light draught of water, the vessels are ill calculated to make way against the wind; but these same reasons operate in assisting their velocity with favorable winds. Although they do not appear well adapted to withstand heavy seas, yet the fishermen who abound along the coast, and yet whose vessels are the only homes for themselves and families, willingly brave very bad weather in the pursuit of their calling; and owing probably to their buoyancy, it seldom occurs that any founder.

Russian Exiles.

In Russia, criminals are very generally exiled to Siberia. Some, who have been guilty of great crimes, are compelled to work in the mines. This is justly regarded as very severe punishment. Others, who have been guilty of only petty larcenies, are settled in villages or on farms, and treated much more kindly. A great many are banished only because they happen to have expressed some opinions contrary to those held by the government; for our readers must remember that in Russia people cannot say and write what they please. In our country, there is perfect freedom of speech and of the press. But it is not so there. How thankful we ought to be to our heavenly Father, that he permits us to live under such an excellent government. Some of the exiles to Siberia who go there for small offences, get rich after a while. Sir George Simpson, an English gentleman who has just returned from that country, visited a gentleman who was banished from St. Petersburgh some years ago, and who has now one hundred and forty persons in his pay.

Wood-Gathering.

Translated from the German for the Cabinet.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Two boys, the sons of poor parents, went one autumn day into a wood to gather dry sticks. One of them, the son of a pious widow, was called Edward; the other one, Matthew, had a harsh step-mother, who lived at variance with his father.

When the boys reached the wood, they agreed to return home in company, but in the mean while they separated to gather dry branches. Edward labored industriously, and when he saw a withered branch upon a tree, he clambered up, and broke it off. In a short time he had collected a heavy bundle, and tied it firmly together.

He then ran toward the other side of the wood, and called after his companion. The latter answered him from a distance, and as Edward came up, he found him gathering nuts among the bushes. When Edward saw him, he said, "Come, let us return home. Where is your bundle?" Matthew replied, "How! are you ready so soon? I have found nothing, as yet."

Edward wondered at this, and when he heard that he had only been looking after nuts, he said, "Come, I will help you make up your bundle, or else we cannot return together, for my mother is waiting for me."

Matthew then took from his pocket a curved knife, and looked about to see if any one was near. But Edward said, "What are you going to do?" The other replied, "Do you collect a few dry branches to lay on the outside; I will look out for the rest." Upon this, he began to cut down a young sapling with his knife.

Edward was startled, and said, "Matthew! Matthew! do not cut down the young trees! that were a sin and a shame. If the forester should discover it, he would forbid us all to gather sticks, and the poor people would have to do without wood in the cold winter; and it would be your fault. That must never be; wait a little, I will manage it."

Edward then looked around, and discovered an old oak with a number of dead branches, and he clambered up like a squirrel and broke off the dried boughs. But Matthew stood looking on in wonder.

Before a half hour had elapsed, they had wood enough, and Edward made up a bundle, and carried it and placed it by his own, and said to Matthew, "Well, take it upon your shoulders."

But Matthew said, "Give me the other, for that is smaller and lighter." Then Edward laughed and said, "You are taller and stronger than I am; but just as you please."

So they shouldered their bundles and walked on. But Matthew panted and complained, and before they had left the wood, he begged Edward to stop and rest, for he was very tired; and when he saw some hazel bushes, he wished to go and see if he could not find some nuts. But Edward restrained him, and said, "I must return to my mother."

When they had walked a little way upon the high road, Matthew grew impatient; he cast his bundle upon the ground, and cried, "You have made it too heavy;" and he pulled out some

thick sticks and threw them aside, and said, "Let him take them who will." But Edward took them up and tied them with his own. "I will carry them for you, till we get to the city," he said.

Then Matthew wondered at the kindness and strength of his companion, and gazed upon him and said, "Who has taught you all this, and what gives you such strength?"

Edward answered, "Love for my mother!" Then Matthew sighed and wept.

How to Manage Neighbors.

I ONCE had a neighbor who, though a clever man, came to me one day, and said, "Squire White, I want you to come and get your geese away."

"Why," said I, "what have my geese been doing?"

"They pick my pigs' ears when they are eating, and drive them away, and I will not have it."

"What can I do?" said I.

"You must yoke them."

"That I have not time to do now," said I; "I do not see but they must run."

"If you do not take care of them, I shall," said the clever shoemaker, in anger. "What do you say, Squire White?"

"I cannot take care of them now, but I will pay you for all damages."

"Well," said he, "you will find that a hard bargain, I guess."

So off he went, and I heard a terrible squalling among the geese. The next news from my geese was, three of them were missing. My children went, and found them terribly mangled and dead, and thrown into the bushes.

"Now," said I, "all keep still, and let me punish him." In a few days the shoemaker's hogs broke into my corn. I saw them there, but let them remain a long time. At last, I drove them all out, and picked up the corn which they had torn down, and fed them with it in the road. By this time, the shoemaker came in great haste after them.

"Have you seen any thing of my hogs?" said he.

"Yes, sir; you will find them yonder, eating up some corn which they tore down in my field."

"In your field?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "hogs love corn, you know; they were made to eat it."

"How much mischief have they done?"

"Oh, not much," said I.

Well, he went to look, and estimated the damage to be equal to a bushel and a half of corn.

"Oh, no," said I; "it can't be."

"Yes," said the shoemaker; "and I will pay you every cent of damage."

"No," replied I; "you will pay me nothing. My geese have been a great trouble to you."

The shoemaker blushed, and went home.

The next winter, when we came to settle, the shoemaker was determined to pay me for my corn.

"No," said I; "I shall take nothing."

After some talk, we parted; but in a day or two, I met him on the road, and

fell into conversation in a friendly manner. But when I started on, he seemed loth to move, and paused. For a moment both of us were silent. At last, he said:

"I have something laboring on my mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"Those geese. I killed three or four of your geese, and shall never rest till you know how I feel. I am sorry." And the tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, well," said I, "never mind; I suppose my geese were provoking."

I never took any thing of him for it; but whenever my cattle broke into his field, after this, he seemed glad, because he could show how patient he could be.

"Now," said the narrator, "conquer yourself, and you can conquer with kindness where you can conquer in no other way."—*Selected.*

Emblem of Salvation.

A SHORT time since, a vessel was sailing calmly and securely over the soft blue wave. The voice of song arose, and mingled its melodies with the light air around. Home, sweet home, was the theme which gladdened every heart. But, ah! thou treacherous sea! Thou deceitful wind! How changed the scene! The voice of song is departed, joy and gladness are no more. Instead of the music of soft symphonies, are heard the clamors of despair, the thunder's mighty roar, old ocean's harsh sounds, and the howling of the storm. The ship is driven fiercely before the gale, sails are rent, one of the masts is gone by the board, ruin steers the ill-fated ship; she strikes upon a reef, the billows roll over her, the crew are washed overboard. Night thickens around with his stormy horrors; manfully the drowning wretches buffet the waves; the lightning flings its lurid glare around, and shows them their awful condition; again it lightens, and they descry a rock, lifting its head above the billows, and promising a place of safety. Hope revives; they swim for the rock; soon "they make it." See! they have got upon it. Now they are safe!

The vessel, sailing joyfully and securely before the gale began, may represent the safe and happy condition of our first parents before they were assailed by the storms of temptation; the drowning mariners denote the deplorable state of mankind since the fall, who are sinking amid the waves of guilt and woe; the tempest overhead denotes the storm that howls over the head of every sinner, in consequence of the violation of Jehovah's law. Sinai thunders forth its curses, and flashes its lightnings around the sinner's path, in order to show him his weakness, his guilt, and his danger. As the lightning points the drowning sailor to the rock, so the law directs or opens the way to Christ, that the sinner might be justified by faith in him.

The rock, rising in the troubled ocean, affording a shelter from the shipwreck, represents Christ, the Rock of Ages, who has borne all the fury of the storm for man, and who, by his cross, giveth life and light to a dying world.

The penitent sinner, feeling himself sinking in the mighty waters, and tremblingly alive to the dangers of the tempest above, and to the more fearful dangers of the rolling waves beneath, escapes to the Rock, embraces the cross, and is safe.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last. Selected.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

Our readers have heard a great deal about this line, and they are probably most of them aware that it is the boundary between the slave states on the south, and the free states on the north. It had not originally any thing to do with the vexed question of slavery, as when it was run, and for some time afterward, slavery existed in states situated much farther north. The Albany Evening Journal contains an account of the origin and purpose of this line, and we will tell our young friends about it, very nearly in the words of this excellent journal: As early as the year 1682, a dispute arose between William Penn and Lord Baltimore, respecting the construction of their respective grants, of what now form the states of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. Lord Baltimore claimed to, and including the fortieth degree of north latitude; and William Penn mildly, yet firmly, resisted the claim. The debateable land was one degree of sixty-nine English miles on the south of Pennsylvania, and extended west as far as the state itself. The matter was finally brought into the Court of Chancery, in England, and after tedious delays, on the fifteenth of May, 1750, Lord Chancellor Hardwick made a decree, awarding costs against Lord Baltimore, and directing that commissioners should be appointed to mark the boundaries between the parties. The commissioners so appointed met at Newcastle on the fifteenth day of November, 1755, and not being able to agree, separated. After a further litigation and delay, the whole matter was settled by the mutual agreement among the surviving heirs of the original litigants.

In the year 1761, Mr. Charles Mason, of the royal observatory, was sent to Pennsylvania, with all needful astronomical instruments, to measure a degree of latitude. The duty he performed, and a report of his proceedings was made to the Royal Society of London, for the year 1767. This Mr. Mason and Jeremiah Dixon were appointed to run the line in dispute, which appears to have been done in conformity with the Lord Chancellor's decree. This is the famous "Mason and Dixon's Line," and the boundary between Pennsylvania on the south, and Maryland on the north. A more detailed account will be found in Douglass' History of America, published in Boston, in 1751.

Little did the actors in this matter think that in after times, the line established with so much trouble and expense, would ever be connected with a subject calculated to shake a great nation to its centre.

Witchcraft at Home and Abroad.

NUMBER I.

Less than two centuries ago, a great portion of the inhabitants of this country believed in the existence of witches. The Puritans of New England are cited, as having been especially zealous in the matter of witch hanging. It is true, they entered into the business with an earnestness worthy of a better cause. A great many people were put to death in New England, for no other reason than that they were supposed to be guilty of the sin of witchcraft. It seems strange to us who live in this age, that men so intelligent, and generally so well deserving as the Puritans, should have been so superstitious. But they were so—there is no disputing that fact; and some of us, who trace our ancestry back to them, and are somewhat in their way of thinking in many respects, are reminded of it, in no very complimentary terms, so often, that we are in no immediate danger of forgeting it. The hanging of witches in New England is a stain upon the character of our ancestors, we admit. It was bad business. We have no disposition to say much, if any thing, by way of apology for it; though every unprejudiced mind must allow that it resulted from a misguided religious zeal, rather than malice. But we think, nevertheless, that people who ridicule and blame the Puritans so much for their witch killing, ought to bear in mind that this superstition did not originate with these sincere though mistaken men. Why are they pointed at especially, as examples of this foolish, groundless persecution? Did they stand alone in the thing? Not by any means. We are content to let the historian of witchcraft tell his tale; but he ought to tell the whole of it. Now, without any intention or wish to remove the stigma of superstition from the character of the early settlers of New England, suppose we look a little into this same history, and see what foundation there is for the opinion which is so common, that these men "were sinners above all the Galileans" in this matter of witch hunting.

The belief that certain individuals had supernatural power over their fellow-creatures, is of very early origin. It existed long before the Christian era. But the superstition seems to have approached its height about the end of the fifteenth century. Pope Innocent, in 1484, published a bull, in which he enjoined it upon inquisitors to discover and destroy all such as were charged with witchcraft. Very soon after this bull, there followed a regular form of process and trial for suspected witches. This was called the *hammer for witches*. All judges were required to act upon this form in their trials.

Several Popes afterward successively strengthened the bull of Innocent by more severe regulations. The results were dreadful. A fear of witchcraft took possession of society. Every one was at the mercy of his neighbor. If a person was accused, he was sure to be condemned, and

execution shortly followed. If the accused did not at once confess, they were ordered to be carefully examined for the devil's marks—it being supposed that the evil one, when he set apart any witch, made some peculiar mark upon the person. So if any strange mark was discovered, it was set down to the account of witchcraft, and was evidence, of course, of the guilt of the party. If these marks were not discovered, torture was applied; and many accused persons confessed the crime, in order to avoid the torture. They were immediately led to execution!

The witch mania soon spread like wildfire all over Europe. In France, in Germany, in Spain, and other countries on the continent, vast numbers suffered death for witchcraft. About the year 1515, five hundred witches were burned in Geneva in three months. In France, during the same interval, many thousands suffered for the same imaginary crime.

A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, a few years since, to whom we are indebted for many of the facts in relation to the history of this superstition, describes the mania as having raged with peculiar fury in Germany. In Wurtzburg, a small place comparatively, there were one hundred and fifty-seven burned for witchcraft in two years from 1627; and there is very little doubt that the ratio was as great for a whole century. Consequently, we are forced to the conclusion, that nearly eight thousand persons were executed in Wurtzburg alone for witchcraft in one century! In another district in Germany, the proportion of those that suffered death for the witch heresy, in four years, was one twentieth of the whole population. It is probable that the whole number of victims in Germany, among Catholics and Protestants, was not less than a hundred thousand!

The mania respecting witchcraft found its way into Scotland very soon after the famous bull of Pope Innocent. In the reign of Queen Mary (of Scotland), it had become very general in that country. But the details of witchcraft in Scotland and in England we must reserve for another occasion. Meanwhile, would it not be as well to be a little lenient in our judgment of the Puritans of New England, when we think of their crusade against the imaginary evils of witchcraft? They came pretty honestly by their opinions in this matter, however absurd these opinions may have been; and why it comes to pass that they are made scapegoats for the sins of all the rest of the world, so far as witch hunting is concerned, we are quite unable to conjecture.

Etymology of Husband.

THE word *husband*, it seems, is a contraction from *house-band*. The head of a family is called husband from the fact that he is or ought to be the *band* which unites the house together—or the bond of union among the family. It is to be regretted that all husbands are not *house-bands* in reality as well as in name. There are a great many misnomers current in this world.

Egyptian Water Pedlers.

WHAT a great blessing it is to have plenty of pure water. We who have such a profusion of it, hardly know its value. The citizens of New York ought to be very thankful for the amount and excellence of the water which is brought into the city. Here we have not only enough of the softest and purest water for common use, but there are several large public and private fountains, which are almost constantly sending their beautiful jets high in the air, and kissing our faces with their spray, as we pass them. How much such a supply of water must promote the health of the city. There are a great many parts of the world, where pure water is very scarce. In some parts of Egypt, there is so little to be had, that people are obliged to buy it, as we buy milk in New York. There are men who go about with water to sell, and are called water pedlers. The picture above represents one of them. He carries his water on his shoulders, you see. The vessel which holds it is made of the skin of some animal, we should judge, by the appearance of it.

Touching Temperance Story.

A DRUNKARD who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered its empty hall; anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child, it is time to go to bed;" and the little babe, as her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, "Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?" "Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray;" and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed—"O, God! spare, oh spare my dear papa!" That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—'twas heard on earth. The responsive "Amen" burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!"

The Young Man and the Swallow.

A FABLE.

A PRODIGAL young spendthrift, who had wasted his whole patrimony, was taking a melancholy walk near a brook. It was in the month of January, and happened to be one of those warm days, which sometimes shine upon us, even at this wintry season of the year; and to make it more flattering, a swallow which had made its appearance, by mistake, too soon, flew skimming along upon the surface of the water.

The giddy youth, observing this, without any further consideration concluded that summer was now come, and that he should have little or no occasion for clothes; and so he went and sold them, and ventured the money for one stake more among his companions.

When this, too, was gone the same way with the rest, he took another solitary walk in the same place. But the weather being severe and frosty, had made every thing look with an aspect very different from what it did before: the brook was quite frozen over, and the poor swallow lay dead upon the bank of it, the very sight of which cooled the young spark's brains; and coming to a kind of sense of his misery, he reproached the dead bird as the author of all his misfortunes: "Ah! wretch that thou wert!" said he; "thou hast undone both thyself and me, who was so credulous as to depend upon thee."

MORAL.

Who spends more than he should,
Hath none to spend when he would.

Selected.

Names of the Days of the Week.

THE origin of the names of the days of the week, is perhaps not very generally understood. These names all originated a great while ago among Pagans. You have heard of the Northmen or Scandinavians. The people who lived in the northern part of Europe, some time before the Christian era, were so called. Well, they gave the names to the days of the week. They believed in the existence of numerous gods. Among the rest was one called Odin, or Wodin. He was the most powerful. Wednesday, or Wodin's day, was named after him. Thor was the god of Thunder. He gave the name to Thursday, or Thor's day. Friday comes from Freya, another of their deities. Saturday is derived from the god Saeter of the Scandinavians, who is the same as the Saturn of the Greeks. Sunday and Monday are named after the sun and moon, both of which luminaries were worshiped as gods. Tuesday takes its name from Tisa, the wife of Thor. Some people think it is wrong to retain these names, on account of their Pagan origin, and instead of calling them by the old names, they say First day, Second day, and so on.

"If a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, do not go about proclaiming it, and be anxious to avenge it. Let it drop. It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you may have received."

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

SIX WEEKS IN THE COUNTRY.

You don't know what a narrow escape you have had, friend reader—indeed you don't. But you shall know. You can afford to tremble a little, now that the danger is all over. The truth is, we have been rambling, as usual, during the summer, and we came very near inflicting upon you half a score, or thereabouts, of articles on the "lights and shadows of traveling." We concluded, however, on the whole, partly because we have so many other matters on hand, to do no such thing, and so you have escaped. But we must tell you about one of our principal excursions, nevertheless.

We received, during the summer, an invitation from the Linnæan Lyceum, connected with Lafayette College, to deliver to the students a course of lectures on botany and vegetable physiology. The invitation was quite unexpected; but, as our readers know, the subject is a favorite one with us, and in a very short time we were on the way to this institution. Lafayette College is situated in Easton, Pennsylvania. The place is so named on account of its location on the Delaware, which forms a considerable portion of the boundary between the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. The college is on an eminence overlooking the pretty borough of Easton, and commanding a charming view of many miles in extent. The hill on which the college stands is very high and abrupt. It is reached directly by one hundred and twenty-five steps, and indirectly by a winding carriage road. After the hill is ascended, the scenery abundantly repays the visitor for his toil in ascending. The Delaware, here, during the summer season, shallow and noisy, winds gracefully and wildly between the hills; the Lehigh and Bushkill, both tributaries, and more winding still, are in full view, and the village of Easton, as if it were on a map at our feet, is spread out on the plain below, and presents an appearance exceedingly picturesque, nestling as it does at the base of overlooking hills on every side.

But, high as this college is situated, there are eminences above it; and two hills on opposite sides of Easton, command a view of the Delaware Water Gap, the Wind Gap, and the Blue Ridge, for many miles in extent. If the literary standing of this college is half so high as its buildings are raised above the common level, it is certainly a very thorough institution; and, indeed, whatever may be its character in general, as compared with other colleges, it has the reputation of superior thoroughness in some branches, especially in mathematics. The view from College Hill is in some respects the most cheering we have ever seen; there is such a constant succession of hills as far as the eye can reach, and then there is such an inimitable foreground! The three streams, vieing with each other in the wildness of their flow, present a picture on which the eye rests for hours with delight.

The recollection of our visit to Easton will ever call up many pleas-

ing associations. And we shall long remember Easton, too, for the kindness alike of the professors and students connected with the college, and the citizens. They have placed us under many obligations, by their uniform courtesy and politeness.

Of the Delaware Water Gap, and other objects of interest in the vicinity of Easton, we intend to say a word or two at another time.

What an odd jumbling of representatives from different nations of the earth we frequently witness in traveling. The other day we encountered, in a stage-coach, a Yankee, from "away down east," two genuine emigrants from Germany, a couple of Irishmen, sundry Pennsylvanians, and a Scandinavian from the coast of Norway. This latter gentleman interested us very much. He had traveled over a great portion of Europe and the United States, and was, withal, a very good scholar and quite an observing man. We did not learn his name, and we know not whom to thank for our entertainment; but it is seldom that we have met a man who contributed so much to render a fatiguing ride agreeable. He spoke some six languages, and conversed tolerably well in English. Did you know, reader, that the Anglo-Saxons are indebted to his country for a great many of the materials with which our language is constructed? It is the truth. The Britons were conquered by emigrants from that country, and the language which our ancestors spoke, after this emigration, and before the Norman conquest, was in a great measure moulded by these strangers. This gentleman pointed out great similarities between our language and his own.

By the way, what is to be the end of this reaching after power and possession, so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race? We have a wonderful regard for other races of men. How we burn to do them good! We are so anxious, sometimes, that we hew half of the people to pieces with the sword, in order to bring the other half under the kind influence of our institutions. We must copy a fable that bears a little on this point, from Mrs. Kirkland's excellent Union Magazine of Literature and Art:

THE HERONS AND THE HERRINGS.

BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

A Heron came down from his home in the sky,
To the court of his cousins the fishes,
With despatches so heavy he scarcely could fly,
And his bosom brimful of good wishes.

That he was unfriendly to Herrings, he said,
He hoped there would be no suspicion;
His government wished to convert them instead,
And this was the end of his mission.

The Herrings replied, and were civil enough,
Though a little inclined to be witty:—
"We know we are heathenish, savage, and rough,
And are greatly obliged for your pity.

"But your plan of conversion we beg to decline,
With all due respect for your nation;
No doubt it would tend to exalt and refine,
Yet we fear it would check respiration."

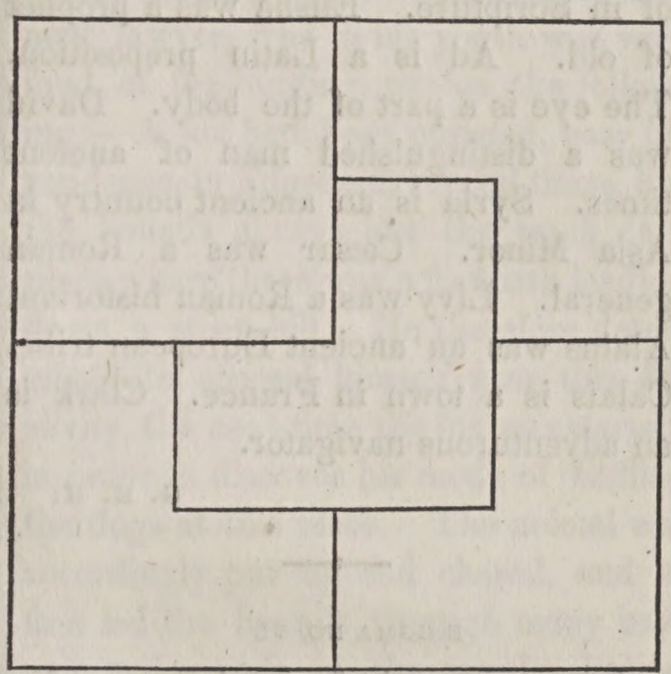
The Heron returned to his peers in disdain,
And told how their love was requited. [main
"Poor creatures!" they said; "shall we let them re-
So ignorant, blind, and benighted?"

Then soon on a crusade of love and good-will
The Herons in council decided;
And they flew, every one that could boast a long bill,
To the beach where the Herrings resided.

So the tribe were soon converts from ocean to air,
Though liking not much the diversion,
And wishing at least they had time to prepare
For so novel a mode of conversion.

A sensible man will discover with ease
The point of the tale I've related;
A blockhead could not, let me say what I please,
Then why need my *moral* be stated?

The problem in our last number, respecting the division of an old gentleman's farm, has been correctly answered by little Ann Eliza, one of our subscribers, with the help, we believe, of her father; and by another subscriber, who signs himself W. R. E. The diagram below will show how the farm may be divided among the four sons, so that each shall have a portion of the same size and shape, after the father has taken off one quarter.



This is a very good exercise for our friends the little folks. We wish somebody would furnish us more of the same sort.

This same Miss Ann Eliza, who, by the way, is a cousin of ours, informs us, through her father, that she saw a black-snake, not long ago, catch an indigo-bird. It seems the snake was several weeks about the exploit; and it was the opinion of those who saw the bird captured, that the snake did not bring in the power of charming at all. Moreover, the little girl's father thinks that snakes have no such power. Possibly they have been misrepresented in this matter, though we think not.

A LETTER FROM OHIO.

I presume the "Man with the Magnet" is so often addressed as "Mr. Editor," and so often troubled with uninteresting communications, that he will consider it no breach of propriety, and perhaps esteem it a favor, if I should address myself to the gentleman who is resting his arm on the globe; for I cannot help thinking that he has something to do with the Cabinet.

There is a strong bond of sympathy between an editor and his readers, and I was pained to learn that the editor had suffered bereavement. My imagination immediately fixed upon that lovely young lady at the back of his chair, in the pretty picture on the cover of the Cabinet, as the lost one. It is, indeed, true, as the editor has remarked,

"That to the soul who ever felt the sting
Of sorrow—sorrow is a dreadful thing,"

and I feel the truth of this sentiment. I, too, have been deeply, sorely afflicted.

On the first day of April, while so many of the thoughtless world were intent upon their sports, unmindful how many of their fellow-beings were suffering "death with all the sad variety of pain," I stood by the dying bed of a beloved father. O, how beloved! and yet I knew not that I loved as fondly, until I felt the last throb of life in the hand that had toiled for me in helpless infancy, and guided my footstep in the path

of life. When the eye that had watched over me with ceaseless vigilance had looked upon me for the last time, and the lips, whose wholesome counsels had so long been a light to my path, could no more bless me, then, indeed, I felt how inexpressibly dear was a father. There he lay in the calm stillness of death, near the window where his Bible and arm-chair had held undisputed possession for many years; and as the morning breeze stirred the white locks upon his brow, he looked so peaceful, and his dreamless slumber appeared so like living sleep, that I could hardly separate my affections from the precious dust, and feel that he was indeed no longer there. On the same spot, where he had so often on the evening of the Sabbath gathered his little flock around his house to read the Word of Life, I looked upon him for the last time on earth. Then how thick came thronging up the memories of my ingratitude for all his love. Though I have no recollection of ever speaking a disrespectful word to him in my life, the thought of how much I might have done to comfort his declining years, that I had not done —how many words of kindness I might have spoken that would have been a balm to his heart, overwhelmed me with sadness. My only consolation now is, the thought that he will no more be pained by my coldness and neglect, and that if there is joy in heaven over the repenting of one sinner, he may witness mine. J.

Camden, (O.) June, 1847.

The publisher directs the attention of delinquent subscribers to a notice on the cover of this number.

ANSWER TO CHARADE No III.

1. Lex
2. I
3. Cog
4. Rap
5. Her.

} Lexicographer.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. V

Mr. Editor,—I find I was too late in sending the answer to the Enigma No. 4. But I think I am soon enough now. The "text of Scripture" is, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Sarah is a common name. The head is a part of the body. Isaac is a person spoken of in Scripture. Elisha was a prophet of old. Ad is a Latin preposition. The eye is a part of the body. David was a distinguished man of ancient times. Syria is an ancient country in Asia Minor. Cæsar was a Roman general. Livy was a Roman historian. Alains was an ancient European tribe. Calais is a town in France. Clark is an adventurous navigator.

G. R. H.

ENIGMA NO. VI.

I am composed of nine letters. My 1, 8, 7, was a righteous man; my 2, 3, 4, 7, denotes departure; my 1, 4, 8, 9, is a large animal; my 6, 1, 2, 2, denotes mirth; my 5, 2, 7, is an article used in fishing; my 1, 2, 6, is a part of the human frame; my 4, 6, 9, 4, 7, 2, is to kindle; my 2, 6, 6, is an article of food; my 9, 8, 7, 2, is a short communication. My whole is a town famous for a battle fought during the American Revolution.

Little Patty.

Anecdotes of the Grey Fox.

Shortly after the railroad from Charleston to Hamburgh, S. C., had been constructed, the rails for a portion of the distance having been laid upon timbers at a considerable height from the ground, supported by strong posts, we observed a fox, which was hard pressed by a pack of hounds, mounting the rails, upon which he ran several hundred yards; the dogs were unable to pursue him, and he thus crossed a deep cypress swamp over which the railroad was in this manner carried, and made his escape on the opposite side.

The late Benjamin C. Yancy, an eminent lawyer, who in his youth was very fond of fox-hunting, relates the following:—A fox had been pursued, near his residence, in Edgefield, several times, but the hounds always lost the track at a place where there was a footpath leading down a steep hill. He therefore determined to conceal himself near this declivity, the next time the fox was started, in order to discover his mode of baffling the dogs at this place. The animal was accordingly put up and chased, and at first led the hounds through many bayous and ponds in the woods, but at length came running over the brow of the hill, along the path, stopped suddenly, and spread himself flat and motionless on the ground; the hounds came down the hill in pursuit, at a dashing pace, and the whole pack passed, and did not stop till they were at the bottom of the hill. As soon as the immediate danger was over, the fox, casting a furtive glance around him, started up, and ran off at his greatest speed, on his "back track."—*Audubon.*

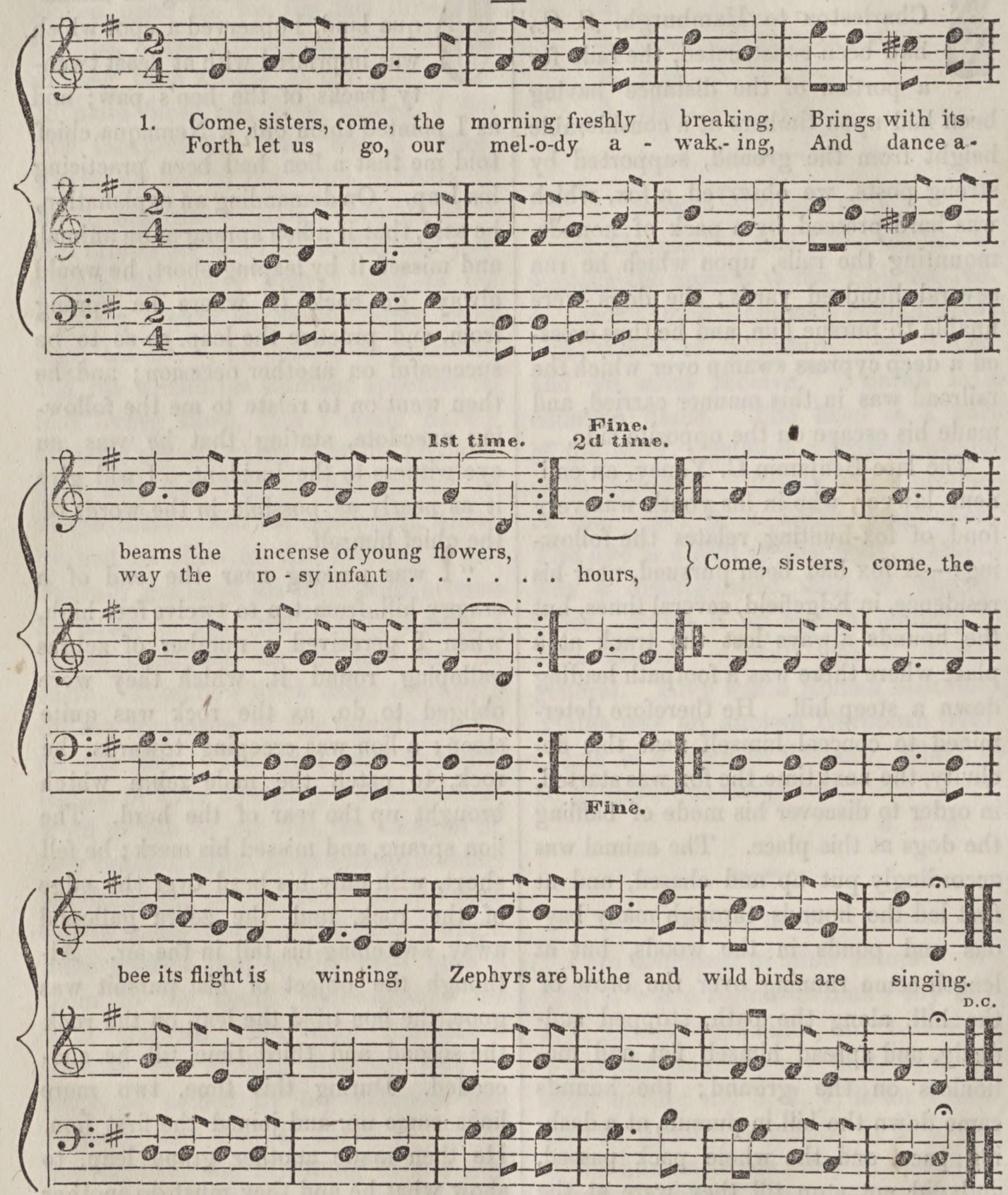
The Lion's Leap.

Once as I was travelling in Nemaqua land, I observed a spot which was imprinted with at least twenty tracks of the lion's paw; and as I pointed them out, a Nemaqua chief told me that a lion had been practicing his leap. On demanding an explanation, he said, that if a lion sprang at an animal, and missed it by leaping short, he would always go back to where he sprang from, and practice the leap, so as to be successful on another occasion; and he then went on to relate to me the following anecdote, stating that he was an eye-witness to the incident. I will give it as nearly as possible in the words of the chief himself.

"I was passing near the end of a craggy hill, from ten to twelve feet high, when I perceived a number of zebras galloping round it, which they were obliged to do, as the rock was quite steep; a lion was creeping towards the rock, to catch the male zebra which brought up the rear of the herd. The lion sprang, and missed his mark; he fell short, with only his head over the edge of the rock, and the zebra galloped away, switching his tail in the air. Although the object of his pursuit was gone, the lion tried the leap on the rock the second and third time, till he succeeded. During this time, two more lions came up, and joined the first lion. He then made another grand leap, to show what he and they must do another time. They were evidently talking to each other, although I thought it was as well to be off, or they might have some talk about me."—*Capt. Marryatt's Scenes in Africa.*

Come, Sisters, Come.

COPIED, BY PERMISSION, FROM BRADBURY'S FLORA'S FESTIVAL.



2. Plume, plume your wings, ye songsters of the mountains;
Lo! from her home of violets and roses,
Forth comes our queen—now warble loud, ye fountains,
Homage to her, the fairy queen of posies.
Loud swell each voice in strains of joy and gladness;
Banish the frown, the tear, the look of sadness.

The Humming-Bird.

OCTOBER has again come round. Golden fruits hang on the orchard trees. The leaves of the forest begin to show signs of autumn. How rich is the drapery of the woods at this season of the year! Can any thing be more charming than an autumnal landscape? But this is a sad season, on many accounts. The pretty warblers of summer have ceased to sing. The beautiful flowers have withered, and the wind sighs through the boughs of the pine and the hemlock, as if it were singing a dirge for summer. Such were our thoughts a day or two since, while rambling in the country. But just then a beautiful humming-bird, still lingering in this northern clime, flitted along, and in an instant the dear little creature made us feel as cheerful as ever. Sweet pilgrim from fairy land, how we thank thee for thy blessed mission. The humming-bird is among the most interesting of the feathered race, on account of the variety and richness of his plumage. No picture can give an accurate idea of this little bird, and yet we have ventured to present an engraving of one on the opposite page, as he appeared flitting from flower to flower, when we saw him. Our readers cannot see in this picture the shining green, the changeable purple, and the glossy red, that adorn the living bird. These beauties cannot be represented by the engraver.

How much these fairy creatures add to the beauty and interest of a residence in the country. We have seen one, many a time, poised in the air, with his long bill for a moment in the corolla of some flower, and then, in an instant, almost, flitting away with astonishing rapidity, to extract the sweets from another flower. Once we saw one fly through the window of a house into the room where we were sitting. He was terribly frightened, though. He evidently had mistaken his way, and was glad when he found himself again in the garden among his favorite roses and morning-glories.

Somewhere in the course of our reading, we once found a story about a family of humming-birds which a man captured when they were quite young, and which became remarkably tame. There were two of them in the nest, when it was discovered. Humming-birds never lay but two eggs at a time, we believe. The nest was found in a shed near the house. The young birds were placed in a cage at the chamber window, and the father and mother used to come and bring food for the little ones every hour in the day. By and by the little birds got so tame that they would alight on the gentleman's hand, when he let them out of the cage and called them. In this manner they lived with their master six months. But one night the rats found their way into the cage, and they soon made an end of the pretty humming-birds.

THE HUMMING-BIRD AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Witchcraft at Home and Abroad.*

NUMBER II.

We were saying, as we cut off our yarn about witchcraft in a former number, that this superstition had taken very general possession of the people of Scotland as early as the reign of Mary. At that time, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament for the suppression and punishment of witchcraft. Great numbers of people, male and female, were condemned and executed in this country, for having intercourse with the devil, during the reign of Mary.

James VI. succeeded Mary. He was never happier than when he was persecuting people for some religious heresy or other. In his way, he was a very pious man; and seems to have regarded himself as divinely commissioned to be a reformer. He was a man of some education, for the times; but he imagined himself possessed of nearly all the wisdom at that time in the world. He was a second Solomon, in his own estimation. With all his learning, he was a superstitious man, and extremely intolerant. So he very naturally took up the cudgel against the poor witches, without mercy. He used to superintend their examination in person, and seemed to take very great delight in seeing them tortured. Before the close of James' reign, a great many trials and executions, for the sin of witchcraft, had taken place in Scotland. For a long period, the judges were principally occupied, in every part of the kingdom, with these witch trials.

But, by and by, men of sense in Scotland began to open their eyes. Advocates were found who dared to plead for those accused of witchcraft. One cause of this change in public opinion, was the removal of James to England, on the death of Elizabeth. The mania for a while became almost extinct. But it broke out again in the reign of Charles I. Hundreds of people were then tried and executed for the witch heresy in Scotland. The mania continued to rage after the death of the first Charles, until the restoration, and during a considerable part of the reign of Charles II. In the first year after the accession of the latter prince to the throne, the Justiciary Court condemned twenty persons for witchcraft. But this court had, comparatively, very little of the business to do. Numerous commissions were given to other courts; and victim after victim was led to the stake, unnamed and unheard of.

This superstition, however, began to wear away at last. As late as 1662, there was very little heard about witchcraft in that country. But it is painful to reflect upon the history of the trials and executions which took place there, in a period less than a century. It is difficult to compute the number of the victims of witchcraft in Scotland, on account of the fact that a great many of the trials, being conducted in obscure parts of the country, were not

*Continued from page 286.

recorded. But the black list, according to those who have had the best means of judging, and whose statements can be relied on, must have been upward of *four thousand persons!* The judges and executioners of these ill-fated victims, were among the wisest and best men of the times, too. They comprised ministers of religion, legislators, nobles, princes, kings.

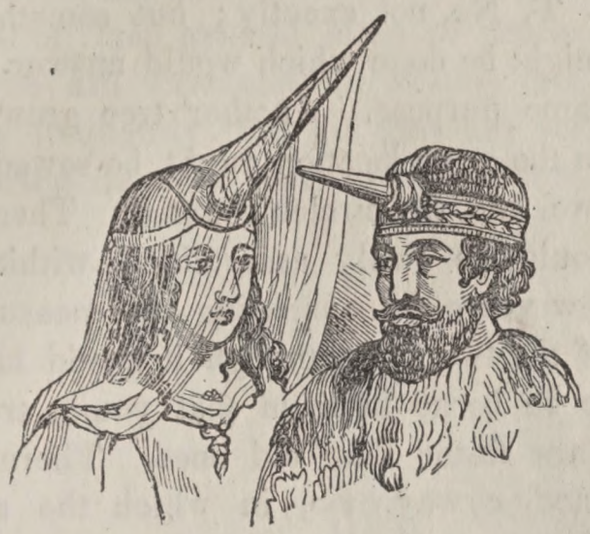
But we are showing too much partiality for the land of Bruce and Wallace, of Scott and Chalmers. We must not forget our fatherland. It seems that the annals of witchcraft have something to do with England—*old* England—a country that lies a long way off from Plymouth rock, and which was not included in Charles' famous grant.

It appears that witchcraft was first honored by Parliament in the year 1541. This was in the reign of the notorious Henry VIII. Two acts were passed against conjuration, witchcraft, false prophecies, and pulling down of crosses. In 1562, however, in the reign of Elizabeth, there was a statute framed expressly for the crime of witchcraft.

But it was not until James, the Scottish Solomon, ascended the throne of England, at the death of Elizabeth, that the executions for this imaginary crime became frequent. James was a very industrious monarch. He went to work with all his might to tinker religion, as soon as he found himself "King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and Defender of the Faith." He thought it was a great pity that so much wisdom as he possessed should be shut up in a little dark chamber. So he began at once to enlighten his new subjects about matters and things in general, and witchcraft in particular. In the very first year of his reign an act was passed, which was the occasion of an immense amount of mischief. One of the sections of this act was in these words: "Any one that shall use, practice, or exercise any invocation of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult or covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any purpose, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death."

This is pretty plain language, to say the least. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in a very few years after this act was passed, the whole kingdom was one vast volcano of excitement about witchcraft. The frenzy reached every corner of the realm. In 1612, twelve persons were condemned at once, at Lancaster; and in the next year the wholesale manner in which the poor victims of superstition suffered, was still more remarkable. In 1634, seventeen perished in Lancaster; in 1644, sixteen at Yarmouth; in 1645, fifteen at Chelmsford; in 1646, sixty at Suffolk, and nearly an equal number at Huntingdon.

Here we must break off our story again. But we will endeavor to bring it to a close in the next number. How thankful we ought to be, dear children, that we live at a time when there is so much light in the Christian world. If we had been in England during the time of James, we should probably have been as superstitious as our ancestors were, and have persecuted those suspected of witchcraft, in the same manner.



A Singular Fashion.

A LITTLE while ago, my young friend George came to me to inquire the meaning of a passage of Scripture which he had been reading. David, you know, says in the ninety-second Psalm, "Mine horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn." George could not see what this meant, and he wanted me to tell him. He knew the language was figurative; but he could not see the force of the figure. Well, I told him of a custom which prevailed at that time, in Palestine, on which the figure was founded; and he seemed so delighted with the information, that I immediately determined I would tell the readers of the Cabinet about it, thinking that if they were not aware of the custom, they would perhaps be as much delighted as George was, when I told him of it.

A great many years ago, in Palestine and some other Eastern nations, it was customary to wear appendages on the head resembling horns. You see a picture above, which we have had engraved, to show how these horns looked as they were worn on the head. Sometimes they were very short, sometimes longer. A man of great wealth and power wore his horn very high, while poor people, and those in humble life, had a much shorter horn. You smile at such a fashion, children. It was odd enough. I wonder how it ever came into use. But after all, was it much more laughable than many of the fashions we have now-a-days? These horns were regarded as emblems of power, strength, and greatness. So that, in the Hebrew poetry—which, by the way, embraces some of the finest specimens to be found in any language—this appendage is not unfrequently alluded to in this connection. The Psalmist makes such an allusion, when he speaks in the ninety-second Psalm, which George was reading. He expresses his confidence that God would make his horn very high, or make him great and prosperous. It is a forcible figure, when we understand it.

The same figure is employed, when Job says, "I have defiled my horn in the dust." He means that his horn is no longer an ornament on his head; but that it is broken and prostrate. His influence, power, prosperity, are all gone.

Modern travelers inform us that the horn is still worn by the Druses, in Mount Lebanon. It is made sometimes of gold, sometimes of silver, and sometimes of wood. There, as among the Hebrews centuries ago, it is still an emblem of power and exalted rank. When a man is very proud, they say "he carries his horn pretty high." They mean the same that we do, when we speak of a man as carrying his head high.—*Theodore Thinker.*

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

NUMBER V.

THEODORE. Well, my little friends, you seem to be very busy reading, just now. There must be some uncommon attractions in that Youth's Cabinet, I imagine. Perhaps it would be as well to postpone our conversation on Botany till to-morrow.

EMMA. Oh, no, Mr. Thinker; I am sure I would leave any thing, to hear more about those large old trees. I have been thinking that that large chestnut-tree of ours, near the brook, must be a pretty old one. Is it not, Mr. Thinker?

T. Yes; probably it has seen some four or five centuries. It measures nearly thirty feet in circumference, I believe, near the ground. But there is a chestnut-tree on Mount Ætna, which is one hundred and sixty feet round. What do you think of that?

GEORGE. Why, I think the account appears very much like a fish story; but if it is true, the tree must have been three times as old as our chestnut-tree. That would make it fifteen hundred years old, at least.

T. No, I am not sure that you can depend upon the accuracy of such a calculation; for the trees in very warm climates, where there is not much winter, may grow a great deal more in the course of a year than our trees do. The best way to arrive at the age of that large tree, I suppose, would be to count its rings.

JOSEPHINE. But that could not be done while the tree is living.

T. No, not exactly; but something might be done which would answer the same purpose. Another tree growing in the same location might be sawed in two, and the circles counted. Then it could be easily ascertained, within a few years, by comparing the measures of the two trees, though it would have to be borne in mind that young trees grow faster than old ones. There is another way, too, in which the age may be arrived at. A deep cut may be made in the side of the trunk, and the rings counted. This is the way in which Baron Humboldt found out the age of that celebrated tree in Africa.

J. How old is that tree, Mr. Thinker?

T. Well, Humboldt made it five thousand five hundred and ten years old, at the time he measured it. If it is living now, it must be somewhat older.

E. Why, Mr. Thinker! do you believe that man's story?

T. I know of no reason why I should doubt it.

G. Did not this tree grow to a monstrous size?

T. The trunk was very large; but the height of the tree, and the extent of its branches, were by no means in proportion.

E. Mr. Thinker, are not pine-trees sometimes very long lived? I have seen some that grew very large.

T. Yes; the pine occasionally attains a great age. There is a species somewhat remarkable for its longevity, called the Pine of Aleppo. It grows in Asia. Here is an engraving of it. It is rather difficult to tell exactly how old a large pine-tree is, because the

layers are not quite so distinct on the wood of this general class of trees. But we are warranted in saying that pines frequently live till they are six or seven hundred years old. There was a tree, not belonging to the pine family, however, blown down some twenty years ago, on the island of Teneriffe, which was described in the fifteenth century. It seems by the

THE PINE OF ALEPPO.

description to have been nearly as large at the time of this description as it was when it was blown down. They called it the Great Dragon. It bore leaves and blossoms the last year of its life.

E. What a pity it should have been destroyed.

T. Yes; but it is the nature of every thing to perish in this world—every thing but the immortal spirit. Some cypress-trees are found in Mexico, of an extraordinary size. At Axtello there is one which measures in circumference seventy-six feet; and in the province of Oaxaca, one measuring one hundred and eighteen feet! There is another very curious fact,

according to the statement of one traveler, about this tree. On examining it carefully, it is found to be not a single individual, but composed of three united trunks. There is another tree of this species, not far from the same place, which is said to be one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches round. Some naturalists think this the oldest tree on the globe.

J. The cypress seems to be a very long-lived tree.

T. Yes. Strabo mentions a cypress growing in Persia, as large round as five men could span. He believed it to be two thousand five hundred years old. The yew is one of the most ancient trees found in England. It is the opinion of De Candolle, a celebrated botanist, that it attains a greater age than any other European tree. There are several now living, that, according to De Candolle's method of computation, which seems to be a correct one, must be at least three thousand years old. One measures twenty-seven feet in diameter.

The olive-tree sometimes attains a very great age. There are eight olive-trees in a garden at Jerusalem, which can be proved by historical documents to have existed previous to the taking of Jerusalem by the Turks. So that they must be at least eight hundred years old.

J. The oak grows very large, too. I think I have seen some that must have lived a great many years.

T. Yes; many have flourished in England within the present century, which were at least eight hundred years of age. One is mentioned as growing near Oxford College, which was standing when Alfred the Great founded that institution. Not less than a hundred years ago, there grew an oak in Dorsetshire, which was thirty-eight feet in circumference at its base. Its diameter was consequently about four yards. As early as Cromwell's time, it was hollow, and could hold twenty men. During the civil wars, an old man lived in it and sold ale. You have no doubt heard of a celebrated oak in Hampshire, England. Sir Walter Tyrrel shot an arrow against it, which glanced off and killed William Rufus, a son of William the Conquerer. This was soon after the Norman conquest, in the year 1100. This tree lived till about the middle of the eighteenth century. It was very large, and without doubt nine hundred years old.

E. I have always thought, I scarcely know why, that the trees in England were larger and older than in any other country.

T. Probably the reason is, that you have heard so much about the "old oaks", which abound there. There are a great many trees, however, much more remarkable for their age and size than any which can be found in England. I read, the other day, in a late number of Blackwood's Magazine, the greatest story yet, about large trees. This story will do to end with, I think. Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, during a tour undertaken for discovery, a year or two since, visited California. He saw there a tree which he ascertained to be *two hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference*, and seventy-five feet high! If this tree—provided the gov-

ernor did not use a magnifying-glass in examining it—should taper regularly to the top, and form a perfect cone, it would contain about twenty-two thousand tons of bark and timber! A tough story, that, truly. However, I presume it is true, tough as it is.

My Wife's Gold Ring:

OR, LAVATER AND THE POOR WIDOW.

It was a practice with Lavater to read, every morning, several chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the Gospel of St. Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for divine guidance. When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away," was the reply. "And how is this to be understood?" said his wife. "'Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away,' are the words of Him," rejoined Lavater, "to whom all and every thing belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or in other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is in hunger and in want; this I must do without being asked; how much more, then, when asked!"

This, continues Lavater, in his diary, appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth; my wife made no further reply, than that she would take these things to heart. I had scarcely left the dining-room a few minutes, when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study.

"Forgive me, dear sir," she said; "excuse the liberty I am about to take; I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars. I have been confined to bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving. Every penny that I could save I have laid aside to meet this demand; but six dollars yet are wanting, and to-morrow is term-day." Here she opened a parcel, which she held in her hand, and said, "This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay. But, dear sir, if you can, do assist me."

I am sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you, I said; and putting my hand in my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars. These, I said to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty; she requires six: besides, if even they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the wi-

dow, I said, "Have you no friend or relation, who could give you this trifle?"

"No, not a soul! I am ashamed to go from house to house; I would rather work day and night. My excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness; if, however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intrusion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year!"

At this moment, the door of my apartmet opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed: gladly would I have sent her away; for conscience whispered, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away." She came up to me, and said, with much sweetness, "This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late, assist her if you can." Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. "I have but two dollars," I said, in a whisper, "and she requires six; I'll give her a trifle in her hand, and let her go." Laying her hand on my arm, and smiling up in my face, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away."

I blushed, and replied with some little vexation, "*Would you give your ring for the purpose!*"

"With pleasure," answered my wife, pulling off her ring.

The good old widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife, "Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly, how can you doubt it?" she said; "do you think that I would trifle with charity? Remember what you said to me half an hour ago; oh, my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel. You are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman? why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket? and did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?" She then added, with much feeling, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them."

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheeks. "Thanks, a thousand thanks, for this humiliation!" I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow; all darkened around me at the thought, that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh, thou false tongue! thou false heart! If the Lord should mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand! "Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow.

At first she seemed not to understand what I meant, and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarce-

ly find words to express her feelings. She cried, "Dear sir, I cannot repay: all I possess is this poor book, and it is old." "Keep your book," said I, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me; for, verily, I deserve no thanks, after having so long resisted your entreaties. Go in peace, and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks; but she smiled, and said, "Do not take it so much to heart, my friend; you yielded at my first suggestion: but promise me, that so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.'"

She kissed me, and left the apartment.

When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart—this heart which, no longer ago than yesterday, dictated the words, "of all characters in the world, there is none I would more anxiously avoid than a hypocrite;" yet to preach the whole moral law, and to fulfill only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession! I read over once more the chapter which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed, and convinced that there is no peace, except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess! Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart! cleanse it from secret sin! and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge, to thy glory, a brother's welfare and my own salvation!—*Selected.*

The Dying Child's Vision of Heaven.

BY C. C. COX, M. D.

Oh, what is it mother? Oh, what is it, say,
That is shining so brightly above me away?
I see little forms, like my own, floating by,
On their star-covered wings, in that golden sky

And they call to me, mother, oh, do you not hear?
And their voices are strange to my listening ear;
They are sweeter by far than the birds of the grove,
Whose wild notes of gladness I so dearly love.

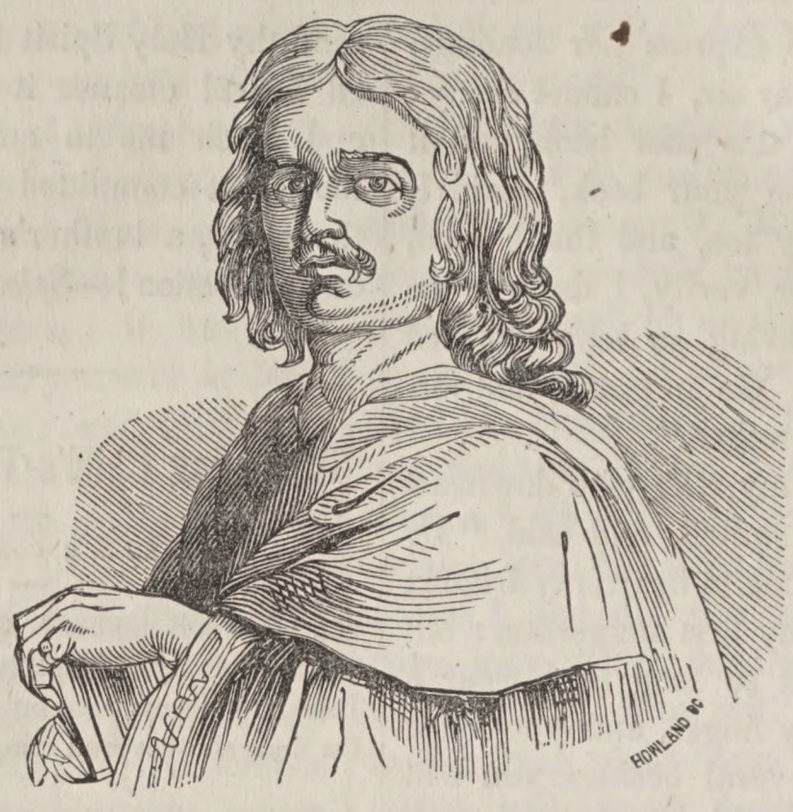
And they tell me to go with them, mother, and play
O'er fields where the beautiful butterflies stray;
Where streamlets are prattling more lovely and dear,
Than the sweet little rill which I wander by here.

They whisper, "thy form shall be dazzlingly bright
As the glorious vision that breaks on my sight;
And thy voice shall ring out with a note as gay
As the music of birds on the orange tree's spray."

Shall I go—shall I go? they are coming near,
And they call me yet louder; hear mother, hear!
And now they are drawing me gently away;
Must I leave you, and go, sweet mother,—say?

Now, now they are leaving!—Oh will you not come,
And visit me oft in my sunny home?
I will fly to your chamber some lovely night,
And show you, dear mother, that vision of light!

Easton, Md, Sept, 1847.



Nicolo Poussin, the Painter.

NICOLO POUSSIN was a very distinguished painter. We have taken pains to have a fine portrait of him engraved. He is deservedly held in very high estimation by all lovers of painting. His style is generally exceedingly correct, though deficient in the beauty of its coloring. Nicolo was born in Normandy, in the year 1594. He was first placed under an artist named Ferdinand Elle; but finding that little was to be learned from him, in accordance with his own refined and elevated ideas, he studied for a month under L'Allemant; but here again he found but little sympathy, and he determined to take as models the works of the acknowledged masters, and complete his style from them. By these means he made considerable progress, and was consequently encouraged by offers of employment. Rome, however, seems to have been the school in which he wished to perfect himself, and he accordingly hastened to finish some pictures on which he was engaged, and started immediately for Italy.

On his arrival at the capital, his energy, patience, and perseverance were called into action; and had he been found wanting in these valuable qualities, no success would ever have been his. His great friend, Cavaliere Marino, on whom he had placed his almost only hope for introduction and assistance, was no more; and hence he had to struggle against all the difficulties which beset the beginner's path, and work with redoubled industry to achieve for himself a name. He devoted his attention chiefly to the study of antique statues and bas-reliefs—thinking that in them were combined every grace and beauty which adorns the human form divine.

Having, after some time, succeeded in earning both money and fame, he

visited Paris, whither he had been invited by Louis XIII. His stay, however, was not of very long duration, and he again returned to his favorite Rome, to paint for the Prince Justiniani a historical picture representing Herod's cruelty, in which the expression depicted in every figure is such as to excite pity and terror in every beholder. Many other works of a very superior character followed from his easel, including that of Germanicus dying, considered one of his best productions; as also the altar piece representing the Last Supper, at St. Germain's.

From this time—the zenith of his fame—he continued to produce pictures in the most beautiful style, two of which we may mention from the marked beauty and grace which distinguish them—"The Annunciation," and "The Flight into Egypt," both of which are to be seen in the gallery of the Prince Della Torre, at Naples. There are not less than eight productions of this talented master in the British National Gallery, all of which claim the admiration of both old and young admirers of the arts. Nicolo Poussin died in the year 1665, aged seventy-one.—*London Juvenile Library.*

Remarkable Reanimation.

Doctor Chirchtos, physician to the Emperor of Russia, tells of a young girl in the service of the Prince of ———, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, and at length, to all appearance, was deprived of life. Her face had all the characters of death; her body was perfectly cold; and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room, and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the very moment they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion of the hands and feet. She opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly in, and in a few days her health was re-established. The account which she gave of her situation was extremely curious. She said she appeared to dream that she was dead, but she was sensible to every thing that was passing around her, and distinctly heard her friends bewail her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in her coffin. The sensation gave her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body, at the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, open her eyes, and to speak. The agony was at its height, when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the coffin. The horror of being buried alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave.—*European paper.*

Eastern Mode of Writing.

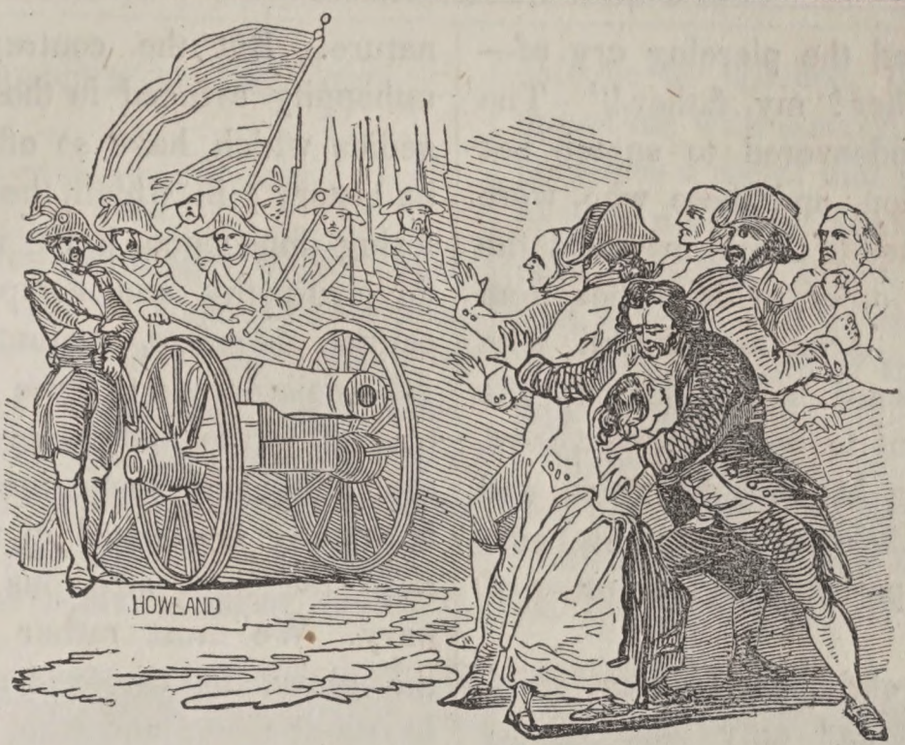
HERE is a man writing. The readers of the Cabinet will wonder how he can manage to write in this fashion. But he seems to succeed pretty well. He is an Egyptian, and if we are not much mistaken, he is secretary to some man high in authority in Cairo. Did you know, reader, that the Egyptians write across the paper, in an opposite direction from our mode? They do so, and so do several other nations in the East. The Arabs proceed from right to left. This is the way the Jews wrote. Our Hebrew Bibles are all printed in this manner. The man in the engraving is writing with the paper in the palm of his left hand. That is odd, is it not? The people in the East do not change much in their modes of living, from year to year. A great many of their customs are almost the same as they were two thousand years ago; and many allusions in the Bible to ancient customs, seem much more beautiful when we become acquainted with the present customs of Eastern nations.

"'You're a good book-keeper,' as the librarian said to the man who wouldn't return a hired book."

The Emperor and the Judge.

MANY merchants in Russia lamented bitterly, in my hearing, the iniquitous corruption of the courts of law; and told me that no cause can ever be brought to a successful termination without *a decent* and proper administration of bribes. But Justice even in Russia sometimes finds out the wicked, as is instanced by the following story, often told at St. Petersburgh: A poor woman having an affair of much importance under litigation in one of the courts, was given to understand that the cause would never be brought to a satisfactory termination without a present to a senator of twenty thousand roubles. Horror-struck at this, and seeing no chance of procuring the immense sum, and thus terminating the expensive lawsuit, she one day addressed the emperor in the street, and begged him to lend her twenty thousand roubles. His majesty questioned her as to what she could want with so large a sum, and having heard her story, gave her the money, privately marked by himself. The poor woman immediately made the corrupt judge the required present. The emperor shortly after met the senator, and begged of him to lend him some money; the wretched man, without any hesitation, put some of the spoil of the poor woman into his majesty's hand. He recognized his own money! The senator is said to have disappeared.—*Bourke's Russia.*

"A thousand probabilities do not make one truth."



A Daughter's Love.

During the sanguinary period of the French revolution, when crimes and horrors were continually perpetrated, the sacred affections of kindred and of friendship were often powerfully excited.

One such instance occurred amid the terrific massacres of an age unparalleled in atrocity; when crowds of unfortunate persons were condemned unheard, and loaded cannon were directed to play upon them. Yet not only in France and its dependencies—among the instances of unflinching heroism and filial love, which La Vendee continually exhibited—but in the far-off West, in one of those unfortunate islands where the massacres of the Reign of Terror were acted on a less extended theatre.

An honest Creole, whose only crime consisted in possessing the inheritance of his ancestors, was denounced as inimical to the Republic, and sentenced to die with a crowd of his fellow-countrymen. But, happily for this virtuous colonist, he was the father of a little girl, eminently endowed with courage, energy, and affection; and, when the moment of separation from his family arrived, this courageous child resolved to follow and share his sufferings, however terrible to her tender age. In vain did the father entreat his little Annette to remain at home, and the mother, with streaming eyes, seek to retain her child by force. Entreaties and commands were equally unavailing, and, rushing from the door, she continued to follow at a little distance the rough men who urged her unhappy father to the place of execution. Small time sufficed to place him in the foremost rank of the condemned; his eyes were blinded, and his hands tied together, while the executioners made ready those murderous engines, which were soon to open a heavy fire of grape shot upon the crowds who awaited their death in silence.

But suddenly a little girl sprang forward, and her voice, tremulous with

emotion, uttered the piercing cry of—"Oh, my father! my father!" The lookers on endeavored to snatch her from destruction, and those who were alike condemned to death, menaced the poor child, in order to drive her from among them. Annette bounded with light step toward her father, as she had been wont to do in happier days, when awaiting his welcome voice, and throwing her little arms round his neck, she waited to perish with the author of her days.

"Oh, my child, my dearest child, the cherished and only hope of thy wretched mother, now on the eve of widowhood!" exclaimed her trembling and weeping father, "I command, I conjure thee to go away."

"No, papa, we will die together."

This unexpected incident disconcerted the director of the massacre. Perhaps he was himself a father, and the thought of his own children might arise within him. Certain it is, that his ferocious heart was softened; he ordered the Creole away, and commanded that he should be taken to prison, with his child. Amid the rage of civil discord, and the alternate ascendency of contending factions, a brief respite was not unfrequently productive of the happiest consequences. Such was the case in the present instance. The face of affairs became changed; the father was restored to his family, and ceased not to speak with the tenderest emotion of his little daughter, then only ten years of age.

Many who heard the tale, in after years, pleased themselves with thinking, that the human heart is never completely insensible to the voice of nature. But the contrary has been unhappily evinced in those fearful tragedies which have so often disgraced its history; in which the tears of suffering innocence have vainly sought for sympathy and compassion. We cannot, therefore, attribute so wonderful a deliverance to those innate principles of virtue and benevolence, which are thought by some, incapable of being totally eradicated in the breast of even the most atrocious and sanguinary. We must rather give to Him the glory, in whose hands are the hearts of men; and who, in preserving the life of a virtuous individual, has exhibited to all young people, a beautiful and impressive instance of the reward of filial piety.—*Selected.*

Singular Mode of Counting Time.

KNICKERBOCKER, in his History of New York, playfully tells us that the old-fashioned way of computing time with the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, was by pipes. It took them, he says, always about the same time to smoke a pipe, and so they got in the habit of calling this operation a definite measure of time. They talked about a place as so many pipes distant—a sermon as so many pipes in length, and so forth. This is mere fun, of course; but Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the course of a recent tour of discovery, it seems, found a tribe of Indians in Siberia, who did really compute time by the boiling of a kettle. What do you think of a kettle for a clock, children?

The Canadian at the Forge.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

SOME three years ago, while traveling in Lower Canada, I stopped awhile to view the charming scenery around the Falls of Montmorenci, near Quebec. On the road from the city to the falls, is a steep hill. As I was descending it in one of those indescribable vehicles, called a calêche in Quebec, the driver entertained me with a story, which, if true, possesses a moral that we hope will not be lost upon our young readers. Indeed, the story has a moral, whether true or not, and no one who reads it ought to lose sight of that moral. The tale is something like this:

Many years ago, where now is seen that neat French cottage, stood a blacksmith's forge. These forges in Canada had then, and many of them have now,

THE BLACKSMITH AT THE FORGE.

an apartment adjoining them, where are kept for sale different varieties of intoxicating liquors. A farmer, residing several miles from the forge, visited it one day in winter, and asked the blacksmith to shoe his horse. While the blacksmith was engaged in this task, the farmer went to the window where the liquors were sold, and called for a glass of whiskey. It was brought to him, and he drank it. Shortly after, he called for another glass. At this time, a man who was standing near, remonstrated with the farmer, and begged him not to drink any more, intimating that he was afraid he would become intoxicated, and probably perceiving some signs of intoxication at the time. The farmer was angry, and told the man, who was trying to dissuade him from drinking, that he would do well to mind his own business, and that he could take care of himself.

"John," said the other, familiarly and tenderly, for the two were friends, "John, you have a wife and child. I should not have spoken so freely, if it had not been for them. I see I have

displeased you, however, and I will bid you good evening. But, remember Susan and the little one, John. Remember them before you drink again."

And the faithful man rode away. John did remember Susan, and the little one at home, and he paused long before he tasted the draught that had been poured out for him. That was a terribly solemn moment. On the one hand, there came up in his mind images of his happy home—for he was devotedly attached to his family—and he was almost persuaded to set down the glass, and to leave the contents untasted. But then he reflected, on the other hand, that it would be playing the part of a coward to yield the glass after he had ordered it. Take care, John. Let thy better judgment prevail. Beware of yielding to the tempter. He concluded he would drink this time, and be wiser afterward. Poor John! He drank—the horse was soon shod—the farmer mounted, and turned homeward. The dusk of evening began to gather, as he left the smith's forge; and the poor man had many miles to go, before he reached his family, and it was very cold. Alas! hour after hour passed, and the fond wife watched in vain for her husband. Day dawned, and a party of friends proceeded toward the forge, anxiously searching for the poor farmer. They found him. Stretched on the cold snow, they found him, with his faithful horse at his side. He had fallen, in a state of intoxication, and there, at the foot of that hill, near the little white-washed cottage, he was frozen to death!

The Jewish Maiden.

Beneath Judea's palm-trees
A lovely maiden bowed;
Nor heeded aught was passing,
Among the busy crowd.

The maiden's eye shone brightly—
Her fair arm raised on high,
As if invoking Heaven
To hear her earnest cry.

God of my fathers! hear me;
Oh! bend a listening ear;
List to my tale of sorrow,
And mark the silent tear.

Jerusalem, our city,
Is from thy people torn;
Her glory is departed,
And we are left to mourn.

The lily of the valley,
Which once we called our own—
Our blooming Rose of Sharon,
By infidels is worn.

In every land we're taunted—
No rest beneath the sun;
God of my fathers! hear me:
Oh! when will Shiloh come?

"Peace, peace, thou gentle mourner,"
An aged stranger cried;
"Thine own Messiah reigneth—
For thee he bled and died.

"The blood of goats and bullocks,
Cannot avail thee now;
For at the name of Jesus,
Each stubborn knee shall bow.

"Then haste to pay him homage,
Before he rise and swear,
That in the heavenly city,
Thy soul shall have no share."

The maiden bowed in meekness—
Her heart recieved the word;
She turned and sought her dwelling,
Believing in the Lord.

D. A. J.

New York, August, 1847.

Children's Sports.

BY WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D.

THE sports of the young should, if possible, be such as are not only pleasant but profitable. Children love sport and fun most dearly; and they ought to be indulged in both. But then there is a choice to be exercised in regard to the former, and a limit to be observed in regard to the latter.

I have said that the sports of the young should be profitable. By this I do not mean, however, that they should be profitable in a pecuniary way. There are other things which are profitable to people besides money. Health is profitable—knowledge is profitable—goodness, or, as the Apostle Paul calls it, godliness, is profitable.

Now, all the sports of the young should be so arranged, and ordered, as to be profitable in one or another of these particulars. It would indeed be well if they were, at the same time, healthful, instructive, and of a good moral tendency. But one of these, at the least, they ought certainly to be.

I knew a man who was a great wrestler for thirty years. His friends used to remonstrate with him, and tell him he would hurt his health; but he did not believe it. Besides, it was very dear sport to him, and he could not bear the thought of leaving it off. Sometimes, indeed, for their sake, he would promise to leave it off at a future time—say, when he came to be forty years of age. But he did not leave it off when he was forty. He continued the habit of wresting, till he had not only broken many bones for other people, but also greatly injured himself. He strained one of his hips, so that rheumatism afterward got hold of it, and caused him great lameness and suffering all the remainder of his life. Then, again, in one instance, he fell so hard as to injure his neck; and I remember to have heard him say, just before he died, that he never got over it. From the age of fifty to seventy years (for he had a strong constitution that might have lasted one hundred years as well as seventy) he suffered more pain than any ten thousand men ever need to suffer in their whole lives. For eight or ten years he could not walk, except to hobble a little by means of a staff; and, for a year or so, at the close of his life, he could not walk across his room in any way whatever.

You will not, of course, be likely to believe that this man's sport, though he loved it so dearly, was very profitable to him. On the contrary, nothing is plainer than that it was very unprofitable. Who, among you, would like to imitate him, and take his sufferings?

But there are other sports which injure health, besides wrestling. Perhaps, indeed, there are few in which we run so much risk of breaking our bones, or losing our lives, at once. And yet I could mention a dozen or more, which are hurtful, in a greater or less degree.

One of the sports which injure health, in a very considerable degree, is that of going into the water for swimming, when we are hot and fatigued. If a proper hour and place are selected, few sports are more

agreeable, or more profitable, than swimming. But to go into a deep, cold pond or river, at evening, especially Saturday evening, and remain in the water a good while, as too many young persons do, is as dangerous, almost so, as wrestling. I knew one man who was made a cripple for life by this practice. Another was made blind by it. Another suffered severely from rheumatism. And thousands there are, if I have not time to particularize, who suffer, more or less, from colds and fevers, in this way, every year.

Playing with crackers, of which most boys are fond, is another practice which is very unprofitable, as well as very dangerous. Much has been said, of late years, on this subject, and much more needs to be said or done before boys will be willing to desist. It is not long since a blind man and his wife were riding in South Boston, in Massachusetts, in a carriage, when a careless boy threw down, near the horse, a lighted cracker. The cracker exploded, the horse ran, and the lady being unable to guide him, they were dashed against a tree, and both of them considerably injured.

Persons are sometimes even killed in this way. I have read, in the papers, several instances, within a few years, of death from this cause. It is high time for the young to learn better than to sport in this manner. I do not like the idea of having any thing to do with powder in the way of sport. These sports with powder have another evil tendency, which has not been so often alluded to as it deserves to be. They prepare the minds of those concerned in them for the horrors of war.

One more sport of evil tendency, I should be glad to dwell upon a few moments, but I must defer it for the present, as I have said enough for one article.

West Newton, Mass. Sept. 1847.

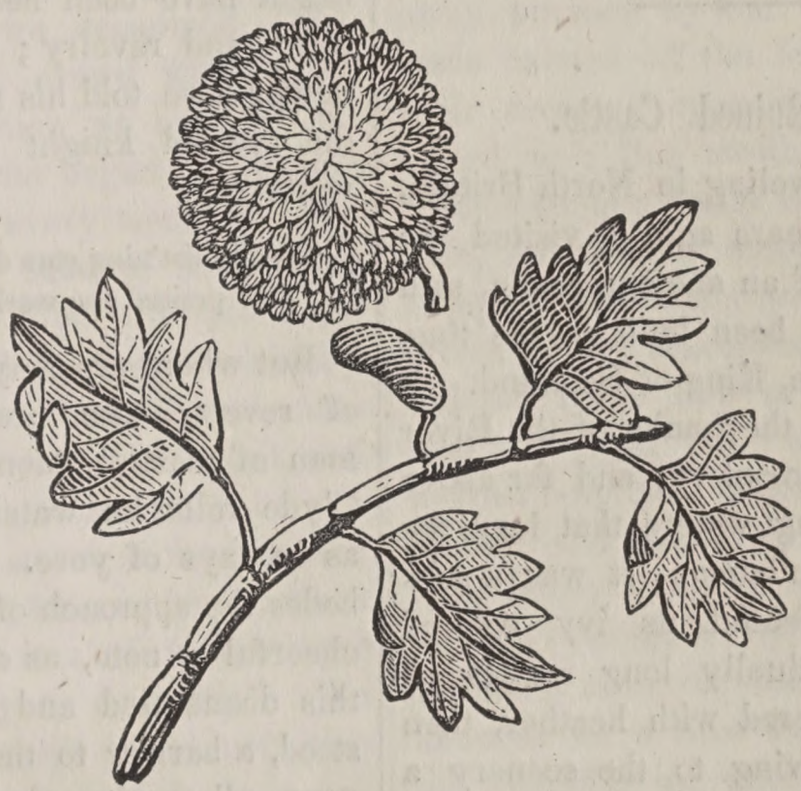
Power of Imagination.

The influence of the imagination on the nervous system has, on some occasions, produced effects bordering on a state of insanity. The following, which we copy from an exchange paper, is a case in point:

"A few years since, Elijah Barns, of Pennsylvania, killed a rattlesnake in his field without any injury to himself, and immediately after, put on his son's waistcoat, both being of one color. He returned to his house, and, on his attempting to button his waistcoat, he found to his astonishment that it was much too small. His imagination was now wrought to a high pitch, and he instantly conceived the idea that he had been bitten imperceptibly by the snake, and was thus swollen from its poison. He grew suddenly very ill, and took to his bed. The family, in great alarm and confusion, summoned three physicians, and the usual remedies were prescribed and administered. The patient, however, grew worse every minute, until at length his son came home with his father's waistcoat dangling about him. The mystery was instantly unfolded, and the patient, being relieved from his imaginary apprehensions, dismissed his physicians, and was restored to health."

The Bread Fruit.

THIS curious tree grows in the South Sea Islands. Here is a picture of a branch of it, and also a specimen of the fruit. The bread fruit is shaped something like an egg, and measures about twenty-two inches around one way, and about twenty-five inches the other. The rind is smooth, green, and marked with six-sided specks; beneath lies the pulp that is eaten, and within a fibrous core containing the seeds. The trees are always verdant, and bear four crops in the year. The fruit is a delicate and wholesome substitute for bread, being of a sweet and pleasant flavor, and very nutritious. It is never eaten without being cooked, and the natives have various modes of dressing it. The skin being pared away, the pulp is most generally split, and roasted, or rather baked, in earthen ovens, or under hot stones; and it is often thus cooked with some kind of animal food.



THE BREAD FRUIT.

It is soft and mealy, and when taken out, as we learn from the missionary voyagers, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, greatly resembles, in color and taste, fine sponge biscuits. The natives frequently beat or squeeze it in their hands, and dip the pieces in salt water, when they eat it. This fruit is, in fact, the chief support of the people, who seldom make a meal without a large proportion of it.

According to the travelers just mentioned, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, there are about thirty varieties of this tree, which come in at the same time, or in close succession, each bringing four crops in the year; yet there are more than three months out of the twelve when the fruit is either not to be obtained or very scarce. The natives, therefore, preserve great quantities of that which is ripe in pits,

carefully lined with grass, and then with the leaves of a particular plant, which gives an agreeable flavor to the preserved fruit. The latter, being cleared of the green coating, and split, is thrown together in a heap, and covered with leaves for a time. After being made to go through fermentation, it is in the state of sour paste, and it is dressed in various ways; it is, however, in this form, difficult of digestion, and by no means wholesome.

The Ruined Castle.

HILE traveling in North Britain, some years ago, I visited the ruins of an ancient castle, said to have been built in the time of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. It was situated on the banks of the River Clyde, on a promontory, and far above the swift rolling waters that lave the base of its foundation. It was a solitary spot. Behind its ivy colored walls rose gradually long ranges of mountains, covered with heather, then in blossom, giving to the scenery a green and beautiful appearance. Yet, no human habitation was near. Modern civilization had discovered in this lone retreat nothing of interest, and it was left free and undisturbed to the gaze of the curious traveler, and to the slow but corroding influence of decay.

But to me that lonely fortress of the past, was an object of instruction as well as of deep interest. Its aged walls, crumbling from the effects of the great revolutionist, conquering Time; its mouldering ramparts, conical windows, deep and darksome dungeon, in whose gloomy recesses the solitary owl found a fiting abode, all, all told a tale. My imagination wandered back to the time when a far different scene presented itself, and I could fancy I saw before me the fierce and warlike Scot, armed with claymore and spear, and marching from this castle, at the head of his countrymen, to revenge his real or imaginary wrongs. In that lonely fortress, long, long ago, might have been heard the sounds of mirth and revelry; the plaided Highlander here told his feats of valor, and the crested knight recounted his adventures,

"While list'ning ears drank in the tale,
And praised the warlike brave."

But where are they now—the sounds of revelry—the crested knight—the man of martial mien? The beautiful Clyde rolls its waters into the ocean, as in days of yore. The cuckoo forebodes the approach of summer, with as cheerful a note, as erst she did when this dismantled and decaying fortress stood, a barrier to the free. They are gone, all gone, and "gone, gone, and passing away," is inscribed in monitory characters upon every work of art. And how long, my young readers, ere we too shall be as the forgotten tenants of the ruined castle, and like them, "roll unconscious dust around the sun?"

N. C.

HIGHLAND MILLS, N. Y. SEPT. 1847.

"Consult not with a fool, for he can neither give nor keep counsel."

Storming a Wasp's Nest.

You see that hole in the bank? Years ago I remember the encounter we had while storming a wasp's nest. It was on a Wednesday morning, before school-time, and we wanted the grubs to fish with in the afternoon, which was our half-holiday: so here we came, in the broad sunshine, while the whole of the armed host were flying in and out of the hole in the bank, beating around our heads, and threatening what they would do unless we decamped. Several of us were armed with green branches, with which we beat off the dreaded scouts, who began to murmur louder and louder every moment. We had made a long tube of smoldering paper, which was filled with powdered brimstone, and all that was necessary to be done was to thrust the tube into the mouth of the nest, set fire to it, and then close up the aperture.

But who dare storm such a citadel, or head such a forlorn hope, when every moment scores of wasps were issuing out ready to do battle? We had heard that wasps could not sting through a silk handkerchief; so a boy was at last found who had courage enough to cover his head with one, and drawing on a pair of old gloves, he went boldly forward and thrust the sulphurous tube, which was lighted and handed to him, into the hole; and scarcely had the smoke begun to rise before he came jumping off, and shrieking as if he himself was on fire. The wasps had stung through the silk, had got into his waistcoat, had surrounded us every way. Not a spot was clear, saving where the burning tube threw out its deathly smoke on the bank; and another lad was found bold enough, in the midst of the fight, to rush forward and thrust a large handful of wet clay on the mouth of the nest! when lo! they had another outlet, and out came the enraged host uninjured. What a battle had we then to fight! not one among us but was wounded: we slew scores, but still the ranks were filled up, for it was the "strongest" wasp's nest we had ever stormed. Some shrieked, some howled, others ran away, pursued by the winged enemy; some carried off the foe concealed in their dresses; eyes were soon to be closed up; lips swollen; necks and bosoms stung; hands rendered unbearable, for not one among our number escaped; and when we presented ourselves at the school-door, we were all ordered home like so many soldiers who are sent, after a battle, to the nearest hospital. Some of us were put to bed, and the swollen places rubbed with honey; and more than one boy had his eyes sealed up, and was unable to see for a day or two. The pain we endured for a time was dreadful; nor did we, after all, succeed in carrying off the nest.

Were we not rightly served? What right had we to attempt to burn and stifle the wasps in their nest? True, they are dangerous insects; yet they seldom sting any one unless they can defend themselves to some purpose. Any boy who has burned himself severely may form a correct notion of the pain inflicted by the sting of a wasp; for although the latter is less dangerous in the end, yet it is equally painful

while it lasts. Their nests are very curious, and in form resemble the honeycomb, being full of cells, in which the white grubs are deposited; and you will be surprised when I tell you that they are the oldest paper-makers on record.

Reaumur states, that for twenty years he endeavored, without success, to discover the materials employed by wasps in forming the blue, gray, papery substance, so much used in the structure of their nests. One day, however, he saw a female wasp alight on the sash of the window; and it struck him, while watching her gnawing away the wood with her mandibles, that it was from such materials as these she formed the substance which had so long puzzled him. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about the tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow them, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he had no doubt that his opinion was correct. In a short time he saw her shift to another part of the window, and carry with her the fibres which she had collected, and to which she continued to add. He then caught her, and began to examine her bundle, and found that it was neither yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as it is always done before used by the wasp in her building. He also noticed that, before detaching the fibres, she bruised them into a kind of lint with her mandibles. All this he imitated with his penknife, bruizing and paring the same wood till it resembled the fibres collected by the wasp; and so he discovered how wasps manufactured their paper; for these fibres are kneaded together into a kind of paste, and when the wasp has formed a round ball of them, she spreads it out into a leaf, nearly as thin as tissue paper; and this she accomplishes by moving backward, and leveling it with her mandibles, her tongue, and her teeth. And so the wasp forms paper, placing layer upon layer, fifteen or sixteen sheets deep, and thus preventing the earth from falling down into her nest.—*Boy's Summer Book.*

The Disobedient Boy.

I AM going to tell you, dear children, about a boy who disobeyed his mother, and the consequences of his disobedience.

A family, consisting of a mother and two little boys, lived in one of the pleasantest villages in Connecticut. A short distance from the house was a small stream of water, passing through many pleasant fields, until it entered a grove of oak trees, and was lost to view. Often had the anxious mother commanded her boys not to go to the brook, on any occasion, without her leave. But when William was about ten years old, he was left alone one day, with his little brother, while their mother went to visit a sick neighbor, at the other end of the village. She had been absent but a short time, when William persuaded little Wallace to go to the brook with him, to catch fish. He finally got angry with little Wallace, and returned to the house alone. When his mother arrived, she inquired for his brother. He told her he did not know where he was. Oh, William! She then inquired if he had

been to the brook. He was silent. The truth flashed upon her mind that he had disobeyed her—an act she never knew him guilty of before. His mother then took him by the hand, and told him to direct her to the place where he had left his brother. No Wallace was there! They then followed the brook toward the grove. They soon perceived something on the bank ahead, and on reaching the spot, found it to be little Wallace's hat. "Where is my boy?" exclaims the frantic mother. "Wallace! Wallace!" she wildly called; but no Wallace answered. Her cries soon brought some neighbors to her assistance, who proceeded to search for the lost boy. He was soon found—but oh, how changed! He was dead! The clear water was sweeping over him, as he lay on the bottom, still grasping his tiny fishing rod.

Oh, how his mother shrieked, as she beheld her little darling taken to the shore, with the cold water dripping from his little curls. She fainted, and sank unconscious to the ground. The neighbors ran hastily for assistance; the physician soon arrived; but it was too late. Oh, how William sobbed, and how fast the scalding tears poured down his little cheeks, and how violently his little frame shook as he saw his little brother laid on the bed, never to rise again.

Now, dear children, you can see what can result from the act of disobedience to parents. Oh, never be guilty of disobeying your parents; and never get angry with your brothers and sisters, or playmates. Take warning by me, dear children. WILLIAM.

Harvesting Apples.

To my mind, there are few sights more charming, during the autumnal months, than an orchard loaded with ripe apples. Here is a picture of a man harvesting the apples from one of the trees near the house. It is a favorite fruit of his, I guess. Well do I remember the "golden sweeting" tree, that stood in the yard of the old-fashioned cottage where I spent the happiest hours of my boyhood. What a time we boys used to have, when those apples were ripe, and when the day arrived for picking them. The bad boys in the neighborhood used to steal some of them occasionally, I am sorry to say. But we had, generally, an abundance of them, for all that; and I once heard my father say, he thought it was too bad for the boys to steal the apples, when he never refused any body that asked him for some of them. What a propensity there is in some people to steal. They seem to love stealing, as much as they love to play ball, and almost as much as they love to eat. They will steal just for the sake of it. Little boy! take care you never allow yourself to take what does not belong to you. All great thieves begin in a small way. I presume most of the horse-thieves that are shut up in our

penitentiaries, served quite an apprenticeship before they ever stole a horse. I should not wonder if they began their career very frequently by stealing fruit.—*Theodore Thinker.*

The Split-Snake.

It appears that Mr. Haensel, of the Nicobar Mission, on one occasion was bitten by a small serpent, called the split-snake, which is extremely slender, and capable of insinuating itself into the smallest hole or crevice. In speaking of his work-room, at the Brethren's Garden, where he usually stuffed or preserved in spirits these and other remarkable animals, Mr. Haensel observes:—"There was a door in a dark part of the room, with a large, clumsy lock upon it. One evening, as I was attempting to open it, I suddenly felt a prick in my finger, and at the same instant a violent electric shock, as if I had split asunder. Not thinking of a serpent, I at first imagined that my Malabar boys had, in play, wound some wire about the handle, and that it was by this that I was hurt. I therefore asked them, sharply, what they had done to the door; but they denied that they had meddled with it; and when I made a second attempt to open it, I was attacked still more violently, and perceived the blood trickling down my finger. I then turned into my room and sucked the wound until I could draw no more from it; after which, I applied to it some spirits of turpentine, and tied it with a bandage; being hurried that evening with other business, I took no farther notice of it. In the night, however, it swelled and was exceedingly painful. In the morning, when I went into the work-room, I thought I perceived an unpleasant, musky smell; and on approaching the door already mentioned, the stench was intolerable. I therefore asked the boys what they had brought into the room; but they denied that they knew any thing of the matter. Having procured a candle, I then discovered the cause of all the mischief. About six inches of a young snake hung out of the key-hole, perfectly dead; and on taking off the lock, I found the creature twisted into it, and so much wounded by the turn of the bolt, from my attempt to open the door, that it had died in consequence. It had been entering the room through the key-hole, when I accidentally stopped its progress, and was bitten by it; and considering the deadly nature of the serpent's poison, I felt thankful to God that, though ignorant of the cause of the wound, I applied proper remedies to it, in consequence of which my life was not endangered. I have been told that the bite of every serpent is accompanied, in a greater or less degree, by a sensation similiar to that of an electric shock. The name of split-snake, which is given to this animal, we considered as descriptive, not so much of its appearance, as of the sensation occasioned by the bite."

"He that never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his mistakes."

My Little Brother.

BY CAROLINE.

I HAVE a little brother—a darling boy is he—
As gay as any summer bird—as busy as a bee.
His eyes are dark as evening's clouds when drops her curtain gray,
Yet full of glorious living light, as brilliant as the day.
Like clasping tendrils of the grape, the locks of his bright hair
Wave on his brow, and smooth soft cheek, and down his neck so fair.
His laugh breaks gayly on the ear, like the carol of some bird;
So wild and sweet the music which the summer air hath stirred;
And when these merry tones ring out, I gladly stop to hear
That oft-repeated merry laugh, so careless and so clear.
Last eve the sky was purpled with the hues of falling night,
And I heard his dancing footstep bounding homeward in its flight.
Then wearily his voice called out, "Dear sister, day is through—
I'm tired of play, of every thing—I want to sit by you."
He came, and tossing back his curls, he sat him at my feet,
And raised to mine those honest eyes, so thoughtful and so sweet
At last he spake, and spake of Him, the Holy One of God,
Who many, many years agone, the earth in beauty trod;
And of the stars that 'gan to gleam upon the brow of night,
How they were angel's eyes, that looked on earth in love and light,
And thus in dreamy, thoughtful words, o'er which earth held no power,
Passed off the holy, quiet calm, of that sweet evening hour.
God bless thee, my dear brother, and protect thy gentle youth,
And keep thy heart forever in its purity and truth.

Invocation to Evening.

COME Evening, once again, season of peace,
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the golden west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man,
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day.

COWPER.

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

WAR—WHAT WE THINK OF IT.

E are very sorry to be obliged to decline the account of a celebration of the fourth of July, written by a correspondent whom we very much esteem. Our objection to the article is, that in it—probably without any such intention—the writer has contributed somewhat to foster the spirit of war in the minds of the young. We could not, willingly, thus lend our influence, for a right arm. We are opposed to war; and the more we see of it, and hear of it, the stronger is our opposition. We are not prepared to go against all war; but we are convinced that few, very few exigencies can justify a resort to arms on the part of nations. So strong is our dislike of the war spirit, and so great our fear that the young will imbibe that spirit, that we are always sorry to see our little friends imitating the example of military men, and going through their manœuvres, with swords, and pistols, and uniforms.

In a recent number of the CABINET, we gave a history of General Taylor, at present commanding the principal branch of the United States forces in Mexico. We did it because we thought the fame of this man, coupled with the position in which he stands as a prominent candidate for the presidency, called for such a history. If we had supposed that so much as a thimble-full of the spirit of war would be excited in the breast of any of our readers, we should not have presented such a history. We had no such fear, at the time—nor have we any now, that we know of, though a brother of the corps editorial, to whom we are indebted for many flattering courtesies, and whose courtesy is only equaled by his faithfulness and frankness, has administered a pretty sharp rebuke for the act. We take this opportunity, however, to disclaim any sympathy whatever for the genius of war, and to beg our good friend, the offended editor, to distinguish between the mere history of military heroes—which is a matter of interest, certainly, to every body—and the indiscriminate laudation of war in general, or any military exploits in particular. By the way, friend Burleigh, suppose you don your spectacles, and read our article again.

TO THE MAN WITH THE MAGNET.

DEAR SIR—In your notice of my letter to you, some months ago, besides saying some pretty things, to the credit of my communication, and answering my childish curiosity, "why you are called the Man with the Magnet," you added, "we shall be glad to hear from her again, at any rate." Well, now, to tell the truth, I did feel a little flattered by what you allowed yourself to say, and have talked with father about trying my hand again. I guess he thought I had better wait awhile, until I got my brain steadied. He says you are well pleased with letters from the country, when they are written in such style as to interest the majority of those for whose benefit your Cabinet is published. I do not deny that I have committed some things to paper,

all along, as leisure moments have occurred, none of which will ever get into "the dark pigeon-hole," for the best reason in the world, and that is, that I have just as good a place for them. One of them, however, contained what I called a polite invitation to the party represented on the cover of the CABINET, to come and spend some of the hot days of summer on the shores of Chaumont Bay; promising to act as guide, in searching out the curious things that are familiar to me, as objects of interest. That would make just six of us, besides the "Man with the Magnet"—three boys and three girls—or, as I said to myself, "three boys and three magnets."

I could show you a vast number of petrified animals, imbedded in our rock shores, resembling fishes of various species and sizes; some three feet long, and others but as many inches. Professor Morse, when lecturing here on the science of Geology, said that they lived in an age of the world long prior to the existence of either man or beast on this earth, and that they belonged to species of marine animals long since extinct, though they give the exact outward resemblance. I expect the "Man with the Magnet" would be glad to chisel out some of these curious specimens, for his CABINET of curiosities at home. They would do well to put into that old chest the boy is sitting upon. And then, I said to myself, after they have returned to New York again, they will know more about this Chaumont than I could tell them in three letters; for I see that it takes so little to make a long letter, that I should despair of being able to do any thing by way of description. I had intended to pronounce Chaumont for you, if I should ever write again; but you have not betrayed any desire on your part, and I conclude that you think you know already; and, therefore, after thanking you heartily for your politeness to me, I subscribe myself your devoted friend and constant reader,

MARY DE CHAUMONT.

Chaumont, N. Y., September 2, 1847.

What! another question about the group on the cover of our magazine, around the Man with the Magnet? Well, go on, boys and girls. We love to gratify your curiosity. So, then, little MARIA, you would like to know whether that group is an accurate representation of the editor's family. It must be admitted, certainly, that in one respect it is not—the editor not being blessed with a family, in the strict sense of the term. But in another respect it is, as it is meant to be a picture of some six or seven thousand little folks who take the Cabinet, and whom we love to call our children. Queen Elizabeth, who was never married, used to say that England was her husband. In the same way, we think, we may be allowed to regard the boys and girls we talk to so much, as our family, though they make a pretty large family, it must be confessed.

Mr. Wickham, of this city, who has done so much to entertain and delight the little folks, has just placed them under new obligations, by a set of BUILDERS' BLOCKS, prepared with great

care and ingenuity. The blocks are of wood, all covered with pictures, and large letters. Almost any style of house can be built with these blocks, and a great many short words can be spelled with them. The whole are nicely fitted into a box, and are for sale at seventy-five cents. We can scarcely think of a finer thing for a little boy or girl. By the way, the publisher of the CABINET promises a set of these blocks to any one who will obtain two new subscribers, and send two dollars.

It will be remembered that some time ago, we published a letter from one of our young subscribers, who said he earned the money which the CABINET cost him by catching muskrats. We remarked, at the time, that we almost hoped these animals were mischievous, and were in the habit of fighting a little occasionally, as it was morally certain that so many of them were to be killed for our benefit. So we requested the writer to let us know something about the habits of his victims, the muskrats. We have just received a letter from him, enclosing the money for his own subscription (from which we conclude that muskrats have been pretty plenty this season) and for that of two of his friends whom he had induced to subscribe. He says:

"You wish me to give some description of the manners and customs of an ancient family called muskrats. They burrow in the banks of creeks and rivers, and enter their holes under water. As I have not consulted Goldsmith or Cuvier, I cannot tell you what particular genus they belong to. They generally remain in their holes, in the day time, and roam about at night, committing depredations. They live on most kinds of vegetables, poultry, and fish. When they are caught in a trap, they plunge into the water, and generally remain until they are drowned. They sometimes, however, from their love of liberty, gnaw their legs off above the trap, and leave the foot, minus the muskrat. I think from this they have got pretty good spunk, although I never had a real battle with one. I wish some of your city ladies could be present when I take one of these fellows out of the trap. I am very much mistaken, or they would have perfumery enough to last them a fortnight. When you next hear from me, Mr. Editor, I shall probably be in the 'old Granite state,' as I leave the Oneida valley this morning for the bank of the Merrimack. I shall remain there probably a year or so, with my father, where I hope, with a little prudent guessing, I may 'whittle my way' to useful manhood, and to happiness. I remain your friend,

"H. B. B."

A CHARADE.

We are indebted to a correspondent, who writes from Nashville, Tennessee, for several excellent charades, which we shall take the liberty to propound to our little readers. Here is one of them.

My first is a vehicle.

My second is a pronoun.

My third is a snare.

My whole is a part of the name of an interesting book.

What a beautiful sight it is to see a ship, with all her sails set, bounding over the ocean wave! Every thing about a ship is interesting; and we have thought we should please our readers if we gave them some account of ship-building. So we shall present them, in our next number, with a description of the manner in which ships are built, and how they are launched. We have had some fine pictures engraved to illustrate the article, and cannot help thinking that it will be quite worthy the attention of our friends the little folks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot tell, certainly, whether the article on "The War with Mexico," will come within the scope of our magazine, until the writer furnishes us with the whole. He will oblige us by forwarding the remainder.

"CAROLINE'S" caroling lines (we could hardly help the play on these words—so do not give us credit for a pun) about her "little brother," in the present number, are pretty—quite above the ordinary poetic efforts which usually meet our eye in profusion, on the arrival of almost every messenger from the post-office, and which so naturally find their way into the "dark pigeon-hole." We have taken the liberty to make an alteration or two in rythm only. Sing again, Caroline. We love such strains. But how like the music of our sweet warbler on "Auld Long Island's sea-girt shore!" SARAH, is this you, in disguise? You have not quite hung your harp on the billows, have you? We hope not.

The lines "To my Little Sister"—what a coincidence in the communications of two correspondents, and so far apart, too—we shall publish, perhaps, next month.

The answer to the puzzle respecting the division of the farm, was stereotyped before we received the communication of T. D. He will, therefore, excuse us, if we do not publish his remarks respecting it.

The two enigmas, one from MARIA, and another from a little boy, eight years old, who lives in Louisiana, are good.

Other communications are on hand, which, like different bags of grain in a grist-mill, are awaiting their turn.

PETER. Father, what is the meaning of *religious liberty?*

FATHER. Why do you ask that question, my son?

P. Because I saw a long article lately in the "Herald of Religious Liberty," headed "Familiar Conversations on Botany," which was copied from the YOUTH'S CABINET without credit.

F. Well, what then? That is not a very uncommon thing among editors, is it?

P. No, I don't know that it is. But I want to know what the editor of the Herald means by religious liberty. Does he mean a liberty to use another

man's property, just as if it were his own?

F. Peter, I am not much acquainted with ethics. I will write to the editor, and ask him.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. VI.

This enigma was answered by ANN ELIZA, the little girl who puzzled out the problem about the old gentleman's farm, and by somebody else whose name we do not know.

Lot was a righteous man. Exit denotes departure. A Lion is a large animal. Glee is another name for mirth. A Net is an article used for fishing. The Leg is a part of the human frame. To Ignite is the same as to kindle. The Egg is an article of food. A Note is a short communication. There was a famous battle fought, during the war of the Revolution, at Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, April 19th, 1775.

ENIGMA NUMBER VII.

"ANN ELIZA" sends us an enigma of her own, which she calls "An Enigma for Little Patty," the writer of the one which she has answered above. We presume, however, that Ann Eliza does not mean that nobody shall answer her enigma but Little Patty—so none of our readers need be afraid to try their hand at it.

I am composed of eleven letters. My 11, 2, 10, 6, 4, 8, was a holy man; my 2, 11, 9, 3, 7, is an important statesman of the United States; my 3, 4, 7, 8, 4, 5, is an infectious fever; my 1, 2, 7, 3, 6, 10, 4, is a flower; my 6, 11, 8, 4, 10, 4, 5, 7, is a great evil to the human family; my 7, 3, 6, 8, 4, is what the Editor of the Cabinet generally has on; my 8, 6, 3, 4, is an important article in building. My whole is a place where an important battle of the American Revolution was fought.

ANN ELIZA.

We have received several beautiful pieces of new music from Ferrett and Company, Philadelphia, the gentlemen who introduced a new era in the publication of sheet music, by which it is afforded for half the former price. They and their excellent plan deserve patronage. Among the pieces we have received are the following: FOUR SONGS FROM THE OPERA OF AMILIE; SIX SONGS FROM THE OPERA OF ZAMPA; THE THREE AGES OF LOVE, A BALLAD; CAN ANY ONE TELL? and MY MOTHER.

Our friend Charles W. Sanders, one of the editors of the Young Choir, has, in connection with B. A. Russell, prepared a singing-book for the little folks, called the YOUNG VOCALIST. We have just been looking it over, and are satisfied that it is a very fine thing. The music is simple and tasteful, and the words generally chaste and excellent. It is published in Rochester, by Sage and Brother, and for sale by booksellers generally.

The Messrs. Howland, of this city—to whom, by the way, our readers are indebted for some of the best pictures in the CABINET—have just finished a very striking and truthful wood engraving of General Taylor. Those who want a likeness of the old gentleman can now obtain an excellent one, at a cost scarcely worth mentioning.

My Little Playmate and her Grandfather.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

VIRGINIA WILLSON was of very nearly my own age. We used to play together, when we were little children; and many a pleasant hour have we spent in company, listening to the music of the birds, and gathering honey-suckles and anemones. Her father died before her recollection; and she could not have been more than six or seven years old, when God sent kind angels to conduct her mother to

VIRGINIA AND HER GRANDFATHER READING THE BIBLE.

heaven. Little Virginia was then an orphan, and well do I remember how she wept as she told me that they had laid her dear mother to sleep in the cold ground. But Virginia had a very kind and good grandfather, who adopted her as his own child, when her mother died. He was an excellent old gentleman. How he loved the Bible! Many a time I have seen him teaching his young charge out of this precious book. "Theodore," said she to me, one day,

as we were going to gather some water-cresses in my father's meadow, "Theodore, you don't know how happy I have been for a week past. Grandpa has been showing me such sweet verses in the Bible. I didn't know how good that book was before. It says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' Oh, how kind it was for God to make such a book, and to write such things in it. And grandpa says, that verse was put in the book for little girls like me. You know I have lost my dear father and mother"—here the tears started from Virginia's eyes, and, for a little while, she cried so much that she could not speak; but by and by she commenced again, and her countenance was even more bright and cheerful than it was before—"My father and mother are gone away; but the Lord has taken care of me. And grandpa has been telling me, too, how the Saviour came down from heaven into this world, and how he died for little children, and grown up people. Theodore, I have been praying that God would make me good, like my mother, so that I may go and live with her again by and by. I dreamed last night that she came back to see me, and I seemed to hear her say, 'Virginia, my child,' just as she used to, before she died, 'Virginia, be a good girl, and learn to love Jesus Christ.' I thought I saw the angels, too, all dressed in white; and some of them flew to me, and seemed to beckon me away from the world. I don't know why it is, but it seems to me that I am not going to live here long. And how strange it is! I used to be afraid to die; but it is not so now. Death seems to me like going a pleasant journey."

For a long time we talked together about dying, until we quite forgot our water-cresses. We indulged a multitude of childish fancies. We wondered whether we should know each other in heaven, and whether the Saviour would speak to little children. I could not see how Virginia should be willing to die, and leave so many beautiful things. She tried to tell me how it was, but I could not understand her. Virginia was a feeble child; but to me it did not seem possible that she could die. I thought of what she said often, after this ramble in the meadow, and wished I could feel as she did about dying.

Little Virginia did not stay long in the world. She died before the leaves began to fall in autumn. She died, as a bud withers, ere it has unfolded. And as the angels came to convey her to heaven, she said to her young playmates, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

We are all Brethren.

We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!
Let to Him each heart aspire,
As to Heaven flameth fire;
We are children—God our Sire—
Brother man, brother man!

God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man;
All mankind shall brethren be,
Like the stars in unity—
God has spoke it; we shall see—
Brother man, brother man!

Selected.

Peaches and Moral Philosophy.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

A NUMBER of boys were seated in the corner of a field, employed in opening chestnut burs, which they had taken from a tree which overshadowed them. One of them, Benjamin Hamilton by name, was very large for his age, and had a great influence over his companions. This was owing, in part, to his bodily size, and in part to his superior shrewdness and cunning.

"Well," said he, as he opened the last husk of the pile before him, "I have chestnuts enough for the present, and now I want some peaches. Who wants some peaches?"

This question was answered by several repetitions of the personal pronoun, in the first person singular.

"We are all agreed in one thing, then," continued Benjamin, "and now as to the means of getting them. I can tell you how we can get plenty of first rate fall peaches."

"Tell us, do," was uttered by several voices.

"There is a tree which hangs full of dead ripe ones, where Squire Parsons' old house used to stand, and James and Robert here are the chaps to go and get them for us."

"Does he keep them to give away?" said James.

"Not exactly," said Ben, winking to one of the boys, who was better acquainted with him than James was. James Walker's father had recently moved into the place. James had not been with the boys much, and did not know them very well, and they did not know him very well.

"Does he keep them to sell?" said James.

"No."

"How are we to get them, then?"

"You are to take them. This is the plan, boys. We will all meet at the tavern to-night, and play a spell, and then James shall go round to the tree, and John can go to keep him company, but needn't go near the tree. If the Squire misses his peaches, and asks any of us, we can say that we havn't been near the tree; and that will be the truth. He never will suspect James, he has been with us so little."

"That's a first rate plan," said Isaac Gale; "give me old Ben Hamilton for planning. You'll go, won't you, boys? You will go, won't you, John?"

"I don't care if I do, if James has a mind to."

"James will go," said Ben, in a tone which took it for granted that the matter was settled. All present seemed to consider it so, except James.

"I am not used to stealing. I wasn't brought up to it."

"It isn't stealing," said Ben, in a very confident tone. "I should like to see the fellow who says it is stealing. It isn't stealing at all. We have a right to take what we want to eat."

"Why not take them in the daytime?" said James.

"Because the old Squire keeps an eye upon them all day. Come, now, be a good fellow, and get us some peaches, and then all the fellows will like you."

"I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not right."

"What is the reason it isn't? I say that we have a right to take as many as we want to eat."

"I know you say so, but you must prove it."

"We are not always obliged to do what is just right."

"How do you prove that?"

"Prove it?" said Ben, a good deal nettled. "It don't need proving. How do you prove that you are obliged to do right?"

James could not give so prompt an answer as he desired to. The question seemed very simple, and yet he could not answer it. He thought that it would not be proper to say that we are bound to do right because it is right; and yet that was all that it occurred to him to say. At length he said it, and was greeted with a loud laugh from Ben.

"That is great reasoning—about as good as that of the negro, when he undertook to give his Dutch master the reason of the death of his best horse. Jack told his master that the horse died because he stopped breathing."

A loud laugh followed this effort at wit, on the part of Ben.

"I guess I had better go home," said James.

"You said, when you came, that you would stay till four o'clock. If you go before that time, you will have told a lie. Boys who are so amazing afraid of stealing musn't lie."

"I'll stay if you will behave decently, and not without."

"We will behave, that is certain. We should be very sorry to lose the company of such a nice, moral young gentlemen. Boys, take off your hats. Perhaps Mr. Walker will give us a sermon."

The hats were taken off, in mock reverence, and James arose and walked toward home, amid a laugh that was rather loud than hearty, for it was affected to please Ben.

"I'm not agoing to be cheated out of the peaches, at any rate," said Ben. "As that chicken-hearted fellow won't go, I'll go myself, and you will all go with me."

None refused, though two inwardly resolved that they would be found missing when the time came.

"We will meet and play, till about nine o'clock, and then we will separate as if we were going home, and then come together in the woods at the Corners, and go up the Forge road, and cut across Gleason's meadow, and come to the tree."

"That will be going a great way round," said one.

"It will give the old Squire more time to get sound asleep; and if he makes us go so far, we must pay ourselves in peaches."

"That is a good idea."

When they had finished cracking their nuts, and arranging their plan, they separated. In the evening they came together, and at nine o'clock proceeded to execute their plan of plunder. As they drew near the tree, conversation was carried on in a whisper, and a sharp look out was kept in every direction. Just as they came to the tree, a man rose up from the grass, and made an attempt to seize one of them. They screamed, and ran in the direction from which they came; but another man was there to intercept them.

They then ran in an opposite direction. This led them toward a deep, muddy stream, over which a slight bridge was thrown. The trees that grew beside the banks of the stream overshadowed it, and made it in the night very dark.

They made for the bridge. One of the men called out to the other to catch them before they got to the bridge, or they would escape. This led them to strain every nerve to reach the bridge. When they came to it, they found that the planking had all been taken up, but they were under such headway that they could not stop; so they had nothing to do but to jump into the water, pretty much all together. The water was about two or three feet deep, and plenty of mud at the bottom. They had hardly got on their feet, before both the men stood on the timbers of the bridge, with long whips in their hands. The boys began to cry, and beg heartily, and Ben a little louder than any of the rest. One of the men told them to stay where they were until they had leave to come out; advising them, very composedly, to keep very still if they felt any water-snakes moving about their feet. This led them all to jump and scream; but a few blows from the whip quieted them somewhat; and the two men sat down on the timbers of the bridge, and went to talking about the coming election. After they had occupied themselves thus for some time, one said to the other, "I guess it is about time for these boys to go home. Here, you ringleader, you crawl out there by that log." While Ben was doing so, he received several smart blows from the whip of one of the men. They were all called out and served in the same manner.

"Now, my lads," said one of the men, "you may go home, and when you wish to come again we will be ready for you. Go home." They did not wait to be told a second time, you may be sure.

It happened while they were sitting in the corner of the field, as described above, one of Mr. Parsons' hired men was passing on the other side of the high stone wall, and heard the plot to rob Mr. Parsons of his peaches. With Mr. Parsons' consent, he and another hired man lay in wait for them, and treated them as noticed above.

When James reached home, he went to his father, and asked why he was under obligation to do right?

"Because it *is* right," said his father.

"I told them so," said James, "and they laughed at me, and it didn't seem to me that it was giving much of a reason."

"It is, properly speaking, a fact or truth, rather than a reason. There are some truths that do not need reasons. How do you know that the whole is greater than its part?"

"Because—because it must be so. Every body knows it is so."

"That is not giving a reason for it, though what you say is true. You mean to say, that every body knows, without proof, that the whole is greater than its part."

"Yes, sir."

"So every body knows, without proof, that we are under obligation to do right. It is a SELF-EVIDENT TRUTH, which needs no reason—which no reasoning can make clearer."

Rembrandt Van Ryn.

THIS distinguished artist was born in a village near Leyden. His real name was Gerretsz, but his youth, having passed in a place called Van Ryn, on the banks of the Rhine, obtained for him the appellation by which he was distinguished.

Few, if any particulars have reached us concerning the early development of that wonderful talent which rendered him the first of portrait painters. He received the rudiments of his education in the school of Jacque Van Zwanenburg, where his uncommon talents excited the admiration of his master; from thence he became the pupil of Peter Lastman, equally distinguished for his composition and force of coloring; and, lastly, he studied under Saint Pinas, an historical, landscape, and portrait painter of considerable eminence, from whom he acquired a taste for that strong opposition in light and shade, which so happily distinguished his paintings.

Rembrandt was an exact copier of nature. It was his delight to go from his studio into the town or fields, and to sketch whatever he met with in its most simple character. But, although indifferent in his choice of subjects, apparently regardless, either of grace or beauty, he represented nature with a truth and power which has never been surpassed.

An artist who appreciated the extraordinary talents of young Rembrandt, earnestly advised him to carry one of his best pictures to the Hague. He mentioned to him a connoisseur, who had both ability and inclination to foster genius, and happily Van Ryn availed himself of this advice. He was received, not only with kindness and respect, but an hundred florins encouraged his further labors. This little incident

laid the foundation of Rembrandt's fortune; it served to make the public acquainted with his merit; it served also to give him that quiet confidence in his talents, without which it is perhaps impossible to excel.

Rembrandt now resolved to settle at Amsterdam, where his paintings were highly appreciated. Young men flocked to his studio; many of them belonged to families of distinction, and not a few possessed considerable talents.

At this period his pictures were highly finished, and with a neat pencil resembling those of Mieris, whose unusual sweetness of coloring, and delicacy of touch, with peculiar clearness and transparency, equaled the pictures of Gerard Douw. Those of his after years assumed a style of coloring and handling extremely opposite, bold, and energetic, and with a degree of force unequaled by any other artist, although Eeckbout and some of his best disciples have approached very near.

Endowed with a fertile imagination, correctness of eye, and great powers in apportioning light and shade, it has been suggested that if Rembrandt's early studies had been at Rome, instead of beside the Rhine, his taste would have been proportionally refined, and that an acquaintance with the antique would have rendered him pre-eminent. Such might have been the case, but when a natural deficiency in taste, and elevation of thought exists, it is more than probable that the scenery and objects to which he had become familiarized in infancy, would have retained their ascendency. The more especially, as he procured a collection of the finest Italian fruits, drawings, and designs, and studied them with pleasure, though without any improvement of his taste. It was said that he had more delight in contemplating his repository of old draperies and turbans, armors and weapons, which he jocularly called antique, than the works of Grecian artists, or even the compositions of Raphael.

The genuine works of Rembrandt are rarely met with, and yield incredible prices. The greater number are preserved in the costly collections of English noblemen. Some adorn the Ducal palace at Florence, where the portrait of the artist, painted by himself, may be seen in the gallery of artists. A few remain at Genoa, one or two at Turin, and several in the cabinets of the French king and the Duke of Orleans.—*London Juvenile Library.*

Anecdote of Tyndal.

WILLIAM TYNDAL was a remarkable man. He lived, too, in a remarkable age—in the sixteenth century—at the time of the great strife between Popery and the Protestant religion. He translated the Bible into English, and had it printed. As an instance of his fearlessness, this story is told of him: One day he was walking with another priest, who said, "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's." But Tyndal cried out, indignantly, "I defy the Pope and his laws! If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause the boy who driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than you do."

Adventures of a Half Dollar.

DURING thirty-six years of wandering through this busy, changing world of ours, in how many interesting scenes must you have borne an important part! How many, who once called you their own, are now where they neither buy, or sell, or get gain! These were some of the reflections forced upon my mind as my attention was accidentally directed to the date of a half dollar piece, which I held in my hand. Once started upon this track of thought, my mind wandered long amid the adventures which I supposed must have befallen our hero, during so many years of travel, and I thought I would like to know the history of a part, at least, of these adventures. Supposing that some of the readers of the YOUTH'S CABINET might possibly have a degree of the same curiosity, if introduced to our adventurer, I have concluded to let him tell his own story, without informing them whether it was communicated to me in visions of the day or night; or whether the incidents related are strictly true; though I will just observe that I do not think them very improbable.

"You are not mistaken," said our hero, "in supposing that I must have met with many interesting adventures during the years I have been wandering about the world; and I have no objection to gratify your curiosity by relating some of them. Indeed, without vanity, I think I may say, that my extensive travels have given me a knowledge of men and things, not possessed by every one; and I am happy to have the opportunity of communicating the information thus obtained—hoping it may prove useful to some who, hereafter, may have the disposal of me.

"I have only an imperfect recollection of my earlier history; but I well remember that I had not been long in the world, before I was convinced that I was destined to be the instrument, both of much good and of much evil; a conclusion which has been strengthened by my whole subsequent history. To commence with the first incident which occurs to me. One new-year's day, I was transferred from the pocket of an aged gentleman to that of his grandson, as a new-year's gift. We were soon in the street; my young friend, passing slowly along, apparently considering what disposition he should make of me. We paused for a moment before a window, where were displayed many tempting articles in the toy and confectionery line. I thought my fate was sealed; but we passed on. We soon came to another shop of a similar description, where my young friend was met by a lad of his own age, who accosted him by saying, 'Let us go in here, Henry, and buy something.' 'Not now, George; I don't wish to purchase any thing here.' 'Why not? Have you not been furnished with spending money to-day?' 'Oh, yes; but I have determined to spend it for another purpose. Confectionery soon melts in one's mouth; and as for toys, I tire of them, after I have had them a short time.' 'How, then, shall you spend your money?' 'I intend to purchase a book with it.' 'A book? Nonsense! We have enough of books

at school; come, go in with me.' 'No, George, I have made up my mind; so good-bye.'

"We proceeded to the bookstore; here Henry was somewhat at a loss which to choose among so many books; but his teacher coming in just then, assisted him to select a valuable one, which he carried home with great satisfaction. As it had been purchased with his own money, Henry thought it would be a pity not to get his penny's worth out of it. So he read it with great attention. By this means, a strong desire for intellectual improvement took possession of his mind. Proceeding from step to step, he at length, by his powerful intellect and commanding talents, has risen to a station of great importance and influence; yet he distinctly traces his present enviable position, to the disposition he made of his new-year's gift.

"On another occasion, I found myself in the pocket of a clerk in the city of New York. William S—— had just come from the country; and amid the thronging multitude of a great city, he was alone. Separated from all he had known and loved, he felt a sense of loneliness, and an aching void, which he must seek to fill with something. Under the influence of these feelings, he determined to visit the theatre—'just for once.' Conscience told him it was wrong; and as he drew me forth to obtain his ticket, the sudden thought of his mother and sister at home made him blush. Ah! when a young man blushes to think of a pious mother or sister, he may know that he is purchasing a ticket for admission to the highway that leads to destruction. This was the first time William S—— ever attended the theatre; but it was not the last. He was soon plunged in a course of dissipation, and is now the inmate of a penitentiary.

"Not long after, I found myself in the possession of a youthful female, in the humbler walks of life. I heard her observe to a companion, 'I intend to purchase a couple of books, that I have seen advertised, with this money. Books are so cheap, in these days, that I do not see why we may not treat ourselves to one now and then, as well as those who are richer.' I was pleased with this determination, for I had often had occasion to remark the salutary effect of a valuable book upon the mind and heart of the youthful reader. But I soon learned that between a good and a bad book there was the greatest possible difference; and while the former exerts a powerful influence for good, the latter is still more potent in the production of evil. The book chosen by my young friend was of the latter class. Had the pompous advertisements, which unfortunately arrested her attention, been translated into the sober language of truth, they would have read much as follows: 'This book, from the pen of the popular author ———, disrobes vice of every repulsive aspect—represents the man whose crimes are of the darkest dye, as a noble hero, untrammeled by narrow-minded prejudice—sneers at moral principle, the noblest element of human character, as bigotry and intolerance—and in proportion to its influence over the mind of the reader, unfits him to take just views of life, or to grapple with its stern realities. All this amount

of moral poison may be had at the low rate of twenty-five cents.' I shrink from detailing the fatal consequences which resulted to my young friend from the perusal of these works. It is sufficient to say, that but for their perusal, she might have been what she now is not—respected and virtuous.

"Sometime after this, I found myself in the possession of a pious mother, in somewhat straitened circumstances. To my surprise, I was carefully laid aside for a considerable time, till I came to the conclusion that I was reserved to act my part on some important occasion. Nor was I mistaken. After a time, her only son began to make preparations to leave home, for the purpose of seeking his fortune in the world. He was a giddy youth, and had given but little heed to the prayers and instructions of his pious mother. The day previous to his departure, his mother drew me from the place where I had been safely deposited, and taking me to the village store, inquired for a Bible. I saw the tear moisten her eye, as she handed me out in exchange for the volume she had selected. The still, twilight hour, was chosen as the time to present her gift. Placing it in the hands of her son, she said to him, with a voice tremulous with emotion, 'My dear son, take this as a parting gift—make it the man of your counsel, and the guide of your youth. You will be exposed to all the snares and temptations of a city life, and I shall not be near to warn you of danger; but heed the counsels here given, and you will be saved from every snare.' The youth was soon far away from his country home; but the Bible given under these affecting circumstances, and the parting words that accompanied it, were not forgotten. He was saved from guilt and sorrow.

"I will not tax your patience by relating other incidents of my eventful career. One of the conditions of my being, which I have often lamented, has been the inability to give a word of advice, when greatly needed by those who have owned me. Could I convey a just idea of the consequences which have followed the proper or improper disposal of me, by the various persons into whose hands I have fallen, I am confident that none of my future possessors would be willing to incur the responsibility of dismissing me from their hands for improper objects." M.

The Orphan Boy.

"He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak."

THE bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock, and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late strife, the hardships of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and starting up, I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock.

Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned toward him, for I too had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked to me in confidence, of his mother, whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lightened his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was leveled at me, and by interposing his feeble cutlass, had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire if he was hurt, though, at the time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant, in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I leaped to my feet and exclaimed, "You don't mean it? He is not dying?"

"I fear, sir," said the messenger, shaking his head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."

"And I have been lying idle here!" I exclaimed, with remorse. "Lead me to him!"

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lunacy, asks for you, sir;" and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bedside of the dying boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his usual hammock, for it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was too stifling; but he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the schooner was in motion, while the clear, calm, blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a current of wind—oh! how deliciously cool in that pent-up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was opened and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound of which he was dying, had been intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bed-clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand, and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said, "He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?" As he spoke he lifted up a rich gold locket, which had laid upon the boy's breast. "He has seen better days."

I could not answer, for my heart was full. Here was the being to whom, but a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, fraill, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow; and yet I had never known his danger, and never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me in that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend—the seaman that held his head—said sadly, "Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one"—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked in a low voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's hand; "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said, "You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude, unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have."

I burst into tears—he resumed:

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

"Can I do nothing for you, Dick?" said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me buried by mother—you'll find the name of the place, and all about it, in my trunk."

"Any thing, every thing, my poor lad," I answered, chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long way up there—but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and, lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears. The child was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voices? God grant it.—*Selected.*

Facts to be Remembered.

OUR friend Burleigh, the editor of the Charter Oak, tells the following story about a town which he visited in Massachusetts: "There have been in the town, since its incorporation, thirty-eight taverners. Of these, three died of delirium tremens; seven became intemperate; one died in the poor-house; eighteen lost all their property; seventeen did not improve their pecuniary condition by the business; three only acquired property; four were cursed with intemperate wives; twenty-five sons and four daughters became intemperate!"

Familiar Conversations on Botany.

BY THEODORE THINKER.

NUMBER VI.

THEODORE. Well, my little friends, what shall we talk about next? Perhaps you have got tired of the subject of trees, by this time. I should not wonder at all if you had. We have had a number of conversations about them.

GEORGE. No, Mr. Thinker, I don't believe any of us are tired of the subject. I am sure I am not. But I would like to ask a question here, if you have no objection.

EMMA. And I want to ask one, too, Mr. Thinker.

T. Well, one at a time, if you please. George, what is your question?

G. It seems there is a great difference in the age and size of different species of trees. Is there any way in which we can tell whether a tree or any other vegetable is long-lived or short-lived, by the looks of it?

T. I don't know that I exactly understand your question, George. Let me see if I do. There are two great divisions of plants that have flowers. The plants of one of these divisions live a great while, and those of the other are, comparatively, short-lived. Do you wish to know how to distinguish them?

G. Yes, sir. But this is only a part of what I want to know.

T. Aye, I see what you want. You would like to know every thing at once. Not too fast, my dear George. I can't let you into all the secrets of Botany in a half hour. But I will tell you something about the plants that are usually short-lived, and those which live longer.

JOSEPHINE. Mr. Thinker, can we tell how old any plant is by cutting it crosswise? Do they all have rings like the trees we have been talking about?

T. No, there are thousands of herbs and shrubs that have no such layers. There are some trees, too, that are destitute of them; and we can only guess at the age of such plants, unless we remember how long they have been growing, or unless we compare their size with other plants of the same species whose ages we are acquainted with.

J. Why don't wheat and rye grow till they become trees?

G. I can answer that question. Because the frost kills them.

T. That is not the reason, George. The stalk of the different species of grain becomes yellow and almost lifeless, long enough before the frost comes. The vegetable kingdom, according to the natural system of Jussieu, is divided into two races: first, plants that have no flowers, and secondly, plants with flowers. Those belonging to the first division are nearly all short-lived. The ferns, mosses, toad-stools, liverworts, belong here. They are the lowest forms of vegetation.

The flowering plants are again subdivided into two groups. The first comprises those plants the seeds of which have but one lobe. When the young plant comes up out of the earth it has but one leaf. The second

has two seed-lobes, and as it rises from the ground, it has two or more appendages somewhat resembling its leaves, which are in reality only the lobes of the seed, divided. At first, these appendages, or false leaves, are yellow or white; but, gradually, they become green, and perform the office of leaves in digesting the food of the plant. When the true leaves appear, however, these false ones wither and fall off. Botanists call these embryo leaves COTYLEDONS. Plants that in their infancy exhibit only one cotyledon, are MONOCOTYLEDONS. Those that have two are DICOTYLEDONS.

E. These are pretty hard words, Mr. Thinker.

T. So they are; but I did not make them.

G. You use them, though.

T. Well, it seems to be desirable that you should learn some of the technical words used in Botany. I shall

THE LIGN ALOE—AN ENDOGEN.

not trouble you with a great many, however. Now the plants with one cotyledon, when they grow up, increase in diameter, not by separate layers of wood and bark, but by a gradual extension or pushing out of the old fibres.

J. What are some of the plants that grow in this way?

T. The wheat and rye are specimens. So are Indian corn, and the canes which we use for fishing rods. Now as they increase in diameter, as it were, from within, or from the circumference toward the centre, they are called by a Greek word signifying an INSIDE GROWER. The Greek word is ENDOGEN. These plants are necessarily comparatively small and short-lived; for, increasing as they do, by pressing the fibres outward, which hardens the outside, by and by the plant must stop growing. It cannot produce new layers on the outside, and it becomes so hard that it can no longer

extend by the pressure from within. All endogens are short-lived, on this account. Many tropical plants are endogens.

The century plant, of which I told you something a year ago, is a remarkable specimen of this structure. The ALOE, which resembles it somewhat, is another. I have had an engraving prepared for you. This is also a tropical plant. It grows near the equator.

The other great division of flowering plants have two seed-lobes, or cotyledons, and increase in diameter by successive layers. These, on account of the manner of their growth, are called EXOGENS, or OUTSIDE GROWERS. Nearly all the trees belong to this division. As plants of this description grow by forming new layers of wood, there is scarcely any limit to their growth. The tree may become dead at the

BRANCH OF THE OLIVE-TREE—AN EXOGEN.

heart, as an old tree frequently does, but it goes on increasing in size just the same. Every year there is a new circle formed by another layer of wood.

G. But, Mr. Thinker, if a tree is rotten at the heart, I should think it would not be so healthy. I am sure the sap cannot circulate so abundantly.

T. You are mistaken. Have I ever told you through what part of the wood the sap goes up?

G. No, sir, I think not.

T. Well, the sap goes up through the new layers of wood, and never through the heart-wood. The new wood, by the way, is called the ALBURNUM, and the heart-wood the DURAMEN.

J. But does not the sap circulate downward through the duramen, as you call it?

T. No, the sap does not proceed downward through any part of the wood. It descends through the inner layer of bark, the layer next the wood.

The preceding plant is an exogen. It is not the whole tree, but only a branch of it. It is a branch of the OLIVE TREE. The olive grows in warm climates. The tree, as you are aware, grows abundantly in Palestine. There is a spot near Jerusalem, called the Mount of Olives, on which there is a large number of these trees. This spot must be dear to every one who loves Christ, from the fact, that while he was on earth, he frequently visited it. The olive sometimes attains a very great age. There are eight olive-trees now growing in Jerusalem, which are proved to have been there previous to the taking of that city by the Turks. Of course they must be at least eight hundred years old.

J. I don't see but all plants which live to be old must be trees, as a matter of course.

T. No; there are some exogens which live a great many years, and yet they do not become trees.

J. How do they grow, then?

T. They don't grow in diameter all the time. They send out great numbers of branches, and increase in this way. The rose-bush, for instance, will live many years, and still be nothing but a shrub, though it accumulates vast quantities of wood in the form of branches. There is said to be a damask rose-bush, near Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania, which is known to be more than a hundred years old, having been planted before the year 1743.

G. Are beans endogens?

T. No.

G. But they never live but one season.

T. True. I did not mean to be understood that all exogens are long-lived, but that endogens, from their very structure, must all be short-lived, and all the plants which attain considerable age must belong to the group called exogens. But, George, you could have easily told whether the bean was an endogen or an exogen, without asking me?

G. Yes, by cutting it crosswise, and seeing if there were layers of wood in circles.

T. No, that would not tell you. These circles are formed only once a year, you know; and as the bean never grows more than one year, it cannot have these circles.

G. How could I find out, then?

J. I can tell.

T. Well, how is it, Josephine?

J. Why, you said, Mr. Thinker, that all plants with two cotyledons were exogens.

T. True; but how did you know that the bean is a dicotyledon?

J. Because I have seen it coming up out of the ground, and it always has two miniature leaves at first. The other day, Margaret, my mother's cook, came running into the house to tell us that a bean she had been planting had come up wrong end foremost. She was very much distressed about it, and said she had just been taking it up and putting the other end of the foolish thing down in the ground where it belonged.

T. Well, did it grow again?

J. No, sir, it died.

T. I have not a doubt of it. Margaret will do well to let her beans have their own way next time. They are a little obstinate about some things.

Witchcraft at Home and Abroad.*

NUMBER III.

WHEN the excitement about witchcraft was at its highest point, in England, there were certain men who devoted themselves especially to finding witches. They made a regular trade of it, and so were called *witch-finders*. A man, by the name of Matthew Hopkins, seems to have been a leader of this class. He traveled all over the country, in search of those supposed to be possessed of an evil spirit. The means he resorted to, and which were approved by the wise and good, might excite laughter, if they were not too frightful. Whenever Hopkins visited a place, he exacted a fee of twenty shillings; and, for this sum, he engaged to clear the community of witches. The first thing to be accomplished, in examining a suspected person, was to find the mark which the witch received from the evil one. In order to find this mark, Hopkins resorted to all the ingenuity of which he was capable. He often thrust pins into the flesh of the suspected ones, to make them confess. He wrapped them in sheets, with the great toes and thumbs tied together, and dragged them through ponds or rivers. Then, if they sunk, it was held as a sign that the waters did not reject them; and as water is the element used in baptism, they were regarded as pure, and were cleared. But, if the poor creatures floated, as they usually would do, at at least, for a time, they were declared guilty, and doomed to suffer death. Sometimes this wretch kept the victims of his zeal awake for forty-eight hours, and allowed them no food, as an inducement to make them confess. They were often glad to escape from life, to avoid the cruel tortures he imposed upon them. If a person could not shed tears at command, or missed a word in reciting the Lord's Prayer, according to the creed of Professor Hopkins, he was certainly in league with the devil. It was Hopkins, doubtless, who is alluded to in Hudibras

> "Fully prepared to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out;
> And has he not, within this year,
> Hanged three score of them in one shire,
> Some only for not being drowned,
> And some for sitting above ground?"

However, the tide finally set against this Hopkins. He was obliged, one day, by a party of indignant men, to try his own favorite test upon himself. He was thrown into the river. According to his own theory, he ought to have been hung; for he escaped: the water rejected him. But those who gave him the ducking were satisfied with the joke, when they saw him reach the shore; and, with rather more mercy than usually falls to the lot of a mob, they let him go. But his history ceases here. He was never heard of again.

During the era of the Long Parliament, three thousand persons are said to have perished on the charge of witchcraft. Sir Matthew Hale, one of

* Continued from page 298.

the most enlightened men of his time, whose memory is now held in great respect, once tried and condemned two women for the crime of bewitching children, and similar offences. One of the charges against these old women, which was proved in court, we must mention. It is characteristic of many. They wanted to buy some herrings of a dealer in fish—he refused to sell—they gave him some exhibition of their powers of scolding, and left him. But, mark! the fish-monger's child was soon after taken sick; and the old women bewitched the child, of course! Another crime, of which one of these women was found guilty, was, stopping the wagon of a cartman. The man drove his cart against the house of the woman; she was angry, and immediately after, the man tried to go through a gate; but his cart stuck fast, without touching either post. It was in vain the poor woman attempted to clear herself of the charge of bewitching the cart She was condemned, and so was her companion. Sir Matthew Hale turned them both over to the hangman! This was in 1664.

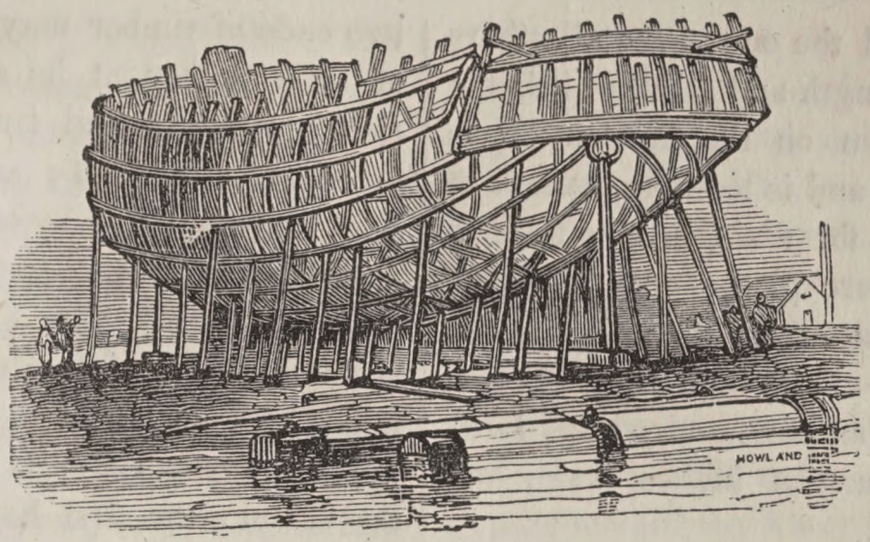
As late as 1711, Chief Justice Powell presided at a trial, where a woman was found guilty. The judge, however, turned the whole thing into ridicule. He asked the jury if they found the woman "guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" They replied, "We do find her guilty of that." The woman was pardoned.

The writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review, to whom we have before alluded, as the author of the article from which most of our facts are drawn, remarks, after noticing the last case: "Yet, frightful to think, after all this, as late as 1716, Mrs. Hicks, and her daughter, aged nine years, were hanged, at Huntingdon, for selling their souls to the devil, and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap! With this crowning atrocity, the catalogue of murders in England closes."

It was time it had closed. It was a long and a black one. Barrington, a man who has devoted much attention to the subject, does not hesitate to estimate the number of those who were murdered, in England, on the charge of witchcraft, at *thirty thousand!*

We might follow the imaginary demon over to this side of the Atlantic, and glance at the history of his misdeeds in New England. But that is scarcely necessary. The chronicles of witchcraft among the Puritans are pretty well understood. There have always been historians ready to abuse New England. If, however, those only whose ancestors, in the seventeenth century, were without sin in the matter of witchcraft, should cast the first stones, New England would escape some pelting which she will otherwise have to suffer, as she has frequently suffered already.

Some people are so constituted, that there is a very small inlet by which other people's wit can get access to their brain; and you have to convince them, by argument, that there is a certain joke to be laughed at. That is dull business.—*Theodore Thinker.*



Building and Launching Ships.

READER, would you like to know how ships are built, and launched from the dry dock into the water? If you would, we intend to give you a chance. The London Juvenile Library has given us some valuable information on the subject, and we shall take the liberty of drawing pretty freely from that article. The pictures which we have had engraved will assist you in understanding the description.

At the commencement of building a ship, the proportional size of every part is laid down by the ship-draftsman, who prepares drawings of the vessel in various points of view, which represent the dimensions, not merely of the vessel itself, but of the principal timbers composing it, with their curves and angles carefully defined. These drawings are generally on a scale of a quarter of an inch to the foot, and from them, on the floor of the mould-loft, the draftsman chalks outlines of the timbers enlarged to the size of the vessel.

Thin pieces of pine board are then cut, and fitted accurately to the numerous curvatures of the lines. These pieces of board, called moulds, or moulding pieces, are used as patterns by the sawyers, to cut the oak timbers for the ship. In preparing the timbers, great care and judgment are required, as the wood must be chosen, not only to avoid waste, but that the grain of the wood may be cut across as little as possible, as it greatly weakens the timber; crooked trunks are therefore chosen for the curved timbers.

The building slip is a piece of land dug out rather wider than the ship to be built, and is at right angles with and sloping toward the river. The upper part is level with the ground; but the lower is several feet below it, opening to the river, with gates to shut out the water. The timbers, when properly shaped by the sawyer, are removed to the building slip, where a row of blocks is placed, on which the ship is to be formed. They are ranged five or six feet apart, and the upper parts of them adjusted to form a straight line, inclining toward the river. If we compare the hull of a ship to the skeleton of the human body, the keel may be considered as the spine, and the timbers as ribs. The keel, being the principal part of

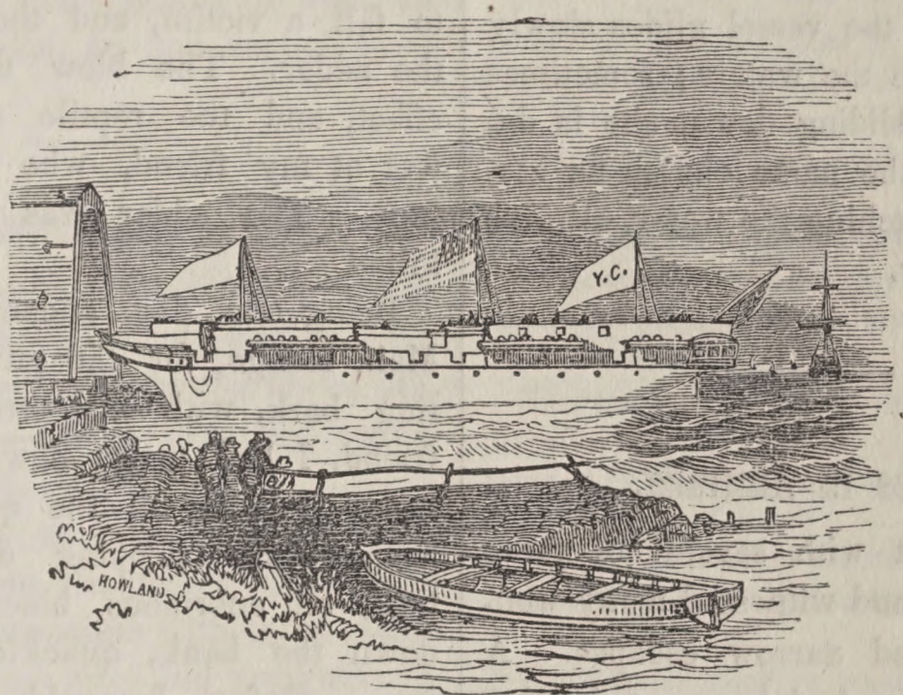
the vessel, and the one above all others requiring strength and solidity, it is the first laid down on the blocks. It is made of elm, and is too long, except in small vessels, for a single tree to form it; two or more pieces are, therefore, united, or "scarfed," as it is termed. For ships of a thousand tons burden, the keel is about one hundred and forty feet long, fourteen inches wide, and fifteen deep.

The sides and ends of the keel are grooved and cut, to receive the different timbers and pieces of wood forming the frame-work of the hull. Two of these timbers form the main support of the vessel, and are called the stem and the stern; the first curves up from the higher end of the keel, and the latter rises nearly perpendicularly from the lower end—a ship being always built with the stem toward the water. Both of these timbers are formed of oak, and are fastened in a most substantial manner. To the stem-post are attached transoms, fashion pieces, etc., the shape of which, when fixed, gives the elegant curve to the stem of the vessel; to the stem, other pieces are fastened to secure it to the keel and to the timbers forming the hull, while others form a support for the end of the bowsprit. These heavy pieces of timber are hauled up to their places by strong pulleys and ropes, and are shored up by poles from the ground to keep them steady.

The ribs of the ship are of too great a size to be formed of one piece, and therefore each rib is built up of separate pieces, the name of which is "futtocks." These pieces are placed, some end to end, and others side by side, in such a manner that the joint of two ends of timber may have a support of solid timber at its side. The ribs rise to different and irregular heights, to adjust afterward; and the opposite sides are supported by temporary wooden braces, or "cross-spalls," which are nailed to them. The form of the hull is thus given in a rough manner. The keel, the stem-post, and the stern, form the three great supports of the frame of the vessel; the first horizontal, the second rising upright from one end, and the third curving up from the other. Among the timbers, which are afterward added to the vessel, are three, called the "keel-row," the "stem-row," and the "stern-row," which are interior representatives of those just named. The "keel-row" is fixed on the floor timbers immediately over the keel, and forms the part on which the blocks to support the masts are placed; it is secured by bolts, which pass through it and the keel. The "stern-row" and "stem-row" give internal support to the ends of the ship. The whole of the frame is braced together by "riders," formed of wood or iron, which cross several of the timbers, and are bolted to each. The frame thus formed is covered with planks, laid in a horizontal direction, and from three to six inches thick. They are formed of oak, and are frequently thirty feet long. They are firmly bolted to the timbers, and the slight spaces between them are filled with oakum (made of old cables pulled to shreds, and formed into a kind of loose rope about an inch in thickness), which is driven in to a depth equal to the thickness of the planks. The whole is then covered with hot melted pitch and rosin, and

rendered completely water tight. The outside of the vessel being completed, the interior is divided into compartments, according to the purposes the ship is intended for. The decks, port-holes, and magazine of a man-of-war, require different arrangements from those of a merchant vessel.

The launching of a ship takes place before the hull has been sheathed or coated with copper; and also, before the masts, yards, bowsprit, rudder, ropes, and sails are fitted; as the height of the vessel from the ground in the building slip, the angle at which it slopes to the water, and the difficulty in getting into the vessel, render it more convenient after than before, it is deemed better to postpone the sheathing until the soundness of the bare planking has been tested by immersion in the water. As we before explained, the ship is built on a row of blocks sloping toward the water; these blocks form a central support to the vessel during its construction, and it is further



A SHIP JUST AFTER LAUNCHING.

supported by poles placed against the sides. As the time for launching approaches, these supports are removed, and two "slippery paths" are formed, down which the vessel may glide to the water. These operations require great nicety and skill to ensure success. Along the building slip on each side of the keel, and about one sixth of the vessel's width from it, is laid an inclined platform of wood, raised several feet from the ground, and supported by blocks, with a flat upper surface, inclining toward the river, but more sloping than the keel; this is called the "sliding-plank." On this is laid a long timber, called a "bilge-way," with a smooth under surface, and upon this timber is raised a frame-work, reaching up to the hull; this frame-work is called the "cradle." Between the "bilge-way" and the "sliding-plank," a quantity of soap, tallow, and oil is laid, to diminish the friction during the sliding of the former.

It is necessary that the hull should be raised from the blocks under the keel, and supported by the "cradle." This

is effected by driving wedges under the "bilge-way," a hundred men being frequently employed, who, at a signal, drive at the same moment a hundred wedges. When the vessel is thus supported by the "bilge-ways" and "sliding-planks," she would be likely to slide down to the water of herself, if not prevented by a piece of wood, called a "dog-shore," which is fitted to the upper end of each "bilge-way." The arrangements being completed, two men knock away the "dog-shores" at a given signal; the vessel glides slowly downward into the waters; sometimes while she is sliding down, she is designated with the name chosen for her, and on her touching the water, all give a hearty cheer.

Snakes in Australia.

I HAVE met with several of these animals, and witnessed many wonderful and narrow escapes. A friend, who had been out shooting for some hours, coming home tired, without thought or reflection, was on the point of throwing himself on a stretcher to rest, when he was suddenly pulled back by a bystander, who had observed a tremendous brown snake coiled up on the opossum cloak. He was horrified, but providentially saved. The snake, of course, was soon dispatched.

Another friend, on a cruise, put his saddle down for a pillow at night, as usual, and on lifting up the saddle-flaps the next morning, he observed a deaf adder lying flat down. He soon dropped the saddle, and killed the snake. While giving our horses water one day, my cousin saw a black snake, half in and half out of the water: he shot it, and put it on an ant-hill to watch the ants at work. While so engaged, its mate came at us, passing over my instep, in a state of great excitement: it was also shot. On going over the Main Range, a deaf adder was observed creeping on a poor quail, which crouched on the ground fascinated; we allowed the poor bird to fall a victim, and then struck at the adder. The blow did not take effect, and the reptile sprang three feet at my friend, who escaped unhurt. The adder was subsequently killed.

Being one day encamped on the Main Range, for the purpose of cutting bark, with my brother and a friend, I had to go down to a little water hole to fill the quart pots for tea. While stooping down to my task, an enormous black snake slid down the bank, quacking and hissing. Before I could recover from my fright, he had passed over my arm, and up the opposite bank. I was too much terrified to shoot at him, though I had my gun at my side. Two more instances will suffice. A little girl, daughter of a friend of mine, playing on the verandah, was on the point of picking up what she thought a varnished piece of wood, so flat and straight was it extended, when her father called her back. The snake (for such it turned out to be), basking in the sun, proved to be a large diamond snake, about nine feet long. I was

sitting with my sister, after the children were put to bed, and having heard that a snake had been seen in the house during the day, we were frightened. While engaged in conversation, we heard noises of "Cah, cah, cah," issuing from the rafters and shingles; and, to our horror, beheld a nasty yellow snake hanging down over our heads, as if about to spring upon us. Up we started; a gun was soon brought to bear upon him, and he fell down. I found two mice inside of him, for which, no doubt, he had visited us.—*Selected.*

Evil Company.

THE following beautiful allegory, from the German, was translated—we think for the Home Magazine—by our excellent contributor, Mrs. St. Simon:

Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we would be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

The Treasures of Earth.

BY MISS L. LINWOOD.

THERE are precious gems in the ocean's bed;
There's wealth in the treasured mine;
And jewels lie deep, 'neath the dark sea-weed,
That were meet for a brighter shrine.

Rare flowers oft bloom, where the forest shade
Shuts out the beams of day;
Where no print, save the hoof of the lurking beast,
Ever tracked the lonely way.

It is not station that bestows
The dignity of worth;
The flower that wears the truest grace,
Bends lowliest to the earth.

It is not honor, fame, or power,
Or wealth, or lofty place,
But firm integrity of heart
Alone, that gives true grace.

There's a jewel that full oft lies hid,
Like pearls beneath the sea,
More priceless than a glittering toy,
Or a sparkling gem may be.

A jewel that will never dim,
Though moon and stars should fade;
Nor borrows any brilliancy,
From aught that hands have made.

A jewel that will grace the brow—
A precious name—'tis Truth;
A pearl of untold worth, to deck
The cabinet of youth.

The Preacher and Robbers.

A METHODIST preacher, several years ago, in Ireland, was journeying to the village where he had to dispense the word of life, according to the usual routine of his duty, and was stopped on his way by three robbers. One of them seized his bridle reins, another presented a pistol and demanded his money, and the third was a mere looker-on.

The grave and devoted man looked each and all of them in the face, and with great gravity and seriousness said, "Friends, did you pray to God before you left home? Did you ask God to bless you in your undertakings to-day?"

These questions startled them for a moment. Recovering themselves, one said, "We have no time to answer such questions; we want your money."

"I am a poor preacher of the Gospel," was the reply; "but what little money I have shall be given you." A few shillings was all he had to give.

"Have you not a watch?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, give it to us."

In taking his watch from his pocket, his saddle-bags were displayed.

"What have you here?" was the question again.

"I cannot say I have nothing in them but religious books, because I have a pair of shoes and a change of linen, also."

"We must have them."

The pious preacher dismounted. The saddle-bags were taken possession of, and no further demands were made. Instantly, the preacher began to unbutton his great-coat, and to throw it off his shoulders, at the same time asking, "Will you have my great-coat?"

"No," was the reply; "you are a generous man, and we will not take it."

He then addressed them as follows: "I have given you every thing you asked for, and would have given you more than you asked for; I have one favor to ask of you."

"What is that?"

"That you will kneel down and allow me to pray with you, and to pray to Almighty God in your behalf; to ask him to turn your hearts and put you upon better ways."

"I'll have nothing to do with the man's things," said the ringleader of them.

"Nor I either," said another of them.

"Here, take your watch—take your saddle-bags; if we have any thing to do with you, the judgments of God will overtake us."

So all the articles were returned That, however, did not satisfy the godly man. He urged prayer upon them. He knelt down; one of the robbers knelt with him; one prayed, the other wept, confessed his sin, and said it was the first time in his life he had done such a thing, and should be the last. How far he kept his word, is known only to Him to whom the darkness and the light are alike—to Him whose eyelids try the children of men.—*Selected.*

The Two Schoolmates.

A TRUE NARRATIVE WITH FICTITIOUS NAMES.

JOHN and George were schoolfellows in the little village of Barnfield. They had each a fondness for the water, and were always foremost by the river's brink, sailing their little boats, bathing, scaling flat bits of stone on the surface of the stream, and fishing. Many a time were the neighbors alarmed by the report that one or the other of the boys had fallen into the river, and as often did their parents look out at night with fearful anxiety for their return home.

They grew up and went to sea; not together, though at the same time, and from the same port. They met on a distant shore. Many were their talks about home. The names of their schoolmates were mentioned over and over again, especially those of Mary and Sophia, the young belles of their rustic community, to whom they were attached by the earliest and tenderest ties.

These voyages were prosperous, and the two young men soon returned. In the course of the year they were both promoted. By their temperate and orderly conduct, they commended themselves to their employers, and their superior officers. At length each was intrusted with the command of a large ship, sailing from New Orleans and Liverpool. They married each the object of his early love, and were as happy as worldly good could render them; soon, however, there was to be a change. They left New Orleans for Liverpool. One had a more rapid passage than the other, so that his ship, the Minerva, was discharged and put to sea from Liverpool before the Prince Harry arrived. Two days passed, and the third night hung over the waters, when the Minerva, driven by a fresh breeze, danced onward through the white waves, leaving the sea boiling and foaming behind her. A lantern hung on her foremast, but it gave light scarcely sufficient to show any object twenty yards ahead. The mate, however, whose eye was quick and keen, saw something like a shadow or a cloud rising and falling a few yards before the bows.

"A ship," was the cry; "helm a lee," the quick command; "hard up," repeated. But in a moment the Minerva struck the dimly-seen and deeply-laden vessel, which went down, cargo, crew, and passengers. Not a groan was heard, not a floating object seen; not a token of the little world known. She was the Prince Harry, and George was her captain! When the Minerva returned to New Orleans, John heard with amazement that the Prince Harry had not reached Liverpool, although she was reported about two hundred miles from the English coast. "Ah!" said John, "it is too evident George was lost on that fatal night. Can it be that my friend went down beneath my own gallant ship! Would that we had never known each other; or that we had sailed to different ports. Nay, that I had never stood on a deck, nor listened to the voice of old ocean."

The widow and children of George

were soon sought by the sympathizing and heart-broken John. He was their friend and patron even to their utmost need. That night is a gloom in the memory of John. He never speaks of it but with tears. Little did these friends think when, like some who will read this account, they trod the lawn together, and played by the river's brink, that in after years, so far from their homes, and in such circumstances, the one would go out of the world, and the other be left to mourn. How little do we know what is before us! How kind should little children be to one another in their school days, that they may not have occasion for remorse when one or the other shall be no more on earth. And how earnest should they be to prepare for every thing that may take place, by giving their hearts to the Lord.—*Selected.*

Wisdom Learned from a Horse.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a very high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment with kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed of the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, and show yourself the wiser creature of the two."—*Selected.*

"Diogenes, being asked of what beast the bite was most dangerous, answered, 'Of wild beasts, that of a slanderer; of tame, that of a flatterer.'"

Song for the Season.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Look out, look out, there are shadows about;
The forest is donning its doublet of brown,
The willow tree sways with a gloomier flout,
Like a beautiful face with a gathering frown!
'Tis true we all know that Summer must go,
That the swallow will never stay long in our eaves;
Yet we'd rather be watching the wild rose blow,
Than be counting the colors of Autumn leaves!

Look high, look high, there's the lace-winged fly,
Thinking he's king of a fairy realm,
As he swings with delight on the gossamer tie,
That is link'd 'mid the boughs of the sun-tipped elm.

Alas ! poor thing, the first rustle will bring
The pillars to dust, where your pleasure-clue weaves,
And many a spirit, like thine, will cling
To hopes that depend upon Autumn leaves !

Look low, look low, the night-gusts blow,
And the restless forms in hectic red,
Come whirling and sporting wherever we go,
Lighter in dancing, as nearer the dead !
Oh ! who has not seen rare hearts, that have been
Painted and panting, in garb that deceives,
Dashing gaily along in their fluttering sheen
With Despair at the core, like the Autumn leaves !

Look on, look on, morn breaketh upon
The hedge-row boughs, in their withering hue
The distant orchard is sallow and wan,
But the apple and nut gleam richly through.
Oh ! well it will be if our life, like the tree,
Shall be found, when old Time of green beauty bereaves,
With the fruit of good works for the Planter to see
Shining out in Truth's harvest, through Autumn leaves !

Merrily pours, as it sings and soars,
The west wind over the land and seas,
Till it plays in the forest and moans and roars,
Seeming no longer a mirthful breeze !
So Music is blest, till it meeteth a breast
That is probed by the strain, while Memory grieves
To think it was sung by a loved one at rest,
Then it comes like the sweet wind in Autumn leaves !

Not in an hour are leaf and flower
Stricken in freshness, and swept to decay ;
By gentle approaches, the frost and the shower,
Make ready the sap veins for falling away !
And so is Man made to as peacefully fade,
By the tear that he sheds, and the sigh that he heaves,
For he's loosened from earth by each trial-cloud's shade,
Till he's willing to go, as the Autumn leaves !

Look back, look back, and you'll find the track
Of human hearts, strown thickly o'er
With Joy's dead leaves, all dry and black,
And every year still flinging more.
But the soil is fed, where the branches are shed
For the furrow to bring forth fuller sheaves,
And so is our trust in the Future spread
In the gloom of Mortality's Autumn leaves

London Weekly Dispatch.

Natural Gas Lights.

In the village of Wigmore, England, as we learn from a late London paper, there are fields which yield a natural gas, that burns as well as the gas manufactured on purpose for burning, and gives light just the same. This vapor, with which the ground is charged at a little distance below the surface, is obtained in the following manner: A hole is made in the cellar of the house, or other locality, with an iron rod; a hollow tube is then placed in it, fitted with a burner similar to those used for ordinary gas-lights; and immediately on applying a flame to the jet, a soft and brilliant light is obtained, which may be kept burning at pleasure. The gas is very pure, quite free from any offensive smell, and does not stain the ceilings, as is generally the case with the manufactured article. Besides lighting rooms, it has been used for cooking; and indeed seems capable of the same applications as prepared carbureted hydrogen. There are several fields in which the phenomenon exists, and children are seen boring holes and setting the gas on fire for amusement. It is now about twelve months since the discovery was made; and a great many of the curious have visited, and still continue to visit, the spot.

"'There were three hours and a half lost by you this morning,' a superintendent said to a tardy teacher. 'I was only *half an hour* late,' he replied. 'True,' said the superintendent, 'but there were *seven scholars* waiting for you.'"

My Little Sister.

She hath a round and dimpled arm,
And shoulders white and fair;
She hath a pure and open brow,
Unclouded all by care.

She hath a loving, dark blue eye,
That speaketh nought of guile,
And 'round her red and pouting lip
There curls a happy smile.

But, oh! she is the little one,
The youngest of the three;
There's centered all our love and pride—
A darling babe is she.

And she was born when Autumn's shades
Were gathering all around,
When the rude blast sent yellow leaves
All mourning to the ground.

But still she seems a cherished thing,
An angel pure and bright,
Sent down to cheer us through the gloom
Of winter's dreary night. ADA

Canton, N. Y. Sept. 1847.

Manhood Judged by Youth.

Old age reels under the dissipations of youth. An uncivil boy makes an insolent, surly man. Insubordination in the boy results in manhood rebellious and impatient under wholesome restraint. Untamed passion in a youth expiates its offences in the dungeon or on the scaffold. We judge of manhood by the aspect which youth wears. Ask thy fathers, and they will tell thee. Men who have been disappointed in life; men who have been most successful; men who have borne the highest honors of a nation—all will tell you, that the good or the evil of their youth has attended them at every step, and marked and controlled their career.—*Selected.*

EDITORIAL TABLE-TALK.

HERE is a brief extract from a long communication. We wish we could publish the whole. But we are sure the writer's partiality for an individual leads him to frame a eulogy much more enthusiastic than that individual would care to see in print. The writer will excuse us, if we copy only the following from his exceedingly well written letter:

"MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We subscribed for the YOUTH'S CABINET the other day, and we have found it a handsome and agreeable little production. We did not forget to peruse it as fast as it could pass from one to another, and even in the manner of a circle crowding to catch a glimpse of its pure, white pages, and pretty stories; so that we might have presented a funny spectacle enough. It was a May number; and when I saw that in answer to a request by the editor, some school-girls, in Pennsylvania, had written a little article descriptive of their circumstances and the scenery of their village, I was tempted to do the same. And you must not esteem me an enthusiast, if I tell you that Sardinia is a delightful country town in Erie county, and that nature has crowded the loveliest beauties in a vale of a hundred inhabitants. It takes superlative skill to picture even striking attractions of scenery, so as to please and interest the reader; and I will be as brief and concise as possible. But I am at my wit's end how to begin. Prattling rivulets, smiling fields, majestic trees, towering hills, and delightful airs! They are so frequently scribbled about and praised, that I am half sorry I thought to say any thing hereon. Indeed, I will not. Pray do not be offended at my inconstancy of purpose. But I will rather praise the enchanting and quiet morality and happiness of the people."

So he does, with a witness.

How happy those little children are this bright autumn morning, on their way to school. It is pleasant to see them enjoying themselves in this manner. They are full of life. See them play. How charming to hear their sweet voices ring in tones of merriment. We cannot bear to see a child sad. It grieves us to see the tears chasing each other down his cheek. But these little boys and girls are happy enough, if we can judge by their playfulness. We wonder if they all think who it is that makes them so happy—who gives them food and raiment—who keeps them alive and well? Little boy, did you offer a prayer to your kind heavenly Father this morning? Little girl, did you? You will not forget God, dear children, will you? Wait a moment. Here is a pretty hymn for you. You may learn it, if you please. And don't you think it would be a very good hymn to use as a prayer, every day, before you go away to school? We think it would.

THE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

The morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

Oh, make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace;
Make me like thee,
Then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. VII.

A correspondent sends the following, which Ann Eliza will see has some particular reference to her. What a multitude of perils authors do have! We suppose that the writer must be "Little Patty's" aunt, though we don't know certainly: "Aunt Patty has tried to guess the enigma of Ann Eliza, in the October number of the CABINET, and Aunt Patty guesses that Ann Eliza has made two or three mistakes.

"Daniel was a holy man. Adams is the statesman. The infectious fever is not the *mesles;* perhaps she means the measles, but that is not a fair statement, even if she had known how to spell it right. There is no such flower as *jasmine;* it should be *jasmin* or *jessamine.* Idleness is a great evil, and the editor of the Cabinet wears a Smile when he is pleased. Lime is an important article for building, and these words will give us James Island; but Aunt Patty has looked through Willard's History, and Willson's History of the American Revolution, without finding the name of any such place distinguished for an *important battle.* Aunt Patty thinks that girls who make riddles ought to be careful."

So much for Aunt Patty's communication. The editor begs leave to say one word in relation to this matter. He agrees with Aunt Patty, that girls ought to be careful when they make riddles. We have scolded a good deal about this already, and mean to scold more, if the little folks don't look out. But we think that our good aunts ought to be particularly careful when they attempt to correct mistakes in little girls' enigmas. Aunt Patty must wipe the dust off from her spectacles, before she plays the critic again. The truth is, that the flower is spelled correctly, as any one with tolerably good eye-sight may see, by consulting Webster's quarto Dictionary, where *jasmine* and *jasmin* are both given. There is too much dust on those spectacles of yours, Aunt Patty—depend upon it.

ENIGMA NUMBER VIII.

The following very pretty geographical enigma was composed without any assistance by a little boy in Louisiana, only eight years old. He is a son of one of our valued correspondents, and his name is THOMAS KENNEDY. We shall be glad to hear from you again, Master Thomas, if you should happen to make another enigma as good as this:

I am a name in twenty-three letters. My 1, 21, 2, 12, 17, is one of the United States; my 2, 10, 10, 4, 12, 15, 2, 5, is one of the United States; my 23, 21, 6, 11, 5, is a county in Virginia; my 9, 20, 16, 6, is a county in North Carolina; my 11, 8, 4, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania; my 8, 15, 5, 5, is a county in Ohio; my 10, 7, 11, is a

county in Virginia; my 1, 21, 22, 2, 15, 3, is a county in Georgia; my 1, 15, 3, 8, 15, 11, is a county in Mississippi; my 1, 21, 5, 15, 12, is a county in Kentucky; my 14, 15, 12, 15, 10, 21, is a county in Mississippi; my 5, 2, 1, 9, 5, 15, 12, is a county in Kentucky; my 6, 2, 14, 16, 15, 18, is a county in Tennessee; my 10, 21, 14, 11, 17, 8, is a county in Michigan; my 5, 15, 1, 11, 8, 5, 11, 6, is a county in New Jersey; my 21, 10, 10, 11, 12, is a county in Indiana; my 9, 7, 15, 8, 13, 21, is a county in Illinois; my 10, 2, 12, 18, is a county in Missouri. My whole is a hard name for a little boy to understand.

ANSWER TO THE LAST CHARADE.

Aunt Patty's little boy says he guessed this charade very easily. It is this:

CAB
I
NET. } CABINET.

AUNT PATTY'S RIDDLE.

From what odd number can you take two, and make the remainder even?

A RIDDLE.

I'm large and I'm small, I'm distant and near,
Admired by all, and to some very dear.
I'm handled, and yet I am quite out of reach—
Sometimes I am eaten—at others I teach.
Opaque and transparent, bright, dull, new and old,
I've worn all the colors, I'm bought and I'm sold.
I'm worn by the ladies and gentlemen too,
On the head, breast, or neck, and oft on the shoe.
By some I am held in contempt, if alone,
But changed if the alphabet's number I own.
To please the young boys, I have sailed as a kite,
And often the eagle have joined in a flight.
In the house, boat, and ship, on sea, and on land,
I ever have taken my glorious stand.
An honor I'm deemed by the noble and great,
And gladly am used on occasions of state.
Above and beneath, 'mid the high and the low,
In the cities I shine, o'er the desert I glow;
Though formed of most substances, true to my name,
In each color and size my form is the same.
To obtain or defend me, thousands have fought,
And wisest professors my attributes taught.
I appear in the learned and the curious gaze—
I'm missed, and 'tis said I was lost in a blaze.
So noble and lofty my station I ween,
Long after I'm gone, I am still to be seen.
But, oh! nobler still than all else I adorn,
I announced to earth its most glorious morn.

M. E. H.

NASHVILLE, TENN. SEPT. 1847.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

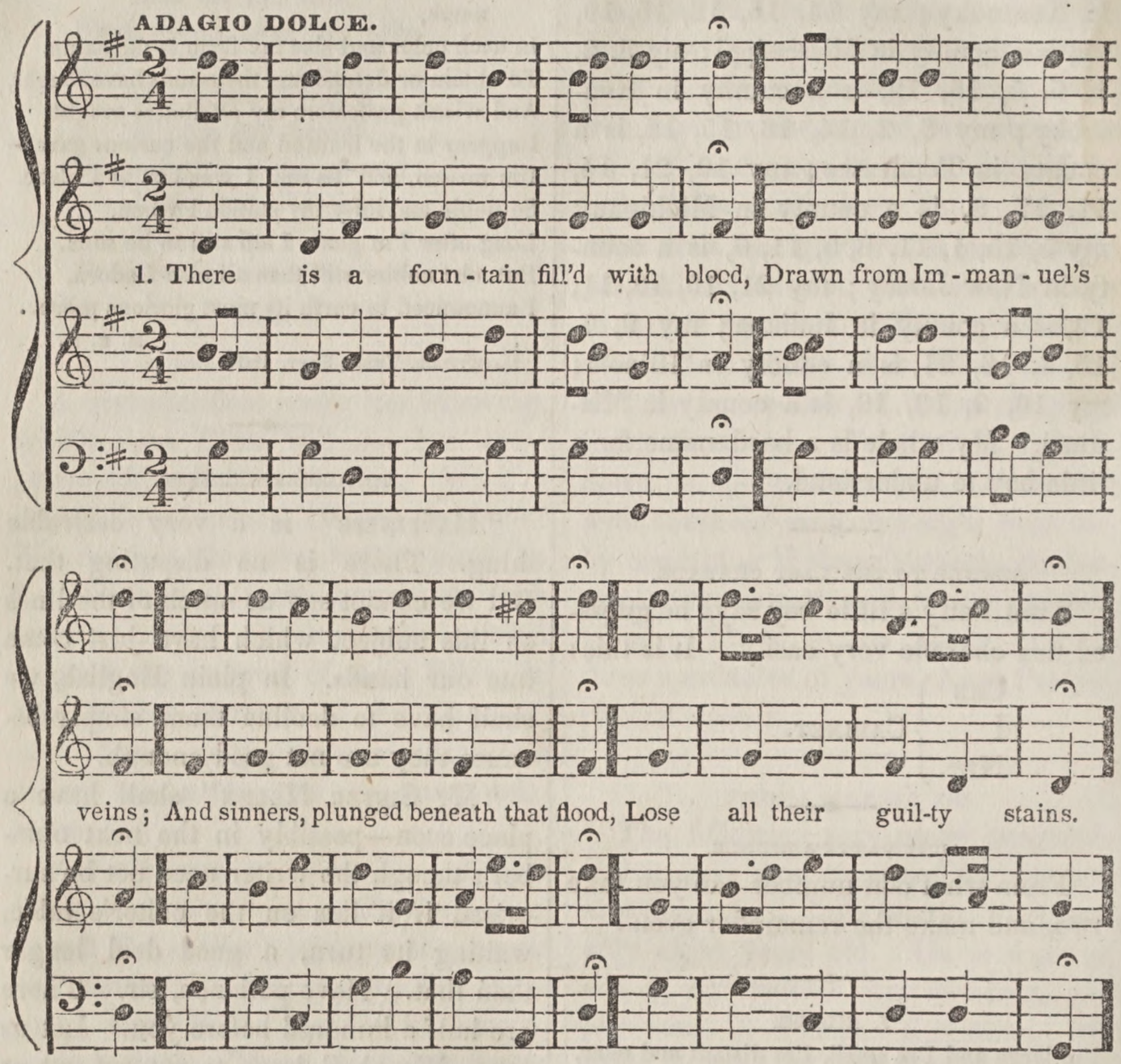
"HAPPINESS" is a very desirable thing. There is no disputing that. But we cannot say as much of the lines on this subject which have just come into our hands. In plain English, we shall have to decline them, simply because they are not good enough.

"MY SISTER HELEN" shall have a place soon—possibly in the next number; though the writer need not be surprised if it lies on the editor's table, waiting its turn, a good deal longer than that. Have patience, sir. There are half a hundred before you. Let us see. We shall have to cut out two or three of these stanzas, we guess. They need some filing and planing—more than we have time to bestow upon them. So we must call in the aid of the broad-axe.

The writer of the lines "TO A STAR" has improved a good deal since the first effusion she sent us. That is encouraging, surely. Perhaps we shall publish them, too. That will be still more encouraging.

South Norwalk.

POETRY BY COWPER.—AIR BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH



2. E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be—till I die.

3. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

4. Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

The Reward of Kindness.

GOOD actions always have their reward. Though we ought not to do good simply on account of the benefit that may result to us, yet, people are often more than paid for kind actions, even in this life. A striking instance of this fact happened near Florence, in Italy, a great many years ago. It was in an age when much more was made of knighthood than there is now. Then multitudes of people dressed in complete armor, almost always when they went abroad. They were then called knights, or men of honor.

One of these men was crossing a forest in the night, and was waylaid by assassins, who wounded him, and left him little better than dead. The next day a peasant girl was strolling through

THE GOOD GIRL TAKING CARE OF THE WOUNDED MAN.

the forest, with her little brother, quite a child, in search of flowers, and discovered the wounded man. His face was covered with blood, and at first the timid girl thought she would run away as fast as she could, for fear that she too might be in danger. However, she pitied the poor knight so much, that she determined to brave the danger, and attempt to save his life. She did so. She sent her brother home after assistance, while she remained and took care of the wounded man. He had lost a great deal of blood, and was too weak to say a word. But she saw that he was alive, and went to a spring for water to wash the blood from his face, and to cool his fever. A long time she

watched him, alone. By and by he revived a little, and assistance having arrived, he was carried on a litter to the peasant's house, where he was treated with the utmost kindness until, after several weeks, he entirely recovered. It was then ascertained that the knight was one of the most distinguished noblemen in Italy, and he bestowed a princely fortune upon the family that had so kindly taken care of him. That was an ample reward for such services, was it not? Still, these peasants had a reward which was worth more even than this. They had the consciousness of conferring a favor upon a suffering fellow-man—the pleasure of feeling that they had done a kindness where it was so greatly needed. Children, though you may never obtain a fortune by doing good, you will receive what is more valuable—the applause of your conscience in this life, and it may be the smiles of your heavenly Father in the future.

There is a story of a Baptist minister, in London, which illustrates, perhaps better than the one I have been telling, the fact that doing good carries its own reward with it. Dr. Beecher, of Cincinnati, tells the story. This Baptist clergyman, a few years since, was walking along one of the crowded streets of London, when his attention was arrested by the circumstance that a carriage, with several horses, was just about to pass over a little girl, who was slowly crossing the road. He strongly felt the danger of the child, and forgetting his own, he ran, snatched her in his arms, and hastened with her to the side path, when the thought struck him—what would the parents of this dear child have felt, had she been killed! At this moment he looked in the face of the little girl, which had been concealed from his view by her bonnet; and imagine, if you can, what his feelings were when he discovered it was his daughter! "I saw him," says Dr. Beecher, "about half an hour after the occurrence, and I shall never forget his agitation as he described to me her danger, or his expressions of thankfulness to an infinitely gracious Being, who thus delivered his beloved child from death."

The Life and Times of Old Tabby.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Now, my little boys and girls, let me give you a history of my life. I am now an old cat—I think, about fifteen years old—and have, in common with all other cats, experienced many hard times. It is a great wonder, indeed, that I am living at this time. Every body says we cats have "nine lives," but they are mistaken. If they would say that we are about nine times harder to kill than any other animal, they would be coming nearer the truth than by saying that we have nine lives. But, as this is a mere idle saying, I will pass it by with the remark, that we poor cats generally receive from your hands about nine times worse treatment than we really deserve.

I am well aware that some cats, like some people, have very unfortunate tempers and dispositions, and deserve

to be chased out of town; but this is no reason why all of us, however good-tempered and well-disposed, should be harshly treated. If one boy in town is very bad and rude, and deserves a good whipping every hour in the day, is that any reason why all the other boys should be whipped, also? I think not. Now, if you will take an old cat's advice, you will be very kind to cats. If it were not for us, rats and mice would almost eat you up. They would eat holes in your pantries and cupboards, and get into your flour and cheese, and preserves, and cakes, and every thing that is nice and good to eat. We poor cats will sit and watch, day after day, and night after night, to catch those rogues; and we do it, not only to gratify our own appetites, but to protect your good things. Still, you throw sticks and stones at us, and make our fur fly, and sometimes break our legs, and put out our eyes. You ought to be ashamed to do so, it seems to me. When we are kindly treated, we will always try the more to catch all the rats and mice that come about the house. But when we are badly used, and not allowed to come in or about the house, we very often have to steal any thing we can, in order to get something to eat, and keep us from starving; and very often we will catch the little chickens, ducks, and goslings. Now, when we do so, if your fathers or mothers can catch us, they will kill us, if they can. This is all very hard, indeed. We must have something to eat. You could not live without eating; and if no person would allow you to come near the house, or give you any thing to eat, you would have to steal, or starve to death. Now, I am not telling you to steal. But we poor cats have to do it, when we cannot get any thing to eat. It is very wrong for any one to steal; but it is worse for you to do so than for us, because you have souls, they tell me, and we have none.

I once had a very kind mother, who gave her children some excellent instruction and advice. Among other things, she said she had experienced a good deal of bad treatment from the boys and girls. She said, too, that she had made some very narrow escapes of her life, and that she feared she would be killed yet, as bad boys had no respect for old age. She told us that it was better to die young, than to live to be old; for when cats got too old to catch rats or mice, people would say, "This old cat ought to be drowned;" and that she had seen several old cats killed in that way. Well, sure enough, shortly after we went away from our old mother, some bad boys stoned her to death. Poor creature! it makes me grieve when I think of her. Now, little children, how would you like to be treated in this way, by cats, if we were larger and stronger than you are? How would you like to see us beat your friends and stone them to death?

When I was about one year old, I made a very narrow escape. I was living with Mr. Kindheart's family. They always made a great pet of me. But Mr. Kindheart hired a new servant woman, who proved to be very spiteful and cross. She took a great spite at me, and the very first day she was there, she gave me a severe kick. This taught me to keep a sharp look-out, when near her. But, one day,

when all the family were from home, on a visit, I was quietly sitting by the kitchen stove, and purring to myself, when this churlish woman very deliberately took up a pan of scalding water, and endeavored to throw it upon me. Very fortunately, however, I observed her movements and design in time to disappoint her. I made one bound toward the door, and barely saved myself—the scalding water just falling on the very tip of my tail. I was very much rejoiced that I had made such a narrow escape; and I always afterward kept clear of the old vixen of a woman, unless some one of the family was present. But this is only one of the hundred narrow escapes that I have made, since I have been able to look out for myself. I have been chased by boys and dogs, and sometimes almost had my eyes knocked out by stones thrown at me. I found every thing to be just as my poor old mother told me. I found that most boys were very hard-hearted, and that they did not care how roughly or cruelly they used us poor cats. I have seen many good-natured and well-disposed cats very cruelly dealt with.

As I told you before, I am now about fifteen years old. I have seen a good many cold, freezing nights. And many a cold night I have had to sleep out in the snow. Self-praise, people say, is no recommendation; but I think that I have caught more rats and mice than any other cat of my age. I have been very industrious—as it requires a great deal of industry to catch these little roguish fellows. But, in the estimation of boys, one cat is about as good as another, and all deserve to be killed. When I was about eight years old, Mr. Kindheart moved away to the western country, and went so far that he did not think he could take me along; so he had to leave me alone in the house, as no person moved into it after he left; and there I had to be, day and night, for some time, with no other way of getting any thing to eat but by my own industry in catching rats and mice.

Well, after staying there some time, I resolved to go and find some other place to live. I was very lonesome, indeed, and wanted to be in some place where there were people living. After two days and nights' travel, I came to Mr. Dontcare's house, where I kept myself hid, through the day, for about a week. But at last, I found that no one except Mr. Dontcare and his wife were there, and that they took little or no notice of me. They would throw out the crumbs of bread, and scraps left from table, every day, and I would eat them; but they would never so much as call me. Neither of them would notice me, or have any thing to do with me. So I got along very well and peaceably with them, and lived with them about four years. There were no bad boys there to worry me. But, about the close of the four years that I lived with them, Mr. Dontcare moved away off, a great distance, and I was again left all alone. So I concluded to find another home; and, after one night's travel, I came to a house in the outskirts of the town, near where I had last lived.

Now, I suppose, little boys and girls, you think it very strange that I generally traveled in the night. That is the time, you perhaps think, that thieves

and robbers travel. This is all very true. But night is the only safe time that we have to travel in. Then we are safe from the bad boys, and escape the sight of many cross and spiteful dogs. You may think that night is rather a bad time to travel on a journey to seek a home, as it is generally too dark to see where to go. But you must recollect, little children, that we can see much better and plainer in the dark than you can, although we cannot see as well in the night as we can in the day time.

Well, after I got to my new home, I had to be very shy for a long time. Every boy and dog in town would chase me whenever they saw me. My new master and mistress were both very kind to me. I do not know what is to happen to me before I die, but I know that I have seen enough of this cold-hearted world to convince me that no one need wish to live long.

Now, little boys and girls, I hope you will take a lesson from OLD TABBY'S advice. She has given this advice not only for the benefit of herself and other cats, but for your own good. If you indulge in such bad habits as I have spoken of, when you are young, you will, when you become men and women, render yourselves very disagreeable to your friends, neighbors, and acquaintances. You will become so hard-hearted that no person will like you. Cruel boys and girls generally make cruel and wicked men and women.

H. K. G.

MARTINSBURG, VA. Nov. 1847.

"Trust not the praise of a friend, nor the contempt of an enemy."

Thou Shalt Not Steal.

JOHN. Grandmother, you will never feel that wind at your back again, which gave you the rheumatism last winter. It came through a chink in the wall under the window, and I have stopped it up.

GRANDMOTHER. Thank you, my boy. But who showed you how to do it? and where did you get the mortar?

J. It is nice, strong mortar, grandmother, and nobody showed me how; but I watched the men at work at Farmer Wilson's house, and when they went away to their dinner, I got a tile, and put some mortar upon it to bring it home; and one man had left his trowel, so I borrowed that, and took it back again before the men came to their work. Was not that clever?

G. You meant it very kindly to me, John, I dare say; but I'm afraid it was more cleverly done, as you say, than honestly.

J. Honestly, grandmother! I would not do any thing dishonest for the world. Dishonest means thieving, does it not? I would not be a thief for the world.

G. Alas! my boy, I fear you have been a thief for a much smaller matter. But come and sit down by me, and give me your hand, and let us talk about it a little. Now, John, tell me what made you watch till the men were gone? and what made you in a hurry to carry the trowel back before the man returned from his dinner?

J. Because I thought they would not let me have the mortar and trowel.

G. And why would they have refused to let you have them?

J. I do not know. I suppose because they wanted the mortar; or because it belonged to their employer.

G. Then it did not belong to you; so it is clear that you have taken something that was not yours. When James Franks took your whipping-top, what did you say?

J. I know I called him a thief, grandmother. But I only had that one top, and I have never got another since. And there was so much of that mortar—such a heap! Mr. Tyler could never miss the little bit that I took.

G. I believe, John, you have not forgotten the twentieth chapter of Exodus, which you could say so well last winter.

J. No, grandmother; I can say every word now.

G. And what is the eighth commandment?

J. Thou shalt not steal.

G. It does not say any thing about little or much. And the tenth says that you must not even wish for what is your neighbor's. So you see, that wishing for what belonged to the bricklayer, and taking it, broke two commandments at once. And as to its not being missed, do you think that I should miss one potato out of the bushel that Mrs. Goodson gave me yesterday?

J. No, grandmother, you would not, I am sure. Then, you know, it could do no harm.

G. That is a mistake of yours, my dear boy. It is true, I should not miss the first or the second; but suppose Franks were to come and take one every day till all were gone, what then?

J. Yes, I see now. If taking the one was not stealing, taking one at a time would never come to stealing the whole bushel; yet, sure I am, I should have said that Franks, the thief, had stolen all your potatoes. Oh, I am a thief; what shall I do?

Here John's tears flowed plentifully. His grandmother suffered him to weep for some time, and then said to him, gently and kindly,

G. There is one thing you can do, my child; you can go and confess your fault, and ask to be forgiven.

J. Oh, but the bricklayer will be so angry!

G. Perhaps he will; but we must not shrink from that. I will go with you, and tell him that, now you really understand what stealing is, I hope you will never be a thief again. But there is something else to be thought of first. Who is it says, "Thou shalt not steal?"

J. It is God, grandmother.

G. Then you have offended God, too, my dear boy. Does God ever forgive those who steal?

J. Oh, yes! He forgave the thief on the cross.

G. Yes, because Jesus Christ died that sinners might be forgiven. Let us kneel down and pray that God, for Jesus' sake, would forgive your theft, and then we shall have courage to face the owner of the mortar.—*Selected.*

"When you have no observers, be afraid of yourself."

The Tame Panther.

ALL the animals of the leopard kind are exceedingly fierce in their wild state. But they may be tamed, and then they are almost as harmless as a cat. Mrs. Bowditch, an English lady, who resided for some time on the coast of Africa, gives an interesting account of a favorite panther which she took to England with her. This animal was very large for his species. When he was put on board the canoe, to be transported to the ship, though he was in a very strong cage, the boatmen were so much afraid of him that they let him fall overboard, and he had quite a ducking. He was rescued from drowning, however; and after he got on board of the ship, he rolled himself up in one corner of his cage, and did not arouse for some days. When Mrs. Bowditch, his mistress, spoke to him, at this time, he knew her voice instantly. "He raised his head," she says, "held it on one side, then on the other, to listen, and when I came fully to his view, he jumped on his legs, and appeared frantic. He rolled himself over and over, howled, opened his enormous jaws, cried, and seemed as if he would tear the cage in pieces. However, as his violence subsided, he contented himself with thrusting his paws and nose through the bars of the cage, to receive my caresses. I suspect that he had suffered from seasickness, as he had apparently loathed all food; but, after this period, he ate almost any thing that was given to him. His indignation was strongly excited by pigs, when they were allowed to run past his cage; and the sight of a monkey put him in complete fury. While

at anchor once on the passage, an orang outang was brought on board for sale, and lived three days in the vessel. I shall never forget the uncontrollable rage of one animal, or the agony of the other, when they first met. The orang fled with precipitation from the panther, whose eyes flashed fire, and whose huge teeth glittered terribly." This panther arrived safely in England, but he died soon after. He could not bear exposure to a climate so different from the one to which he had been accustomed.

Address to a Butterfly.

A FABLE—BY JOHN MILTON STEARNS.

Yes, little fairy, I'll address thee;
If I could catch thee, I'd caress thee,
Thou pretty, charming creature:
Thy wings of gold and crimson hue,
So beautiful, delight my view—
Thou seem'st a gem of nature.

But fickle, transient, are thy charms;
When seeming nearly in my arms,
In vain I seek to clasp thee,
Thou dodgest upward, and away,
Art lost in azure mists of day,
Ere human hand can grasp thee.

Well, such is pleasure's luring smile;
We anxious chase her steps awhile,
When, lo! her charms are vanished,
Have left a melancholy void,
Where dreams of bliss are all destroyed,
And hope is nearly banished.

Let evanescent butterflies
No more delight or charm my eyes,
With phantoms so deceiving;
But virtue's substance let me find,
To chasten and adorn the mind,
Her imagery receiving.

The Avaricious Miller.

Men are themselves blind, who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes, or ever saw more clearly: they who have no other trade but seeking their fortune, need never hope to find her; coquette-like, she flies from her close pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic, who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind, when by the company she keeps she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be assured Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors all open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; whenever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheel-barrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or—to personize her no longer—if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire. When people say, "Money is to be got here, and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are, and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street, looking about you in order to pick up

such another; or when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing, and have no friend that will lend them it, think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning? he who, despising small sums, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine: but if a poor man was mentioned, he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well, for aught he knew; but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain: while his mill stood and went, he was sure of eating; and his frugality was such, that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with very much satisfaction. Yet still, his acquisitions were not equal to his desires: he only found himself above want; whereas, he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day, as he was indulging these wishes, he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money under ground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed, and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh, that I could dream like him! with what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how slily would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, oh, the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity; he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish, and every night laid himself down in order to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground, and covered with a large flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars that

were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this, also, were answered; he still dreamed of the same pan of money, in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall to which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to a broad flat stone, but then so large, that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he, in raptures, to himself, "here it is! under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds, indeed. I must now go home to my wife, tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes, and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may very easily be imagined; she flew round his neck, and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum: returning, therefore, speedily to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not, indeed, the expected treasure—but the mill undermined and fallen.—*English Paper.*

The Young Prussian.

FREDERICK, King of Prussia, one day rung his bell; and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow chair. He advanced toward, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompting him to know what it was, he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery, and finished with telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The king, after reading it, went back softly to his chamber, took a purse full of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rung the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. "You have had a sound sleep," said the king. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself; and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, shed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a single word. "What is that?" said the king; "what is the matter?" "Ah, sire," said the young man, "somebody seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket." "My young friend," replied Frederick, "God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."—*Selected.*

Temptation Resisted.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHARLES MURRAY left home, with his books in his satchel, for school. Before starting, he kissed his little sister, and patted Juno on the head, and as he went singing away, he felt as happy as any little boy could wish to feel. Charles was a good-tempered lad, but he had the fault common to a great many boys, that of being tempted and enticed by others to do things which he knew to be contrary to the wishes of his parents. Such acts never made him feel any happier, for the fear that his disobedience would be found out, added to a consciousness of having done wrong, were far from being pleasant companions.

On the present occasion, as he walked briskly in the direction of the school, he repeated over his lessons in his mind, and was intent upon having them so perfect as to be able to repeat every word. He had gone nearly half the distance, and was still thinking over his lessons, when he stopped suddenly, as a voice called out,

"Hallo, Charley!"

Turning in the direction from which the voice came, he saw Archy Benton, with his school basket in his hand; but he was going from, instead of in the direction of the school.

"Where are you going, Archy?" asked Charles, calling out to him.

"Into the woods, for chestnuts."

"Aint you going to school, to-day?"

"No, indeed. There was a sharp frost, last night, and Uncle John says the wind will rattle down the chestnuts like hail."

"Did your father say you might go?"

"No, indeed. I asked him, but he said I couldn't go until Saturday. But the hogs are in the woods, and will eat the chestnuts all up, before Saturday. So I am going to-day. Come,

go along, won't you? It is such a fine day, and the ground will be covered with chestnuts. We can get home at the usual time, and no one will suspect that we were not at school."

"I should like to go, very well," said Charley; "but I know father will be greatly displeased, if he finds it out, and I am afraid he would get to know it, in some way."

"How could he get to know it? Isn't he at his store all the time?"

"But he might think to ask me if I was at school. And I never will tell a lie."

"You could say yes, and not tell a lie, either," returned Archy. "You were at school yesterday."

"No, I couldn't. A lie, father says, is in the intent to deceive. He would, of course, mean to ask whether I was at school to-day, and if I said yes, I would tell a lie."

"It isn't so clear to me that you would. At any rate, I don't see such great harm in a little fib. It doesn't hurt any body."

"Father says a falsehood hurts a boy a great deal more than he thinks for. And one day he showed me in the Bible where liars were classed with murderers, and other wicked spirits, in hell. I can't tell a lie, Archy."

"There won't be any need of your doing so," urged Archy; "for I am sure he will never think to ask you about it. Why should he?"

"I don't know. But whenever I have been doing any thing wrong, he is sure to begin to question me, and lead me on until I betray the secret of my fault."

"Never mind. Come and go with me. It is such a fine day. We shan't have another like it. It will rain on Saturday, I'll bet any thing. So come along, now, and let us have a day in the woods, while we can."

Charles was very strongly tempted. When he thought of the confinement of school, and then of the freedom of a day in the woods, he felt much inclined to go with Archy.

"Come along," said Archy, as Charles stood balancing the matter in his mind. And he took hold of his arm, and drew him in a direction opposite from the school. "Come! you are just the boy I want. I was thinking about you the moment before I saw you."

The temptation to Charles was very strong. "I don't believe I will be found out," he said to himself. "And it is such a pleasant day to go into the woods."

Still he held back, and thought of his father's displeasure if he should discover that he had played the truant. The word "truant," that he repeated mentally, decided the matter in his mind, and he exclaimed, in a loud and decided voice, as he dragged away from the hand of Archy, that had still retained its hold on his arm, "I've never played truant yet, and I don't think I ever will. Father says he never played truant when he was a boy; and I'd like to say the same thing when I get to be a man."

"Nonsense, Charley! come, go with me," urged Archy.

But Charles Murray's mind was made up not to play the truant. So he started off for school, saying, as he did so—

"No, I can't go, Archy; and if I were you, I would wait until Saturday. You will enjoy it so much better when you have your father's consent. It always takes away more than half the pleasure of any enjoyment to think that it is obtained at the cost of disobedience. Come! go to school with me now, and I will go into the woods with you on Saturday."

"No, I can't wait until Saturday. I'm sure it will rain by that time; and if it don't, the hogs will eat up every nut that has fallen before that time."

"There'll be plenty left on the trees, if they do. It's as fine sport to knock them down as to pick them up."

But Archy's purpose was settled, and nothing that Charles Murray could say had any influence with him. So the boys parted, the one for his school, and the other for a stolen holiday in the woods.

The moment Charles was alone again, he felt no longer any desire to go with Archy. He had successfully resisted the temptation, and the allurement was gone. But even for listening to temptation he had some small punishment, for he was late to school by nearly ten minutes, and had not his lessons as perfect as usual, for which the teacher felt called upon to reprimand him. But this was soon forgotten; and he was so good a boy through the whole day, and studied all his lessons so diligently, that when evening came, the teacher, who had not forgotten the reprimand, said to him:

"You have been the best boy in the school to-day, Charles. To-morrow morning try and come in time, and be sure that your lessons are all well committed to memory."

Charles felt very light and cheerful as he went running, skipping, and singing homeward. His day had been well spent, and happiness was his reward. When he came in sight of home, there was no dread of meeting his father and mother, such as he would have felt if he had played the truant. Every thing looked bright and pleasant, and when Juno came bounding out to meet him, he couldn't help hugging the favorite dog in the joy he felt at seeing her.

When Charles met his mother, she looked at him with a more earnest and affectionate gaze than usual. And then the boy noticed that her countenance became serious.

"Ain't you well, mother?" asked Charles.

"Yes, my dear, I am very well," she replied. "But I saw something an hour ago that has made me feel sad. Archy Benton was brought home from the woods this afternoon, where he had gone for chestnuts, instead of going to school, as he should have done, dreadfully hurt. He had fallen from a tree. Both of his arms are broken, and the doctor fears that he has received some inward injury that may cause his death."

Charles turned pale, when his mother said this.

"Boys rarely get hurt, except when they are acting disobediently, or doing some harm to others," remarked Mrs. Murray. "If Archy had gone to school, this dreadful accident would not have happened. His father told him that he might go for chestnuts on Saturday, and if he had waited until then, I am sure he might have gone into the woods and received no harm,

for all who do right are protected from evil."

"He tried to persuade me to go with him," said Charles. "And I was strongly tempted to do so. But I resisted the temptation, and have felt glad about it ever since."

Mrs. Murray took her son's hand, and pressing it hard, said, with much feeling:

"How rejoiced I am that you were able to resist his persuasions to do wrong. Even if you had not been hurt yourself, the injury received by Archy would have discovered to us that you were with him, and then how unhappy your father and I would have been, I cannot tell. And you would have been unhappy, too. Ah! my son, there is only one true course for all of us, and that is to do right. Every deviation from this path brings trouble. An act of a moment may make us wretched for days, weeks, months, or perhaps years. It will be a long, long time before Archy is free from pain of body or mind—it may be, that he will never recover. Think how miserable his parents must feel; and all because of this single act of disobedience."

We cannot say how often Charles said to himself that evening and the next day, when he thought of Archy,

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not go with him!"

When Saturday came, the father and mother of Charles Murray gave him permission to go into the woods for chestnuts. Two or three other boys, who were his school companions, likewise received liberty to go; and they joined Charles, and altogether made a pleasant party. It did not rain, nor had the hogs eaten up all the nuts, for the lads found plenty under the tall old trees, and in a few hours filled their bags and baskets. Charles said, when he came home, that he had never enjoyed himself better, and was so glad that he had not been tempted to go with Archy Benton.

It was a lesson he never afterward forgot. If he was tempted to do what he knew was wrong, he thought of Archy's day in the woods, and the tempter instantly left him. The boy who had been so badly hurt, did not die, as the doctor feared; but he suffered great pain, and was ill for a long time.

A Poor but Honest Mother.

Translated from the German, for the Cabinet.
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

ONE day, as a rich man, on his return from a short journey, rode through a little village, which lay not far from the city where he dwelt, a poor girl approached him and begged for alms.

"Do you live in the village?" asked the rich man.

"Yes," answered the maiden; "and I have a poor mother, and four brothers and sisters, all younger than I am."

The rich man was moved at these words. He rolled up a guinea in a piece of paper, and threw it to the maiden. The carriage was soon out of sight, and poor Maria, so was the maiden called, unrolled the paper, but knew

not what to think when she perceived within it a small yellow coin. She supposed it must be a penny, for she had never, in all her life, seen a piece of gold. She looked sadly after the carriage, and the tears came into her eyes. "So rich a man, in a handsome carriage with four gray horses, and he does not give me even a sixpence, but only a penny!"

Thus spoke poor Maria, and was on the point of throwing away the mistaken gift. But it then came into her mind, that she might give the shining yellow piece to her little sister to play with. "Ah, mother," she said, when she had returned home, "I will never beg again! Did you see the rich man with four gray horses drive by? What do you think he gave me? A penny, a yellow penny! I was going to throw it away, but then I thought that Lizzy could play with it. There, Lizzy!"

"Let me look at it," replied her mother. She took the coin, went to the window, and looked at it through her spectacles. "Ah, you simple child," she said, in a moment, "this is not a penny; it is a guinea, a golden guinea, and is worth five whole dollars! The rich man has given it to you by mistake, for the rich never give so much to the poor, although they might easily spare it. The beautiful gold piece would be a great help to us, indeed. I could buy many bushels of corn with it, and a pair of shoes for you, Maria. But no, no, it would be dishonest to keep the money. Early to-morrow morning I shall send you into the city, where you must inquire after the rich man, and return him his guinea. Perhaps he then will give you a shilling, and even if he does not, we shall, at least, have nothing to reproach ourselves with."

"Oh, how glad I am now that I did not throw away the yellow penny!" said the little girl.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, Maria must set out upon her errand. Her mother tied the guinea in a corner of her apron, that she might not lose it.

On the way, the good-hearted girl inquired of the people who came out of the city, where the rich man lived who owned a yellow coach with four gray horses. The people laughed and passed on. Poor Maria could not understand why they laughed. At the gate, and in the city, she asked the same question. But nobody could tell her where the rich man lived who owned the four gray horses; for the city was large, and many rich men lived in it.

The good child stood sadly at a corner of one of the streets and wiped her eyes with a check apron. She was unwilling to return to her mother with the guinea. At last, a well-dressed man came up the street; he saw the weeping maiden, and stopped. "What is the matter, little girl?" he said.

The girl looked up and cried out for joy. It was the same man who had given her the guinea. "Ah," she exclaimed, "I am so glad that I have met you! My mother sent me hither to return you the gold piece which you gave me yesterday by mistake." As she said this, she untied the knot in the corner of her apron, and reached the guinea to the rich man.

The gentleman was surprised at such

a trait of honesty and conscientiousness. "Your mother must be a very worthy woman," he said. "Take the guinea back again, and give it to her. To-morrow I will come myself and see her."

The good man kept his word. The afternoon of the next day saw him in the wretched hut of this honest woman. He inquired concerning her situation, and as he found her in great want, and worthy of compassion, he took a deep interest in this poor family. The mother received from him a weekly allowance, and he sent the children at his own expense to school, clothed them, and took care of them until they could honestly support themselves by daily labor.

There is a moral to this story, children. Conscientiousness and honesty are sure to meet with their reward.

Letters to the Little Folks.

BY A LOUISIANA DOCTOR.

CHILDREN,—I have a great mind to write you a letter or two about matters and things in the country where I live. My home is a great distance off from most of you, away in the state of Louisiana; but as I once lived in the Northern States, I have a strong feeling for the young people of that section of country, and would like to tell them of what I see here—things, I suppose, very few of you know much about.

You surely know something of Mississippi River, or at least you know from your Geography and your Map, of such a river, that it runs through all the Western States, and flows down into the Gulf of Mexico. Perhaps, too, you know that there are a great many steamboats running upon it; but I doubt very much whether you know what a broad, deep, wild, muddy looking river it is. There are some things in the world that it is necessary you should see with your own eyes, in order to get any thing like a tolerable idea of them.

For instance, there are the Falls of Niagara, in the state of New York. Nobody can describe them so as to give even a faint notion of them. It is not in the power of language to do so. That scene is on too grand and sublime a scale for words, mere words, to attempt the description. So it is with the Atlantic Ocean. Did you ever see the ocean, boys? did you ever see it, girls? Ah! that is a glorious sight, too—one that you must see to appreciate. And I may say that the majestic Mississippi River is another—being so different from all other rivers, that you must look upon it, and travel upon it, before you can know much about it.

There is one thing, however, you do know, I presume—that this is a very hot climate in summer, a very mild climate in winter, and a very lovely climate in the fall of the year and in the spring. Would you believe me, if I were to tell you that I have read a letter by moonlight? As you get nearer the tropics, you know the light of the moon and stars becomes much brighter. A gentleman, who had lived in the island of Jamaica, told me

that the planet Venus cast a shade from the trees in the West Indies.

They raise a great deal of sugar in Louisiana—sugar enough to supply the whole United States. They raise a quantity of cotton, too, in this state. Cotton enough is raised in five or six of these Southern States, to supply the whole world, almost. Did you know that, my young friends?—that the large factories of Massachusetts and other states, and the larger factories in England, are all supplied with the cotton raised here in the South?

And then these manufactured goods—calicoes and ginghams, and brown domestics, are sent all over the world, by means of ships trading in foreign parts.

Cotton is the most important plant, next to grain, that men cultivate. It makes the planter rich that raises it; it makes the merchant rich that sells it; it makes the manufacturer rich who buys it and brings it to his mills, and there has it made up into cloth and calico for people's use—and, more than all, it puts bread into the mouths of thousands of men, women, and children, who, in a thickly settled country like England, are obliged to find employment in the factories. Some people have said that cotton is the very life blood of commerce; and a great portion of the present greatness of England is also said to be owing to her extensive manufactures of cotton goods—the cotton itself being furnished to the English people by the United States. Only see how closely the people of this country and the people of Europe are linked together!

And now, I will tell you some more about this cotton plant, and how they raise it. It is not sowed in the ground like wheat, or rye, or buckwheat, and there left to take care of itself; that would not do at all. Cotton needs a great deal of care and labor. It has to be planted in beds, made up for the purpose, like beds in your garden, and it has to be tended with all the care and industry that a garden requires. In fact, we might say that a cotton field is really one immense garden, where the plow and the hoe have to be very busy all the time, to keep down the grass and the weeds.

The farmers in New York and New England raise a variety of things, as you know very well; but here in the South they raise principally two—cotton and corn; and where sugar cane is the product of the soil, they raise sugar and corn. You could not fail to notice, if you were in this country, the great size of the fields. In the North you think thirty or forty acres a large lot; but not so here, for a common sized cotton field contains two or three hundred acres, and indeed I have seen fields with five or six hundred. But it takes a great many working hands to cultivate such large fields, and tended, too, as I have told you, just like a garden. So, to do all this work, they have negroes, who, according to the laws of the South, belong to the white people that own the plantation. It would look strange to you, would it not, to see a whole village of men, women, and children, two or three hundred of them, all under the government of one man, whose word is a law to them, just as the word of your parents is to you?

These negroes live in a little village on some part of the plantation, which is called the *quarter*. Every family has its own cabin to live in; and the owner gives them their bread, and meat, and clothes, and allows them a place for a garden. Besides, there is a white man who is the overseer. He lives at the quarter, too; and he takes charge of all these black people—staying with them all the time, and keeping them at their work.

These negroes work pretty hard; but they could not raise cotton, if they did not work hard; and it takes almost a year to make and gather the crop. In January and February, they plow and bed up their ground; in March they plant the seed; in April, May, June, and July, they are busy all the time plowing and hoeing, and keeping down the grass and weeds, which often grow faster than the cotton. Then, in August they begin to pick out the cotton; and if the crop is a large one, it takes until Christmas to get it all gathered. For months, you will see the negroes, day after day, swarming along these cotton rows, busy as so many bees, gathering with their fingers the beautiful white cotton.

It is a very lively sight, to see fifty or sixty negroes, men and women, busy at work with their hoes, and to observe how skillful they are in the use of this tool, and how near they will cut the grass about the tender plant, so as not to injure it. Sometimes, when they feel gay and light-hearted, they sing a noisy song, which, when they all join in the chorus, can be heard for nearly a mile. These negro songs have something quite wild and musical about them, that sounds very well at a distance. I have often listened to them with great pleasure, especially toward evening, when some fellow, with louder voice than the rest, would strike up a tune, in which occasionally all would join, filling the air with their wild music.

All along through the fall, even until frost, which never comes in Louisiana before the last of October, the cotton balls or pods keep bursting open, so as to discover the snow-white cotton hanging loosely from them. It is a very tedious business to gather it, as you may well suppose, requiring nearly half the year. It is picked, as I said, by hand, a pod at a time—great care being taken to keep it clean from the leaves and stems. When picked, it is carried in baskets on the negroes' heads to the gin-house, (I don't mean a distillery, children—nothing of that kind) in order to be run through a mill, and separated from the seeds, to which the threads of the cotton adhere very firmly. This mill, which is called the cotton gin, was invented by a real Yankee from Connecticut, named Eli Whitney, not more than fifty years ago. He was teaching school in a gentleman's family in South Carolina, when he set his ingenuity to work; and it may almost be said that this machine has given wealth to the world.

Before this machine was invented, the planter was obliged to pick out the seeds by hand, and a pound a day would have been a good day's work; but now, by means of Mr. Whitney's gin, which is turned by four horses, a thousand pounds of clean cotton are considered a common day's work.

The fine cotton flies out from the gin like flakes of feathery snow, and when a large pile of it is collected, it is ready to be put under a tremendous screw, and pressed into bales. These bales are pretty heavy, containing four or five hundred pounds each. They are square like a box. I presume you have all seen a cotton bale. The planter's name is then put upon one end, together with the number of the bale, and sometimes its weight, and off goes the wagon, with a load of them to the river, where a steamboat carries them to New Orleans, to be sold. You may suppose they are heavy, when I tell you that a four horse team can only carry eight of them at a load.

Negroes become very expert in gathering the cotton from the field. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds a day are considered good picking. But I would engage that none of you little folks could at first pick more than fifty pounds a day, because there is a good deal of sleight about it. This amount of two hundred pounds from the field will only make seventy pounds of clean cotton when *ginned*, as they call it. So you may readily suppose that it requires a great many negroes and a great many days to gather a large crop.

Perhaps, however, I have spun out my story about the cotton planters long enough, and I will wind off before I tire you. I mean to write again to you; and in my next letter, I will tell you about the fine fishing parties we have in the lakes here, and how to catch alligators. Till that time, little folks, good bye.

Frogs and Toads.

MANY people think that the toad is poisonous. Believe me, when I tell you this is not the truth; on the contrary, it is perfectly harmless, may be rendered tame, and even be taught to eat out of your hand. True, it is far from prepossessing in its appearance; but this is no excuse for your destroying it. Were we, on the contrary, to encourage it in our gardens, and protect it, we should soon perceive its usefulness in the diminution of insects and worms which make such havoc among vegetation. You would be delighted to watch it before seizing upon its prey. For a moment or two it remains perfectly motionless and fixed as a stone, its eyes bent upon the insect, and its head thrown forward; when, the instant the object moves, it is struck by the tongue of the toad, and drawn into its mouth; and so rapid is the action, that it is scarcely the work of a moment; and unless your eye happens to alight upon it in the very tick of time, you would discover that the insect had gone, without seeing when or where. It is also very amusing to see it seize upon a large, long worm; especially if it happens to lay hold of it in the middle; the poor worm twists and turns all kinds of ways, on the outside of the jaws of the toad, and by its twining and struggling, endeavors to escape; but all in vain, for the toad makes use of its fore feet, first shoving one end of it into its mouth, and then the other, until the whole is devoured. Gilbert White, in his "History of Selborne," tells us of some ladies who took a fancy to a toad, which used

to come out every evening from a hole under the garden steps, and, after supper, was always taken up and placed upon the table, where it was fed: so that, you see there were a few people, even more than half a century ago, who were not afraid of being poisoned by it. Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Reptiles," makes mention of a very large one which he kept, which would sit on one of his hands while it ate from the other. I must also tell you that the toad, like the snake, casts its skin, and now and then comes out with a new coat on its back. As to its being found alive in the centre of a solid rock, or in the heart of a large tree, where it has been supposed to have lived for hundreds of years, without either a mouthful of food or a breath of air, why, I think it about as likely to be true as the tale of the horse, which its owner boasted he would teach to live upon nothing, and which, to nobody's astonishment but his own, died as soon as he began to reduce it to a straw a day. So has it turned out in every experiment which has been made to imprison toads, either in stone, plaster, or wood; and although they have lived much longer than might have been expected, they have generally been found dead at the end of a few months. One or two, I believe, have lived over a year in this state of imprisonment; but no animal requires less respiration, or, when not in motion, can live upon less food.

Those little dark-looking objects which all of you must have seen swimming about, by hundreds, in ponds and ditches, with their large, round heads and long tails, and something like fins projecting out from each side of the neck, and which you call tadpoles, are young frogs; and were it not that thousands upon thousands of them are devoured by small fishes, they would soon multiply to such an extent that, when fully grown, they would overrun the land. Few animals have more persecutors than the poor frogs; it can never grow too big for the jaws of the voracious pike; almost every kind of water-fowl feeds upon it; it is the favorite food of the snake; and as for weasels and polecats, they devour them by hundreds; and there is hardly a bird of prey that does not feed upon them. Surely, then, this poor reptile has plenty of enemies, without being pelted to death or destroyed by cruel boys. Like the toad, it is a great destroyer of insects, and you will never find many in a garden which is frequented by frogs; it takes its food in the same manner, by throwing forward its tongue, which, in a state of repose, doubles back as you would fold a leaf; its tongue also possesses a kind of sticky matter, to which the prey adheres.

You have, no doubt, heard scores of them croaking when you have been walking out, on a beautiful calm evening, by the side of some long, straggling dyke; and to me it has ever seemed far from an unpleasant noise; and during my rambles by the side of such places, I have always made a point of looking where I planted my foot, that I might avoid trampling any one of them to death. Like many other reptiles, it sleeps during the winter, burying itself in the mud at the bottom of the water, where they are often found in draining or digging out a water-course, huddled together by

scores; and I have seen a large spadeful of them lifted out at once. When spring comes, they are all alive and kicking again. But the most wonderful thing in the structure of these harmless reptiles is, that they have the power of breathing through the skin. This has been proved by tying up the head tightly with a portion of bladder—in fact, literally hanging them—then placing them in a vessel under water. If you ever want to see how far a frog can leap, without doing it any injury, tsrike the ground smartly a few inches behind where it is squatted, with a stick, and away it will jump, an astonishing distance. Their motions in the water are beautiful, and I know no better tutor to teach you the art of swimming than a frog. Only watch narrowly its attitude, stretch yourself out as it does, with the head elevated, and strike out in the same way with the hands and feet, and, take my word for it, you will soon be able to swim.—*Boy's Own Library.*

Don't be Frightened at Bugbears.

WHEN I was a boy, I spent a summer with an uncle on the Green Mountains of Vermont. During haying-time, we had one day raked up some clover into rows—*windrows*, as the farmers technically call them—expecting to cart it in soon. In the meantime we went to dinner. Before proceeding to the field again, a great commotion was observed among the fowls. The old chanticleer raised his voice to the highest pitch; the mother-hens sounded their note of alarm, and even the turkeys exhibited great evidence of apprehended danger. I hastened to their assistance. Each of the old people among them had his or her head turned up in that peculiar manner, common to each kind of animals when looking for an enemy above them. The chickens and young turkeys had concealed their heads under the weeds and grass, perhaps thinking that if they could not see their enemy, their enemy could not see them. Directed by the eyes of the old fowls, I looked upward, and saw, to my astonishment, what I took to be a large number of monstrous great hen-hawks, sailing round and round at a vast elevation over our heads. I could not wonder that the fowls were alarmed, and cried out for help. I stood by them, like a brave soldier, until these aërial enemies had sailed off to so great a distance, that danger was no longer to be apprehended. We were now called to the hay-field, to take care of the clover; but what was our surprise to find it had nearly all disappeared! There had been a whirlwind which had elevated and scattered our light hay, and it was that sailing round and round which had caused such consternation among our feathered folks. This story might teach inferior animals (if they could be taught such a lesson) not to be frightened at bugbears.

But even the intelligent creature, man, sometimes needs this caution. As an illustration of this, I will tell another story. Not long since, I had occasion to cross a hill in this region, called "Ox Ridge," one dark night. By going across the lots I could save

considerable travel; so I concluded to take my staff and pick my way, as best I could, across the fields. I had entered the field which reaches to the top of the ridge, and was walking rapidly forward, not far from a fence which ran parallel to my path, when I discovered, on the opposite side of the fence, between me and the sky, what seemed to be an ox, or a bull, going pretty fast up the hill, in a direction which would bring him to the fence a few rods ahead of me. The faster I walked, the faster he walked. When I stopped, he stopped. Now, every one knows, that a bull, especially a mad bull, is a formidable adversary. I began to feel the cold pimples start on me; my hair seemed rather inclined to rise; and I felt a little at a loss whether it was not the part of prudence to retreat, and take some other route to my place of destination. But then, as there was a fence between us, though not a very substantial one, I concluded to press on, and if I must fight, to do it manfully. Now, what would you have done, under these circumstances, my young readers? Was I prudent, or rash, in deciding to go forward? Many a soldier has turned his back and fled, when there did not appear to be half as much danger as there was in this case. Here I could almost see my antagonist pawing the ground with rage, and rushing forward to the encounter. But as hazardous as it seemed to proceed, onward I went, ready to raise my weapon of defence, if the furious beast should attack me. Well, what was the result? I will tell you. When I reached the top of the hill, and stopped to take breath and survey my enemy, I found that the mad bull was nothing more nor less than a neighbor's barn, which stood at such a distance as to seem only the size of an ox, and being first discovered between me and the sky, while I was in rapid motion, and on the other side of the fence, it produced all the effects which I have described. This bull of my imagination was what I mean by a *bugbear*.

I might tell you many more stories illustrating the folly of being frightened at that which will not hurt you—but these are enough for the present.

E. D. K.

An Ingenious Dog.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Traveler tells the following capital story, which is good enough, we think, to be added to our catalogue of stories about dogs:

A gentleman, while discussing the merits of his dog, not long since, remarked that he was valuable to go of errands. As an illustration of this point, he privately secreted his handkerchief behind the cushion of the sofa, and left the inn, in company with his dog. After walking for some minutes, he suddenly stopped, and said to his dog, "I have left my handkerchief at the inn, and want it"—giving no particular directions in reference to it. The dog immediately returned in full speed, and entered the room which his master had just left. He went directly to the sofa, but the handkerchief was gone. He jumped upon tables and counters, but it was not to be seen. It proved that a friend had discovered it, and,

supposing that it had been left by mistake, had retained it for the owner. But Tiger was not to be foiled. He flew about the room, apparently much excited, in quest of the "lost or stolen." Soon, however, he was upon the track; he scented it to the gentleman's coat pocket. What was to be done? The dog had no means of asking verbally for it, and was not accustomed to picking pockets; and, besides, the gentleman was ignorant of his business with him. But Tiger's sagacity did not suffer him to remain long in suspense; he seized the skirt containing the prize, and furiously tore it from the coat, and hastily made off with it, much to the surprise of its owner. Tiger overtook his master, and restored the lost property, receiving his approbation, notwithstanding he did it at the expense of the gentleman's coat. At a subsequent interview, the gentleman refused any remuneration for his torn garment, declaring that the joke was worth the price of his coat. The owner of this dog is now in business in Boston, and can vouch for the correctness of this story.

The Early Dead.

A GAY and beauteous maiden came to gather early flowers,
Amid the new-made glories of morning's peaceful hours,
When crystal dews were glistening on every petal fair,
Like tear-drops in the eye of her who feels the weight of care;
And the winds were softly whispering, as with an angel's tongue,
That last night to the drowsy flowers their stirring anthems sung.
But the little maiden plucked them not, and left them, as she said,
"I leave you till the glowing noon, when sunlight streams o'erhead;
Then, when your odors fill the air, and all the dews are gone,
I'll weave a pretty garland that I may call my own."
She left the smiling garden, and lightly tripped away,
Bland as the morning's balmy breath, or birds upon the spray;
And you might have seen her cheerful face, and heard her gentle song,
Which on the fresh and buoyant air was lightly borne along.
The noon was in its splendor, the sun rode bright and high,
In his chariot of yellow gold, across the cloudless sky,
And the merry maiden came again; but only came to sigh,
That the things she loved and nurtured, so soon must droop and die;
For the burning sun had withered them, the flowers she used to see,
And they lay like children smitten in some mighty family.
But she learned a useful lesson; for when the coming morn,
Like some angelic infant, 'mid songs of joy was born,
She came and culled a garland, the fairest of the fair,
And skipped away in gladness, to twine it in her hair.—
To this story, little children, this moral I shall write:
Whate'er your hands may find to do, do it with all your might. C.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, NOV. 1847.

The Drummond Light.

Since the commencement of the present century, through the rapid extension of the science of chemistry, vast improvements have taken place in the methods employed for artificial illuminations.—Thus, the general introduction of gas lights in most of our large cities, has furnished a light for streets and dwellings, much superior to that previously obtained from oil or candles. The argand lamp has been introduced, and with the aid of parabolic reflectors, has been successfully applied to light-house illumination. The blue, Drummond, and French lights, with many others, have been given to the world, and have respectively won for themselves a large share of public favor.

Of these, the one known, from its inventor, as the "Drummond light," probably ranks the first. In 1824, Lieut. Drummond, then engaged in a government survey of Ireland, in which it was frequently desirable to take the respective bearings of points some seventy or eighty miles distant, felt the want of a light for communicating such information, that could be visible at a greater distance than any yet known. The firing of rockets, and similar means that were usually resorted to, could only be employed to advantage where the stations were not widely separated, and when the atmosphere was quite clear from any haze, which was seldom the case. It had for a long time been known that lime, with some of the other earths, became very luminous when exposed to an intense heat, such, for instance, as that obtained by combining a jet of oxygen gas with the flame of spirits of wine; but the happy idea of rendering this property of the earths subservient to practical purposes, was reserved for Lieut. Drummond. After a series of experiments, he found that, by throwing the united flame of spirits of wine and oxygen gas upon a ball of lime, only three-eighths of an inch in diameter, a light was obtained of such brilliancy as to be fully equal to that emitted from thirteen argand burners; almost too intense for the eye to bear. Of later years, it has undergone a slight modification, hydrogen gas having been substituted for the spirits of wine, as being less expensive, and perhaps otherwise preferable. The apparatus is very simple; it consists of two gasometers, in which the respective gases are generated; from thence proceed two tubes, which unite, near the ball, so as to form there but one. The gas is conveyed by these tubes to the ball of lime, and there ignited; and with the ball is connected an arrangement for replenishing the balls as fast as consumed; if desirable, a parabolic reflector is added, thus rendering it complete. This light was found to answer admirably the purpose for which it was designed—for signals, to be given at great distances. In several trials made with it to test its power, it was distinctly seen as a clear, white, vivid light, at a distance exceeding seventy miles; thus placing its claim to superiority over all others, beyond dispute.—*Selected.*

"Worth has been underrated ever since wealth was overvalued."

Desolation of Judea.

As I traveled from Jaffa to Jerusalem, over some as fine soil as could be found any where, I did not see so much as one blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This, to me, seemed very strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble fields, nor even along the road-side, where no plow comes, was to be found so much as what might with strict propriety be called a blade of grass. This is something very astonishing. Not having ever seen this taken notice of in any books of travels that I have ever read, I cannot help thinking that surely I must be the first English farmer who had paid a visit to this land. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day, for about twenty-four thousand inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts, and that even that small quantity was only goat's milk well watered; and when I could find no honey, but a small piece which I had the pleasure of tasting while taking tea with the bishop's chaplain; I could not but exclaim to myself—how completely have God's judgments been executed in this devoted land! And most clearly did I perceive that the natural cause of all this evil was the absence of seasonable rain—rain, which waters the earth, and blesses it with fertility. God has withheld, and thus brought all these evils, and many more which I need not stay now to enumerate, upon the land which once flowed with "milk and honey."—*Lowthian's Visit to Jerusalem.*

Second Hand Sermons.

They who read sermons composed by others are often led into mistakes. A German divine says, one of these retailers of small ware, having picked up a homily composed some years before, when the plague was raging in the country, preached to his congregation on the Lord's day. Toward the close, having sharply reproved vice, he added, "for God has visited you and your families with that cruel scourge, the plague, which is now spreading every where in this town." At his uttering these words, the people were all so thunderstruck, that the chief magistrate was obliged to go to the pulpit, and ask him,

"Sir, pardon the interruption, and inform me where the plague is, that I may endeavor to prevent its further spreading."

"The plague, sir," said the preacher, "I know nothing about the plague. Whether it is in town or not, it is in my homily."

"There is a time when nothing should be said, a time when something should be said, but no time when every thing should be said."

Working on the Sabbath.

THERE are a great many people who profess to keep the Sabbath, according to the fourth commandment, but who, some how or other, always find a multitude of "works of necessity" to be attended to. We have seen a capital anecdote, lately, about a family of such people, who were pretty severely rebuked by a colored man in their employ. The family were farmers. One Sabbath morning the colored man was not up, as usual, at breakfast. The son was sent to call him; but Cæsar said they need not wait for him, as he did not wish for any breakfast. "Why, Cæsar," said the young man, "we shall want you, as soon as the dew is off, to help about the hay." "No," said he, "I can't work any more on the Sabbath; it is not right." "Not right!" said the other; "is it not duty to take care of what Providence has given us?" "Oh, there is no necessity for it," said he, "and 'tis wrong to do it." "But would you not pull your cow or sheep out of a pit, upon the Sabbath, Cæsar?" "No, not if I had been trying all the week to *shove them in:* I would let them lie there."

The Discontented Pendulum.

WE wish we knew whom to thank for this charming fable. Like thousands of other creditable articles, it is wandering about in newspapers, having strayed away from the owner's enclosure—or rather, perhaps, having been stolen away—without so much as a cropped ear to designate its origin. Our young friends, however, will be amused and instructed by the little vagrant, perhaps as much as if we were able to tell them where it came from. But be that as it may, here is

THE FABLE.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung as if dead; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, I am tired of ticking."

Upon this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of striking.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good," replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body

knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness!—you, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?"

For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being quick at figures, presently replied,

"Eighty-six thousand, four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum: "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the stroke of one day by those of months and years, really, it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but resuming its gravity, it thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden action. It is true, that you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do, which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, though you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may have hereafter to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then, I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed, when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever,

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while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had happened.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

There is a great deal to be learned from this ingenious little allegory. In fact, dear reader, setting the allegory aside, the clock, toiling on, from hour to hour, from day to day, is one of the best moral teachers we have, if we will but heed its voice. There it stands, steadily and accurately marking the moments of our life, as they flit away. No matter what we are doing—no matter whether we hear its admonitions or not—whether we are industriously and innocently engaged, or whether we are wasting our time, forgetful of God, and Christ, and the eternal world—the pendulum is still swinging to and fro, and the silent indices are warning us that the minutes and hours of our life are passing away. They point to eternity. They tell us that soon we shall need these markers of time no longer. While we write, and while you read, the hands on the dial are moving forward. A few more suns will rise and set, and another year is closed. So we are borne onward in our voyage to eternity. Reader! live for the future, as well as for the present. Seek counsel and direction from above. Learn of Christ: he is your best Friend—your surest, firmest, only hope. He alone can conduct you to heaven. Children, may you all feel the value of time. May you be taught to make the most of this life, and to prepare for

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